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THE
L I F E
O F
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.
COMPILED FROM
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS;
WITH A
CRITICAL ESSAY
ON HIS
WRITINGS AND GENIUS.
By OWEN RUFFHEAD, Esq.

To which are added,
Mr. POPE's LETTERS to a LADY,
(Never before published.)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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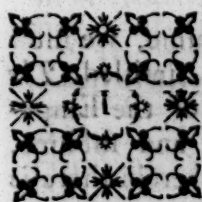
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T H E
L I F E
O F
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.



N the third volume of our Author's works, now under consideration, there is a fifth epistle addressed to Mr. Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals; and as the fourth epistle treated of one particular branch of profusion, that is, the vanity of expence in people of fortune and condition, so this ridicules one branch of that vanity, which is displayed in the collection of old coins, and may therefore very properly be considered as a corollary to the fourth epistle. The extreme folly of the wrong directed Virtuoso-Taste for medals, is finely ridiculed in the following lines.

" With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
 " Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
 " This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 " The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 " To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
 " One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
 " Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 " Can taste no pleasure since his *shield* was scour'd:
 " And Curio, restless by the Fair One's side,
 " Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride."

The pleasant raillery of these lines is admirable, and is more likely to correct such an absurd and preposterous taste, than a grave and formal reproof.

This was the last of our author's moral essays; and in one of his letters to Dean Swift, he accounts for his declining them.

" I am," says he, " almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits; that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity: but where one is confined to truth, or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth, we soon find the shortness of our tether."

Among the lesser pieces in this volume, we must not omit taking notice of the little ode, intitled, *The dying Christian to his Soul*, in imitation of the Emperor Adrian's; which is very poetical and sublime, and much superior to the original, wherein there is something little and puerile.

The publication of the Ethic Epistles having raised a vast clamour against the author, he took occasion to answer the slanderers in some satires in imitation of Horace. He thought, as he tells us, that an answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any he could have made in his own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation

nation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high, a station.

These satires are by no means equal in point of versification to his other compositions *; but they abound in strokes of wit and spirit. They are not, as his learned Commentator observes, a paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius and manner of writing. In many places, nevertheless, the imitation is superior to the original. For instance, in the following passage from the imitation of the first Satire of the second Book of Horace, addressed to Mr. Fortescue †.

“ *Nec quisquam noceat, cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
 “ Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
 “ Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.*”

Thus improved ———

“ Peace is my dear delight——not Fleury’s more :
 “ But touch me, and no Minister so sore.

* It must be considered, however, that as the originals were *sermoni propria*, the Poet would have transgressed every rule of imitation, had he given them all the force and harmony of his versification. Nevertheless he could not forbear to do it on many occasions.

† This eminent lawyer, who afterwards became a judge, appears to have been among our author’s most familiar and esteemed friends. He was, though a lawyer, a man of some wit and fancy. The whimsical case of the pied Horses, penned in ridicule of the old musty Reports, was the joint composition of this gentleman and Mr. POPE. Our author frequently mentions him in his familiar correspondence, in terms of the most cordial esteem. In a letter to Mr. Allen, he says, — “ You must assure Judge Fortescue of my friendship, and admit him “ to yours; so justice and righteousness will meet.”

On other occasions, speaking of him to the same friend, he expresses himself somewhat jocularly: — “ I have just seen “ Mr. Justice Fortescue, who is very mindful of your kind “ distinction, and reckons the notice of a man of worth, no “ small one. Every man bears respect to virtue, even a *lawyer* “ and a *courtier*. The wonder is, when an honest disinterested “ man, will descend to take notice of *them*, which really no- “ thing but charity could make us do.”

" Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 " Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 " Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
 " And the sad burden of some merry song."

There is a delicacy and pleasantry in this apology for the severity of his satire, which seems to excel the original : which is again surpassed, in point of spirit, in these lines.

" *Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam ;*
 " *Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica. venenum ;*
 " *Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes."*

* * * * *

" Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,
 " Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
 " From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 " P—x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate *."

It must be confessed, however, that the passages which follow, are, as the annotator has remarked, greatly below the original ; and it may be added, much inferior to our author himself.

But our poet soon, however, towers above his original, and darts forth such lively flashes of indignation, as could only proceed from the vigour of genius, warmed with the glow of virtue.

" What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
 " Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ;
 " Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car,
 " Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star ;

* These four lines gave great offence to two court Ladies, who deemed themselves touched : and the Poet employed Lord Cobham to mediate with them, which he long attempted to no purpose. At length, however, he satisfied them both by this ingenious expedient, which was, that Mr. POPE, in the future editions, should give the *p--xing* to *Delia*, and the *poisoning* to *Sappho*.

" Can

- " Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
 " Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the
 " Laws?
 " Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 " Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 " Could Laureat Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 " Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 " And I not strip the gilding off a Knave,
 " Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
 " I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 " Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the
 " Laws.
 " Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 " Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
 " To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
 " The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 " Know, all the distant din that world can keep
 " Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
 " There, my retreat the best Companions grace,
 " Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place."

The conscious pride likewise with which he speaks of his familiarity with the great, is displayed with becoming spirit and dignity.

- " Envy must own, I live among the Great,
 " No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,
 " With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er re-
 " peats,
 " Fond to spread friendships, and to cover heats;
 " To help who want, to forward who excel;
 " This all who know me, know; who love me,
 " tell;
 " And who unknown defame me, let them be
 " Scriblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me."

This is, indeed, *sumere superbiam quæ estiam meritis!*

It is to be observed that Lord Harvey and Lady Mary ——— were supposed to have been described in this epistle, so characteristically, under the names of Lord *Funny* and *Sappho*, and that these two noble personages did not omit any means to gratify their resentment.

The Lady, in particular, was, as may well be imagined, highly offended that the public should apply the character of Sappho to her; and complained of the insult to her acquaintance, and especially to Lord Peterborough, whom she would have engaged to expostulate with Mr. POPE, as we learn from the following letter which that nobleman addressed to her.

“ MADAM,

“ I was very unwilling to have my name made use
“ of in an affair in which I have no concern, and
“ therefore would not engage myself to speak to Mr.
“ POPE; but he coming to my house the moment
“ you went away, I gave him as exact an account as
“ I could of our conversation.

“ He said to me. what I had taken the liberty to
“ say to you, that he wondered how the town would
“ apply these lines to any but some noted common
“ woman, that he should yet be more surprized, if
“ you should take them to yourself. He named to
“ me four remarkable poetesses and scriblers, Mrs.
“ Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Manly and Mrs.
“ Behn, ladies famous indeed in their generation, and
“ some of them esteemed to have given very unfortu-
“ nate favours to their friends, assuring me that such
“ only were the objects of his satire.

“ I hope

“ I hope this assurance will prevent your further
“ mistake, and any consequences upon so odd a sub-
“ ject. I have nothing more to add.

“ Your Ladyship’s †

“ Most humble and obedient servant,

“ PETERBOROUGH.”

Nor was his Lordship less offended. In short, the two noble personages, not only returned the attack with their pens *, but exerted all their influence among the nobility, and even with the King and Queen, to do him prejudice : This last attempt was what most affected our poet, and of which he expressed the highest indignation, in the following letter to the noble Lord ; which, as it is said, was shewn to her Majesty as soon as it was finished.

“ I beseech your Lordship to consider the injury a
“ man of your high rank and credit may do to a
“ private person, under penal laws and many other
“ disadvantages, not for want of honesty or consci-
“ ence, but meerly, perhaps, for having *too weak a*
“ *head, or too tender a heart.* It is by these alone I
“ have hitherto lived excluded from all posts of pro-

† Mr. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Bethel, then in Italy, speaks of this Lady with a great deal of jocularly.

“ You mention,” says he, “ the fame of my old acquaintance,
“ Lady *Mary*, as spread over Italy. Neither you delight in
“ telling, nor I in hearing, the particulars which acquire such
“ a reputation ; yet, I wish you had just told me, if the cha-
“ racter be more avaricious, or amatory ? And which passion
“ has got the better at last.”

* They published a poem, long since forgotten, called Ver-
ses addressed to the Imitator of Horace : in which they be-
trayed the utmost rage of resentment, and rancour of scurrili-
ty. It was a fine picture of malice, checked by impotence ;
and fury, choked by phlegm.

“ fit or trust: As I can interfere with the views of
 “ no man, do not deny me, my Lord, all that is left;
 “ a little praise; or the common encouragement due,
 “ if not to my genius, at least to my industry.

“ Above all, your Lordship will be careful not to
 “ wrong my moral character, with those under
 “ whose protection I live; and through whose lenity
 “ alone I can live with comfort. Your Lordship, I
 “ am confident, upon consideration, will think you
 “ inadvertently went a little too far, when you re-
 “ commended to their perusal, and strengthened by
 “ the weight of your approbation, a libel, mean in
 “ its reflections upon my poor figure, and scanda-
 “ lous in those on my honour and integrity; wherein
 “ I was represented as an enemy to the human race,
 “ a murderer of reputations, a monster marked by
 “ God like Cain, deserving to wander accursed thro’
 “ the world — A strange picture of a man, who
 “ had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who
 “ will always be remembered as the first ornaments
 “ of their age and country, and no enemies that ever
 “ contrived to be heard of, except Mr. John Dennis
 “ and your Lordship. A man who never wrote a line,
 “ in which the religion or government of his country,
 “ the royal family, or their ministry, were disrespect-
 “ fully mentioned; the animosity of any one party
 “ gratified at the expence of another; nor any cen-
 “ sure past, but upon known vices, acknowledged
 “ folly, or aggressing impertinence. It is with infi-
 “ nite pleasure he finds, that some, who seem asha-
 “ med and afraid of nothing else, are so very sensible
 “ of this ridicule; and ’tis for that very reason, he
 “ resolves, by the grace of God, and your Lord-
 “ ship’s good leave,

“ That while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
 “ Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.

“ This he thinks is rendering the best service he
 “ can to the public, and even to the good govern-
 “ ment

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

“ ment of his fellow-creatures. For this, at least,
 “ he may deserve some commendations from the
 “ greatest persons in it. Your Lordship knows of
 “ whom I speak ———— their names I should
 “ be as sorry, and as much ashamed to place near
 “ your’s on such an occasion, as I should to see you,
 “ my Lord, placed so near their persons, if you could
 “ ever make so ill an use of their ear, as to asperse or
 “ misrepresent an innocent man.”

POPE did not think proper to print this letter, nor yet, what is more remarkable, to communicate it to his friend Swift, to whom he excused himself in a letter, sent with his fourth Essay on Man, and his Epistle to Lord Cobham.

“ There is a woman’s war, says he, declared
 “ against me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the
 “ same which women and children use, a pin to
 “ scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of
 “ answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with
 “ him, and after shewing it to some people, suppressed it; otherwise it was such, as was worthy of
 “ him, and worthy of me.” He had before given that friend an account of this affair, and of his own conduct in it as follows: “ That I am an author
 “ whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle, that the
 “ court and town make about me. I desire your
 “ opinion as to Lady ———’s and Lord ———’s
 “ performance. They are certainly the top wits of
 “ the court, and you may judge by that single piece,
 “ what can be done against me, for it was laboured,
 “ corrected, pre-commended, and at last disapproved, so far as to be disowned by themselves, after
 “ each had highly cried it up for the other’s. I have
 “ met with some complaints, and heard at a distance
 “ of some threats occasioned by my verses. I sent
 “ fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be
 “ found in town, and to offer to call at their houses
 “ to satisfy them; and so it dropped. It is very poor

“ in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and
 “ have nothing to say to you when they see you.”

To this he received a very pleasant and friendly answer, entirely in the character of the facetious Dean: who says,——“ Give me a shilling, and I
 “ will insure you that posterity shall never know one
 “ single enemy, excepting those whose memory you
 “ have preserved.”

Our poet, however, was not intimidated by the clamours against him, nor discouraged by his friends anxiety for his safety; as appears by his letter to his friend Dr. Arbuthnot, wherein he makes an apology for the severity of his satire, on account of which, the Doctor, as has before been intimated, had gently reprehended him.

“ What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: It is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows.

“ As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, 'tis evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear I will consult my safety so far as becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one.”

Having

Having thus justified his satire on the principles of reason, he farther proceeds to justify it by the sanction of example.

“ It is certain, much freer satirists than I, have
 “ enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the
 “ princes under whom they lived. Augustus and
 “ Maecenas made Horace their companion, though
 “ he had been in arms on the side of Brutus ; and, al-
 “ low me to remark, it was out of the suffering
 “ party too, that they favoured and distinguished
 “ Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing
 “ myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with
 “ another court-favourite, Boileau. I have always
 “ been too modest to imagine my panegyricks were
 “ incense worthy of a court ; and that, I hope,
 “ will be thought the true reason why I never offer-
 “ ed any. I would only have observed, that it was
 “ under the greatest princes and best ministers, that
 “ moral satirists were most encouraged ; and that
 “ then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the
 “ follies, as historians did over the vices of men.
 “ It may also be worth considering, whether Au-
 “ gustus himself makes the greater figure, in the
 “ writings of the former, or of the latter ? And
 “ whether Nero or Domitian do not appear as ri-
 “ diculous for their false taste and affectation, in
 “ Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad go-
 “ vernment in Tacitus and Suetonius ? In the first
 “ of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected
 “ and caressed ; and in the latter, that Lucan was
 “ put to death, and Juvenal banished.”

Our poet, accordingly, persisted in indulging his satirical vein. His second satire is in ridicule of gluttony ; and is full of those sprightly turns of thought, and that pleasant raillery, which common readers soonest commit to memory. On a subject of this trivial nature however, we are not to expect many of those beautiful instances of fine poetry, which command the attention of the more elegant and refined. Nevertheless, there is one passage which

which stands distinguished above the rest, both by the beauty of the sentiment, and of the expression.

Lord Fanny pleading a prerogative to high taste, as suitable to his exalted rank and unwieldy fortune, the poet replies :

“ Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
 “ And shine that superfluity away.
 “ Oh Impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
 “ How dar’st thou let one worthy man be poor ?”

This generous and benevolent sentiment is expressed with that warmth and sensibility, that it seizes the heart at once.

Our poet’s *Epistles* in Imitation of Horace, remain next to be considered. In these, with some few exceptions, he has copied all the ease and vivacity of the original ; and frequently rises above it, by a force and dignity of sentiment and expression, peculiar to himself. In a word, they are so exquisitely performed, that by the best judges, the *Imitation* has been held inimitable, and the copy an original. It is very certain he was the first that struck out this *manner*, and perhaps may be the last that will succeed in it. It had the greatest run of all his works, and was executed with the most ease and rapidity.

In the following instance however, in his Imitation of Horace’s first Epistle, the original seems to have the preference.

“ *Nunc itaque et versus, et caetera ludicra pono :*
 “ *Quid verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis*
 “ *in hoc sum.*”

* * * * *

“ Farewel then Verse, and Love, and ev’ry Joy,
 “ The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy ;
 “ What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 “ Let this be all my care—for this is All.”

In

In the English the third line is altogether flat and forceless, and there does not seem to be the simplicity and elegance which constitutes the beauty of the Latin. The verbs *curo* and *rogo* express a strong anxiety and solicitude of inquiry concerning the *verum atque decens*, which does not strike us in the imitation: nor is the *decens* happily expressed in the English.

In the following passage likewise, the copy will perhaps be thought to fall short of the model.

- “ *Ac ne forte roges, quo me duce, quo Lare tuter:*
 “ *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,*
 “ *Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.*
 “ *Nunc agilis sis, et mersor civilibus undis,*
 “ *Virtutis verae custos, rigidusque satelles:*
 “ *Nunc in Aristippi furtim praecepta relabor,*
 “ *Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.”*

* * * * *

- “ But ask not, to what Doctors I apply?
 “ Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
 “ As drives the storm, at any door I knock:
 “ And house with Montagne now, or now with
 “ Locke.
 “ Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
 “ Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
 “ Free as young Lyttleton, her Cause pursue,
 “ Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
 “ Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 “ Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
 “ Back to my native Moderation slide,
 “ And win my way by yielding to the tide.”

There is a force as well as *Elegance* in the original, which is lost in the imitation; wherein an affected levity seems to take place of a graceful ease. The classic reader will observe that there is a great deal of beauty in the phrase, *mersor civilibus undis*, which carries on the Metaphor the poet set out with—*Quo*

me cunque rapit tempestas: * and which is wholly lost in the English. At the same time, it must be confessed that the paraphrase in the concluding lines of the imitation is very beautiful and poetical, and vastly superior to the flatness and poverty of the last line of the original.

The following passage in Horace is very beautiful; and Mr. POPE, as his friend and annotator well observes, rather piques himself in excelling the most finished touches of his original, than in correcting or improving the more inferior parts. In some lines he has happily succeeded in this view; in others, he seems to have fallen short. For instance.

“ *Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque*
 “ *Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus*
 “ *Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:*
 “ *Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quae*
 “ *spem*
 “ *Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod*
 “ *Aequae pauperibus prodest locupletibus aequae,*
 “ *Aequae neglectum pueris, senibusque nocebit.*”

* * * * *

“ Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
 “ Long as the Night to her whose Love’s away,
 “ Long as the Year’s dull circle seems to run,
 “ When the brisk Minor pants for Twenty-one:
 “ So slow th’ unprofitable moments roll,
 “ That lock up all the Functions of my soul;
 “ That keep me from myself; and still delay
 “ Life’s instant business to a future day:
 “ That task, which as we follow, or despise,
 “ The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise,
 “ Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
 “ And which not done, the richest must be poor.”

* In this figure the poet seems to have an eye to his celebrated Ode——

“ *O navis, referunt in mare ten.vi*
 “ *Fluctus,*” &c.

It

It will perhaps be allowed, that the first three lines of the Latin are not excelled by the imitation: on the contrary, there seems to be more force and propriety in illustrating the length of the night by the instance of a *disappointed lover*, whose *mistress* has *broke her word* with him, than in drawing the illustration from the other sex, to whom it is supposed to belong, *only* because her *love is away*. His *absence* alone, without the idea of *disappointment*, does not afford so strong an exemplification of anxiety and impatience. The English is comparatively spiritless and insipid.

Neither is the illustration of the pupil equally happy in the imitation. It is true, the slow heavy pace of time, and the impatience of the brisk Minor, is strongly marked in the English, but we do not see the cause of that impatience, which is happily expressed in the Latin in these words—*Quos dura premit custodia, &c.*

The remaining lines however, are far exceeded by the imitation, which is abundantly more philosophical and full of sentiment, than the original. There is an inaccuracy however, in the close of the last line but one, which has not escaped the acuteness of the annotator, who observes that it is badly expressed. It may be added, that the badness of the expression arises from its being *equivocal*: For it may as well denote the *impatience of the poor under their wants*, as their *exemption from wants*.

Mr. POPE however again surpasses his original in this beautiful passage.

- “ ———— *vides, quae maxima credis*
 “ *Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,*
 “ *Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore.*
 “ *Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,*
 “ *Per mare pauperium fugiens*, per saxa, per ignes:*
 “ *Ne*

* The learned annotator has justly observed, that though the fourth line of the English has all the spirit, it has not
 all

" *Ne cures ea, quae stulte miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis ?*"

* * * * *

" But to the world no bugbear is so great,
" As want of Figure and a small Estate.
" To either India see the Merchant fly,
" Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty !
" See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
" Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the
" Pole !
" Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
" Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend ?
" To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
" And ease thy heart of all that it admires ?"

Our poet has given a pretty turn to the following line :

" *Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.*

* * * * *

" True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
" He's arm'd without that's innocent within."

This has the same spirit and morality, though not strictly the same sense as the original.

The next Epistle addressed to Mr. Murray (now Lord Mansfield) is highly polished. It is indeed, as the annotator well observes, the most finished of all his imitations, and executed *con amore*.

all the imagery of the original, where Horace makes Poverty pursue and keep pace with the Miser in his flight.

But it must be allowed that our poet greatly excels the original, in describing the extremes of heat and cold, to which the miser's dread of want exposes him. It is observable, however, that Mr. Pope has, for the sake of that striking contrast, dropped the idea of danger, which the miser runs into *per saxa* : which, nevertheless, heightens the description in the Latin.

After

After a familiar and friendly introduction, the poet thus opens the subject of the Epistle with great dignity, and even sublimity, which rises much above the original.

“ *Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis*
 “ *Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla*
 “ *Imbuti spectent.*” —————

* * * * *

“ This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
 “ Self-center’d Sun *, and Stars that rise and fall,
 “ There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
 “ Look through, and trust the Ruler with his Skies,
 “ To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year,
 “ And view this dreadful All without a fear.”

In the following lines, the common objects of admiration are ridiculed with all the strength and spirit, though not perhaps with all the ease of the original.

“ ———— *quid censes, munera terrae?*
 “ *Quid, maris extremos Arabas ditantis et Indos?*
 “ *Ludicra, quid, plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?*
 “ *Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis et ore?*”

* * * * *

“ Admire we then what Earth’s low Entrails
 “ hold,
 “ Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
 “ All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for
 “ Gold?
 “ Or Popularity, or Stars and Strings?
 “ The mob’s applauses, or the gifts of Kings?

* The poet here probably copied from a higher original. Perhaps he had in view the following sublime passage in Job, describing the power of the Almighty.

“ He stretched out the north over the empty place, and
 “ hangeth the earth upon nothing.”

“ Say

" Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
 " And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?"

There is a beauty in Horace's conclusion, *quo sensu credis et ore*, which the imitation has missed.

The passage which immediately follows, however beautiful in the original, seems on the whole to be surpassed by the imitation.

" *Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem*
 " *Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:*
 " *Improvisa simul species exterrēt utrumque:*
 " *Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad*
 " *rem,*
 " *Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusve sua spe,*
 " *Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?*
 " *Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;*
 " *Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam."*

• • • • •

" If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
 " The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 " Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
 " In either case, believe me, we admire;
 " Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 " Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
 " Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 " Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man
 " away;
 " For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 " The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad."

But with what skill has the poet improved the following passage into an elegant compliment on his friend!

" ————— *cum bene notum*
 " *Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appi;*
 " *Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus."*

" Grac'd

* * * * *

“ Grac’d as thou art, with all the Pow’r of Words,
 “ So known, so honour’d, *at the House of Lords* : *
 “ Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
 “ (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie ;
 “ Where Murray) long enough his Country’s
 “ pride)
 “ Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!”

What a pity it is, that in a compliment so finely turned, and so justly due, an equal elegance and dignity, should not be preserved throughout! And yet the close of the second line is so wretchedly flat, that one would almost suspect that Blackmore, in POPE’s absence, had stolen his pen, and finished the line in the true spirit of the Bathos. In order to have supported the dignity of the verse, the poet should have mentioned that august assembly with a paraphrase.

The imitation of the following passage, seems to fall short of the original.

————— “ *Vis recte vivere? Quis non?*
 “ *Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omiffis*
 “ *Hoc age deliciis.*” —————

* * * * *

“ Would ye be blest? despise low Joys, low
 “ Gains,
 “ Disdain whatever CORNBURY † disdains ;
 “ Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.” }

* How would our poet have been delighted, had he lived to have seen his friend, who then shone so conspicuously at the bar of that house, become the brightest ornament within it! To have seen him with steady, uniform virtue, guard the constitution, under every administration, against the fatal extremes of invading licentiousness, and encroaching prerogative!

† When Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, his brother-in-law, the late Earl of Essex, told him he had got a
 This

This is by no means so strong and pointed as the original. It does not give us the idea of the *virtus UNA*. Nor is the opposition marked by the word *delictis*, expressed in the imitation with equal force, and elegance.

The following lines, however, are finely paraphrased.

*" Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
" Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum."*

* * * * *

" Is Wealth thy passion? Hence from Pole to Pole,
" Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
" For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
" Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold :
" Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies ;
" On the broad base of Fifty Thousand rise,
" Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
" Add fifty more, and bring it to a square."

The pleasantry of the original is partly lost, and partly improved, in the next passage.

*" Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,
" Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum
" Qui fodicet latus, et cogat trans pondera dextram
" Porrigere : Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille
" Velina :
" Cui libet, is fasces dabit ; eripietque curule,
" Cui valet, importunus ebur : Frater, Pater, adde :
" Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque facetus adopta."*

* * * * *

pension for him, which was in truth a handsome one, and fit for a man of his rank. But Lord Cornbury answered, with a composed dignity—"How could you tell, my Lord, that I was to be sold; or at least, how came you to know my price so exactly?"

" But

- " But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
 " If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy ;
 " Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a Lord
 " To do the Honours and to give the Word ;
 " Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
 " To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach,
 " Whom honour with your hand : to make re-
 " marks
 " Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks :
 " This may be troublesome, is near the Chair :
 " That makes three Members, this can chuse a
 " May'r.
 " Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest, }
 " Adopt him Son, or Cousin at the least, }
 " Then turn about, and laugh at your own }
 " jest."

In the first part, we lose the humour of *lacrimum qui sodicit latus*, &c. but towards the latter end, the ridicule is happily modernized, and facetiously applied.

The imitation of the first Epistle of the second Book of Horace is truly excellent ; and though the shining passages may not be so numerous as in the foregoing Epistle ; yet such as strike us, are very splendid, and much superior to the original : more especially where poetry is the subject.

Speaking of the works of the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease——

- " *Inter quae verbum emicuit si forte decorum,*
 " *Si versus paulo concinnior unus et alter ;*
 " *In iuste totum ducit venitque poema.*"

Our poet improves the passage thus,—

- " One simile that solitary shines
 " In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 " Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through ma-
 " ny a page,
 " Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age."

But

But the poet's excellence is perhaps no where more conspicuous than in the instance which follows.

“ *Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis*
 “ *Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa ;*
 “ *Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum.*
 “ *Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit ;*
 “ *Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella ;*
 “ *Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisâ tragoedis :”*

* * * * *

“ In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
 “ Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles re-
 “ stor'd ;
 “ In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 “ All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd.
 “ Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t' ex-
 “ cell,
 “ New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell ;
 “ The Soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
 “ And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
 “ Then Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 “ And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :
 “ Lely on animated canvass stole
 “ The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul.
 “ No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
 “ The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court :
 “ On each enervate string they taught the note
 “ To pant or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.”

This paraphrase, is not only far beyond the original, but it is perhaps equal to some of our author's most admired lines.

Admirably, however, as he has here reprehended the depraved taste of those times, he is not less happy in recommending the examples of refinement.

“ *Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem ;*
 “ *Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,*
 “ *Aperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae ;”*

— In

* * * * *

“ ————— In all Charles’s days,
 “ Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 “ And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
 “ No whiter page than Addison remains.
 “ He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 “ And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
 “ Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 “ And pours each human virtue in the heart.”

These lines are beautifully paraphrased. What an elegant compliment has he paid to Mr Addison, and how gently has he reprehended the servility of his courtly adulation!

The following passage describing the danger of attempting theatrical composition is on the whole much superior to the original.

*Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,
 Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
 Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis ava-
 rum
 Subruit, ac reficit: valeat res ludicra, si me
 Palma negata macrum, donata reducit optimum.”*

* * * * *

“ O you! whom Vanity’s light bark conveys *
 “ On Fame’s mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 “ With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 “ For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
 “ Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 “ A breath revives him, or a breath o’erthrows.
 “ Farewel the stage! if just as thrives the play,
 “ The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.”

* The annotator has well observed, that this metaphor, though very fine, is inferior to *ventoso gloria curru*, which has a happy air of ridicule, heightened by its allusion to the Roman triumph.

These

These lines are very fine: yet the close of the last line but one is rather flat, and by no means conveys the spirit and beauty of *Palma negata*.

The imitation of the second Epistle of the second book of Horace, is quite in the familiar strain, and in general has all the ease of the original, but contains few of those more striking beauties which claim distinguished notice.

The following humorous description of a book-worm, however, has too much merit to be passed over in silence.

“ *Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,*
 “ *Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque*
 “ *Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit*
 “ *Plerumque, et risu populum quatit :”*

* * * * *

“ The Man who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 “ To books and study gives sev'n years compleat,
 “ See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap
 “ on,
 “ He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
 “ The boys flock round him, and the people
 “ stare:
 “ So stiff, so mute! some statue you would
 “ swear,
 “ Stept from its pedestal to take the air!

The learned critic will observe that the idea describing the effects of his hard study, which is expressed with great strength and beauty in the Latin, by *insenuitque libris et curis*, is wholly dropped in the imitation; but in return, the ridicule in the words *statua taciturnius exit*, is highly improved by the imitator.

The ridicule is farther carried on, and the affected gravity of some of the men of the long robe, is pleasantly rallied in the characters of two serjeants—

“ Each

" Each had a gravity would make you split;
 " And shook his head at MURRAY *, as a wit."

There is a peculiar ease and jocularly likewise in the imitation of the following lines, though our author has made free with the sense of the original.

" *Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
 " spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.*"

* * * * *

" Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave,
 " to see

" No Poets there, but Stephen, † you, and me."
 Our

* It was a long time before the eminent person here mentioned, could triumph over a ridiculous prejudice which led the public to conclude, that a man of genius and vivacity could not be a profound lawyer. At length, however, he has happily convinced the world, that the two characters are not incompatible. Bacon was not so happy. The blemishes in his moral character, disabled him from stemming and subduing an inveterate and over-bearing prejudice.—Indeed the world was ever unwilling to allow any man to excell in more than one accomplishment. This springs from envy universally. As for the judgment itself, when particularly applied, it is sometimes true, and sometimes false. Thus, for instance, when the public would not allow the great lawyer Coke, to be a classic and a wit likewise (of which he had given so many delectable specimens) they were perhaps in the right; but when they assumed, though they spoke by the organ of Queen Elizabeth herself, that though Bacon was a great Philosopher, yet he was no Lawyer, they were certainly as much in the wrong.

† Mr. Stephen Duck, was a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themselves his betters in poetry had not) of being esteemed by Mr POPE.

The Queen, who moderated in a sovereign manner between two great philosophers, Clarke and Leibnitz, in the most profound and sublime points in metaphysics and natural philosophy, chose for her favourite *Poet* this Stephen Duck, then a thresher. She thought his poetry excellent, and sent the manuscript to Mr. POPE for his judgment, having first required his word of honour that he would not unslitch the two first leaves, which she had sewed down to conceal the name of the author. He soon discovered the condition of the

Vo L. II. C poet

Our poet's versification of Dr. Donne's *, second and fourth satires, which remain next to be confi-

poet by the quality of the poetry, and told the Lady who brought it to him, that he supposed most villages could supply verses of the same force. But being told who the writer was, and receiving a fair character of his modesty and innocence, he generously did all he could to establish him at court; and had the condescension and humility frequently to call on him at Richmond.

* The wit, the vigour, and the honesty of Mr. POPE's satiric writing, had raised a great clamour against him, as if this *Supplement*, as he calls it, to the *public Laws*, was a violation of the rules of morality and society. In answer to this ignorant and prejudiced complaint, it was his purpose to shew, that two of the most respectable characters in the modest and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Bishop Hall, had both arraigned vice publicly, and painted it in stronger colours,

(Whether they found it
On the Pillory or near the Throne)

than he had done. In pursuance of this purpose, he admirably *versified*, as he called it, two or three satires of Donne, who with all his wit and strong sense could not *versify*. He intended to have given two or three of *Hall's* likewise, whose force and classical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better versifier, and being a mere academic, had not his vein vitiated like Donne's, by living in courts and at large, Mr. POPE's purpose here was only to correct and smooth the versification. In the first edition of these satires which was in Mr. POPE's library, we find that long satire, called the First of the Sixth Book, entirely corrected, and the versification mended, to fit it for his use. He intitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of *Sat. opt.*—This author, Hall, had a severe examiner of his wit and reasoning in our famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles the 1st and his long parliament, had written in defence of Episcopacy, when Milton set up for the advocate of Presbytery, and took Hall's defence to task. As Milton gave no quarter to his adversaries, from the Bishop's theologic writings, he fell upon his *Satires*. But a stronger proof cannot be given of their superior excellence, than Milton's being unable to find in them any thing to cavil at, except the title of his three first books of satires, which the author, ridiculously enough, calls *TOOTHLESS SATIRES*: and this, for want of better hold, Milton sufficiently mumbles.

dered

dered, afford a striking proof how much the force of sentiment depends on the power of expression. There are some indelicacies however, in the versification of the second satire, which Mr. POPE's chaster pen might, nay ought to, have corrected. But in the next satire, our author makes us amends by the following invocation, which is admirably sublime.

- " Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me
 " hence
 " To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of Sense:
 " Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings *
 " And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!"

In the next lines the poet again displays the becoming pride and dignity of conscious merit.

- " Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
 " Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me:
 " Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 " Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?"

Thus our author, notwithstanding the many admonitions of his friends, who were anxious for his safety, continued to wage war against vice and folly, with all the firmness and perseverance of intrepid virtue, till the year 1739.

About that time, he published the Epilogue to his Satires, with a resolution, as the learned editor of his works assures us, to publish no more poems of that kind; but to enter, by his Epilogue, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of

- Our author here seems to have had Milton in view—

- " ————And Wisdom's self
 " Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
 " Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 " She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 " That in the various bustle of resort,
 " Were all too ruff'd, and sometimes impair'd.

protest against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had unhappily lived to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks ; but bad men were grown so shameful and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual *.

This Epilogue is divided into two dialogues, and contains an apology for the severity of his satires. It is indeed, a kind of recapitulation of his satirical pieces. Most of the characters whom he had lashed before, here receive the parting scourge : on the other hand, he pays the last tribute of praise, to several whose virtues he had before applauded. In short, in this epilogue, he vindicates the justice of his writings, alledging that, whether he censured or commended, his pen was guided by truth and virtue.

The spirit of the following lines is admirable.

“ Ask you what Provocation I have had ?

“ The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.

* That our author laboured with an honest zeal to reform the corruption of morals, and that he sincerely bewailed that depravity which he at length despaired of correcting, is evident from many of his familiar letters, more especially from one to Mr. Allen, wherein he says—

“ I have two great tasks on my hands ; I am trying to
 “ benefit myself, and to benefit posterity ; not by works of
 “ my own, God knows : I can but skirmish, and maintain
 “ a flying fight with vice ; its forces augment, and will drive
 “ me off the stage, before I shall see the effects complete,
 “ either of divine providence or vengeance : For sure we can
 “ be quite saved only by the one, or punished by the other :
 “ the condition of morality is so desperate, as to be above all
 “ human hands.”

In another letter to the same gentleman, after having asked his advice about printing some letters, he adds—

“ I am sure, if you thought they would be of any service
 “ to virtue, or answer any one good purpose, whether (con-
 “ sidered as writings) they brought me any credit or not,
 “ they should be given to the world : and let them make me
 “ a worse writer, provided they could but make one better
 “ man.

“ When

- “ When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
 “ Th’ Affront is mine, my Friend, and should be
 “ yours.
 “ Mine, as a Foe profess’d to false Pretence,
 “ Who think a Coxcomb’s Honour like his Sense;
 “ Mine, as a Friend to ev’ry worthy Mind;
 “ And mine as Man, who feel for all Man-
 “ kind.”

The poet’s conscious pride once more breaks forth with a decent boldness.—

- “ Yes I am proud; I must be proud to see
 “ Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
 “ Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
 “ Yet touch’d and sham’d by Ridicule alone.”

The invocation which follows is truly noble and sublime.

- “ O sacred weapon! left for Truth’s defence,
 “ Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
 “ To all but Heav’n directed hands deny’d,
 “ The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must
 “ guide.”

Our author then proceeds to shew, that the most polished flattery of a poet cannot sanctify a bad cause.

- “ Not Waller’s Wreath can hide the Nation’s
 “ Scar,
 “ Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.”

This is a delicate reprehension of Boileau’s ridiculous flattery of Louis the Fourteenth.

On the other hand, by way of contrast, our author shews the power of verse to immortalize the good.

" Not so when diadem'd with rays divine,
 " Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from Vir-
 " tue's shrine,
 " Her Priestess's Muse forbids the Good to die,
 " And opes the Temple of Eternity."

* * * * *

" Let Envy howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus
 " sings,
 " And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings * ;
 " Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the Incense rise,
 " Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
 " Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
 " And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine."

Good sense and fine poetry are happily displayed in these prophetic lines. His verse is indeed immortal. He has consigned many worthless characters to perpetual infamy, whose vices and follies might otherwise have died with their names; and he has preserved the fame of the worthy, from being buried in the tomb of oblivion.

The poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.

This volume closes with a copy of verses addressed to Lady Frances Shirley, on her presenting our author with a standish, together with a steel and golden pen.

In order to enter into the spirit of these lines, it is necessary to premise that Mr. POPE was threatened to be prosecuted in the House of Lords for the two foregoing poems, that is, the epilogue to

* The lawyers tell us, that Kings are the fountains of honour; but Mr. POPE was of a different opinion. In one of his letters to Mr. Allen he says,—" Though they call Kings " the fountains of honour, I think them only the bestowers of " titles." Whatever the lawyers may say, all philosophers will be of Mr. POPE's mind.

the satires. On which, with great resentment against his enemies for not distinguishing between——

“ *Grave Epistles bringing vice to light,*”

and licentious libels, he began a third Epilogue, more sublime and severe than the other ; which being no secret, matters were compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he to leave the third Epilogue unfinished and unpublished. This affair occasioned this beautiful poem to Lady Frances, and to this it alludes throughout: more particularly in the following stanzas.

It must first be observed, that the poet, by an ingenious turn of imagination, supposes the golden and steel pen to be *weapons from the sky*, presented to him by the Athenian Queen, descending to him in all her sober charms. The one, a golden lance to guard desert ; the other of steel, to stab vice to the heart: which he received on his knees——

“ And dipt them in the sable Well,
“ The fount of Fame or Infamy.”

This mistake of the poet's, the Lady thus pleasantly rectifies ——

“ What *Well*? what *Weapon*? (Flavia cries)
“ A standish, steel and golden pen!
“ It came from Bertrand's (a), not the skies;
“ I gave it you to write again.

“ But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
“ You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
“ Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
“ L——and all about your ears.

(a) A famous toy shop at Bath.

- “ You’d write as smooth again on glass,
 “ And run, on ivory, so glib,
 “ As not to stick at fool or ass (b),
 “ Nor stop at Flattery or Fib (c).
 “ *Athenian Queen* and *sober charms* !
 “ I tell ye, fool, there’s nothing in’t :
 “ ’Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms (d) ;
 “ In Dryden’s Virgil see the print (e).
 “ Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,
 “ That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies (f)
 “ I’ll lift you in the harmless roll
 “ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.”

Our bard had now attained what he justly esteemed the greatest felicity in life, the esteem and friendship of men of worth and reputation ; being not less admired for his writings, than caressed for his integrity and other social virtues.

Having now gained the summit of Parnassus, he was open to all the trouble and inconvenience arising from adulation and envy. His patience was exhausted by the endless impertinence of poetasters of all ranks and conditions, as well by such as courted his favour, as by those who envied his reputation.

His excelling talents raised a swarm of the latter, who endeavoured to depreciate his literary merit, and asperse his moral character. Our author for a long time bore their impotent attacks with silence and composure, which enabled him to avail himself of the remarks of his enemies, and turn their malice to his profit. At length, however, grown conscious of superior strength, and bearing that detestation of the low invidious arts of bad writers, which every ge-

(b) The Dunciad.

(c) The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

(d) Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses.

(e) When she delivers Eneas a suit of heavenly armour.

(f) i. e. If you have neither the courage to write satire, nor the application to attempt an *Epic Poem*.—He was then meditating on such a work.

nerous mind must entertain ; he resolved to get rid of his flatterers and defamers both together, by grouping them all into one piece, called the *Dunciad*, which he had long meditated, and which was first published in the year 1727.

But to tell of his quarrels with every unworthy adversary, would be like describing the various annoyances that Hercules encountered in wading through the fenns of Lerna, from every snake, and toad, and beetle, which he brushed off with his club. Let it suffice to say, that by the *Dunciad* he totally subdued that many-headed monster that had long annoyed him with its hissings.

When Mr. POPE, together with his friend the Dean, (for reasons specified in the preface to their *Miscellanies*) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any concern, and to destroy all that remained in their power ; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dean Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him therefore it was inscribed.

But what forwarded the publication of this piece, was the Treatise of the *Bathos*, or *Art of sinking in Poetry*, published in the *Miscellanies* above spoken of. In this treatise was a chapter wherein the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random, But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some or other took every letter to himself.

Among others, the late Mr. *Aaron Hill*, who was a poet, not altogether devoid of poetical merit, suspected himself to be marked out by the letters A. H. This misunderstanding provoked him to write to Mr. POPE, in terms of the warmest expostulation. Several letters passed between them on this occasion, which were afterward published. Six of them have been thought particularly worth preserving : the reader will find them in the Appendix, No. 1. and from thence may learn on what grounds Mr. Hill's misapprehension was founded.

Mr. POPE, with good reason, lamented how much he had suffered from his acquaintance with the inferior tribe of contemporary poets. He never was more serious than when he said,

“ Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace

“ This jealous, waspish, wrong-head rhyming race.”

The best commentary on these two lines, is comprehended in those very fine and humane letters in the Appendix, written to that wrong-headed man Mr. Aaron Hill. This writer, who, as has been intimated, did not want genius, though it was always faced, and even lined through with fustian, in the midst of a familiar acquaintance with Mr. POPE, and under obligations to him, in a fit of jealousy, for something or other, very seriously abused him in print; he had no sooner done this than he repented, and asked pardon, which as soon as he had obtained, he offended in like manner again, and so went on insulting and repenting to the end of the chapter. He thought himself a very formidable rival to our poet; this made him expect the observance and court due to such an one. The several marks of friendship he had received from our poet went for nothing: For nature never yet put one grain of generosity or gratitude into the composition of a coxcomb.

In short, all the lesser writers fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year or more, the common news papers, in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers, were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise. A liberty not to be wondered at in those who for many years had aspersed most of the first characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being to most, utterly secret and obscure.

This induced Mr. Pope to think that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light, these common enemies of mankind: since to invalidate their slander, it was sufficient to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. This it was which gave birth to the DUNCIAD; and

and our poet thought it a happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names, as was necessary to his purpose.

Soon after he had formed this design, he communicated it to his excellent friend Dr. Arbuthnot; who, though as a man of wit and learning, he might not have been displeased to see their common injuries revenged on this pernicious tribe; yet as our author's friend and physician, being solicitous for his ease and health, he was unwilling he should provoke so large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion in this matter, gives occasion for the colloquial epistle * to the Doctor, which is a kind of Prologue to the Satires in imitation of Horace, above taken notice of. In this prologue, our author in a natural and familiar detail of all his provocations, both from flatterers and slanderers, has artfully interwoven an apology for his *moral* and *poetical* character.

Of this epistle, the learned editor of Mr. POPE's works, has given a very accurate analysis, to which I refer the curious reader; and shall only take notice of such parts as tend to vindicate Mr. POPE and his writings: taking occasion by the way to point out some of the most distinguished beauties of this excellent epistle.

* It is proper to observe, that this Epistle, though not finished till 1733, was begun many years before, as our author assures us in his advertisement prefixed to it; and as it alludes to the DUNCIAD, it was thought proper to mention it at this place, though out of the chronological order of his publications. In this advertisement Mr. POPE farther assures us, that he had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune, to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only his writings, of which being public, the public was judge, but his person, morals and family. Being divided between the necessity of saying something of *himself*, and his laziness to undertake so awkward a task, he thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. He adds with becoming spirit, that if it has any thing pleasing, it will be that by which he is most desirous to please, the *truth* and the *sincerity*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those he is least sorry to offend, the *vicious* and *ungenerous*.

Our

Our poet having told his case, and humorously applied to his physician, in the manner one would ask for a recipe to kill vermin, he proceeds in the common character of such as ask advice, to acquaint his Doctor that he had already formed his resolution, and determined of his remedy. But, by way of preamble, he introduces a simile from the story of Midas, in which, having occasion to mention kings, queens, and ministers of state, his friend takes the alarm, and begs of him to forbear; advising him to stick to his subject, and be easy under so common a calamity. To make light of his suffering provokes the poet; he breaks the thread of his discourse, and abruptly tells him the application of his simile.

“ Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
“ &c.”

His friend, however, persisting to advise him against such a general attack, the poet replies, that considering the strong antipathy of bad to good, there will always be enemies either open or secret; and that it admits of no question, but a slanderer is less hurtful than a flatterer: for, says he, in a pleasant simile, alluding to his friend's profession,

“ Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
“ It is the Slaver kills, and not the Bite.”

He then proceeds to ridicule the abject and extravagant flattery of those sycophants, who complimented him even for his infirmities, his bad health, and his inconvenient shape. There is so much spirit and poignance in his reprehension of this servile adulation, that I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the lines.

“ There are who to my Person pay their court,
“ I cough like *Horace*; and though lean, am
“ short:

Ammon's

- " *Ammon's* great son, one shoulder had too high,
 " Such *Ovid's* nose, and, Sir, you have an eye.
 " Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 " All that disgrac'd my betters, meet in me :
 " Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 " Just so immortal *Maro* held his head."

With the same spirit and keen ridicule, he exposes his critics and calumniators ; wherein he introduces that inimitable character of Atticus already spoken of : and then struck with the sense of that dignity and felicity inseparable from the character of a true poet, he breaks out into a passionate vow for the continuance of the full liberty attendant on it : and concludes his wish with a description of his temper and disposition, which was such, that he would even execrate his best vein of poetry, if made at the expence of truth and innocence.

- " Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
 " That tends to make one worthy Man my foe,
 " Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
 " Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear."

Such a noble generosity and amiable tenderness of sentiment seems to have flowed warm from the heart, and perhaps could not have been expressed with such feeling and energy by the mere efforts of genius alone.

Our poet then professes that the sole object of his resentment was vice and baseness, and proceeds to satirize one under the character of Sporus, who had wantonly injured him in the most sensible manner.

This moving him with fresh indignation at his slanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *sume superbiam quæstam meritis*, and draws a fine picture of his moral and literary conduct through life : in which he shews that not *Fame*, but *VIRTUE*, which he welcomes in a strain of divine enthusiasm, was the constant object of his ambition. At the same time, he boldly acknowledges, that in his pursuit of vice, he rarely

rarely considered how knavery was circumstanced but followed it with his vengeance, indifferently ; whether it led to the pillory, or the drawing room.

But lest this should convey the idea of a savage virtue, he instances some particulars which prove him of so easy a nature, as to be *duped by the slenderest appearances* ; and withal that he was so forbearing, as not only to have been silent during a long course of calumny on himself, but even to have restrained his resentment under the most shocking of all provocations, *abuses on his father and mother*.

This naturally leads him to give a short account of their births, fortunes and dispositions ; which ends with the tenderest wishes for the happiness of his friend, intermixed with the most pathetic description of that filial piety, in the exercise of which he makes his own happiness to consist.

- “ Oh friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
 “ Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :
 “ Me, let the tender office long engage,
 “ To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 “ With lenient arts extend a Mother’s breath,
 “ Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of
 “ death,
 “ Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 “ And keep a-while one parent from the sky * ! ”

Had our author penned no other than these exquisite lines, they would of themselves be sufficient to establish his character as an excellent poet, and an amiable man.

Mr. POPE, as appears by this Epistle, being thus superior to all apprehensions from the resentment of the worthless tribe whom he grouped in the *Dunciad*, at length convinced them that the most gentle and forbearing tempers when strongly urged, are the most poignant and severe.

* In a very few weeks after this poem was published, that is, in the year 1733, our author’s mother died, aged 93. His father, as has been observed, having died in 1717.

But though our poet treated bad writers and bad men with becoming severity, yet no one ever praised the good of all denominations with more sincere and heart-felt pleasure. Even in this *Dunciad*, he has celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury; Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison, and in short almost every man of his time who deserved it. Nay, so amiable is his impartiality, that Cibber himself, the hero of the piece, has his share of commendation, on the presumption of his being the author of the *Careless Husband*. It was difficult to find the pleasure of applauding merit in a poem on such a subject, yet he has contrived to insert such a panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it.

The *Dunciad* has been generally esteemed among Mr. POPE's most admired pieces, and it is in truth a most admirable pattern for satirical composition; but the satire being confined and personal, some of its most capital excellencies are now but faintly relished. It is to be regretted therefore, that so much good sense and excellent morality should be intermixed with a transient satire on private characters, many of them so insignificant, that their names would never have been public, had they not found a place in the *Dunciad*, and of whom the most distinguished now sleep in oblivion.

This piece being of the mock epic kind, preserves all the dignity peculiar to that species of composition, and is penned in strict conformity to the rules observed by the great epic writers in their sublimer pieces. It is divided into four books, and the first opens with an affected solemnity in the Maronian strain.

"The Mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
 "The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,
 "I sing"——

The

The subject being proposed, to preserve the mock majesty of the piece, a solemn invocation ensues: and at length the college of dulness is described, where the goddess sits enthroned in clouded majesty, contemplating the wild and monstrous creation to which she had given birth.

Our poet here ridicules the gross absurdities and inconsistencies in the productions of the sons of Dulness, with such pleasant raillery and exquisite poignance, that the length of the following quotation needs no apology.

- " Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
 " Where nameless Somethings in their causes
 " sleep,
 " 'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
 " Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
 " How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in em-
 " bryo lie,
 " How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
 " Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 " And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 " Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 " And ductile dulness new meanders takes;
 " There motley images her fancy strike,
 " Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.
 " She sees a mob of Metaphors advance,
 " Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 " How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 " How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
 " How Time himself stands still at her command,
 " Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to
 " land.
 " Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
 " Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 " Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 " There painted vallies of eternal green,
 " In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 " And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow."

The

The goddess is then introduced on the evening of
a Lord Mayor's Festival, when——

—— “ All hush'd and satiate lay,
“ Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day ;
“ While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
“ Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.”

During this still and lethargic period, she revolves in her mind, with parental joy, the long succession of her sons, but chiefly, and with peculiar delight, fixes her attention on *Bays*, the hero of the piece. He is described, after an ill run at play, and the ill success of a dramatic piece, sitting in his study in deep despair. There is a great deal of keen raillery in this description.

“ Swearing and supperless the Hero sate,
“ Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his
“ Fate,
“ Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the
“ ground,
“ Sinking from thought to thought, a vast pro-
“ found !
“ Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
“ Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.”

Full of apprehensions, lest the empire of dulness was drawing to a period, he ponders with himself what course to follow, whether to betake himself to the church, to gaming, or to party writing. In this state of uncertainty and despondence, casting a mournful look on his library, and erecting a pile of dull books into a kind of altar, he solemnly invokes the goddess.

“ Then he : Great Tamer of all human art !
“ First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
“ *Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend,*
“ With whom my Muse began, with whom shall
“ end,

“ E'er

" E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,
 " To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :
 " O thou ! of bus'ness the directing soul :
 " To this our head like byass to the bowl,
 " Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more
 " true,
 " Obliquely waddling to the mark in view :
 " O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 " Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
 " And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
 " Secure us kindly in our native night.
 " Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
 " Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense ;
 " Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 " And hang some curious cobweb in its stead !
 " As, forc'd from Wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 " And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky,
 " As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 " The wheels above urg'd by the load below :
 " Me Emptiness, and Dulness could ensnare,
 " And were my Elasticity, and Fire.
 " Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 " And once betray'd me into common sense."

There is certainly a great deal of wit and admirable raillery in these lines ; but in the opinion of some, it has been thought to wound probability too much to make the hero the worshipper and champion of Dulness, in her proper person, without the least disguise. The author of the *Elements of Criticism*, among others, professes himself of this sentiment : —
 " Dulness, says he, may be imagined a Deity or
 " Idol to be worshipped by bad writers, but then
 " some sort of disguise is requisite, some *bastard vir-*
 " *tue* must be bestowed, to give the idol a plausible
 " appearance. Yet in the *Dunciad*, dulness, with-
 " out the least disguise, is made the object of wor-
 " ship : the mind rejects such a fiction as unnatural ;
 " for dulness is a defect of which even the dullest
 " mortal is ashamed."

This

This writer, however, appears to be mistaken, if he presumes that no *bastard* virtue is in this poem attributed to the goddess.

Is there no *bastard* virtue in the *mighty mother*—*who brings the Smithfield muses to the ears of Kings*? Starving poetasters would prefer her for this single virtue, to Apollo and the nine muses. Is there no *bastard* virtue in the *peace* of which he makes her the author?

“ *The Goddess had Britannia sleep.*”

Has not the poet celebrated her for her *beauty*?

“ Fate—this *fair ideot* gave—”

As also for her *gravity*, her *industry*? The suppliant hero could find great consolation in her *bastard* virtues.

“ O ever *gracious* to *perplex'd* mankind,

“ Still spread a *healing mist* before the mind.”

Is not her *pertness* the *bastard* virtue of *wit*?

“ Dulness with transport ey'd the lively dunce,

“ Rememb'ring she herself was *pertness* once.”

Her delight in games and races is another of her *bastard* virtues, that would captivate her nobler sons, and draw them to her shrine. Not to speak of her indulgence to the young traveller, whom she accompanies in the shape of his Tutor, as Minerva did Telemachus in the shape of Mentor. But of all her *bastard* virtues, her *freethinking*, the virtue she particularly recommends to her followers in the fourth book, is sufficient to recommend her to general worship.

Yet after all, the poet having made his hero in the passage above transcribed, invoke DULNESS, *eo nomine*, and profess to be her champion, it may be thought

thought, in this instance, to exclude the supposition of his worshipping some bastard virtue: and perhaps it would have been less liable to objection, had the poet *here* dropped the attribute of the Deity invoked, and made his hero supplicate the goddess generally.

The hero, however, after having thus solemnly invoked dulness, turns towards his works, in a tender and passionate apostrophe, and presaging the miserable fate to which they may be exposed, he determines to commit them to the flames.

- " Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
- " My better and more christian progeny.
- " Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
- " While all your smutty sisters walk the streets."

The poet then, with a peculiar vein of sarcastic humour, still preserving the mock dignity of the piece, describes the several unfortunate pieces expiring in the flames, the light of which rousing the goddess, she snatches the sheet of an unfinished poem, with which she overwhelms the pyre.

The goddess then revealing herself to her darling son, transports him to her temple, and unfolds all her mysteries to his view.

- " Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
- " Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
- " How random thoughts now meaning chance to
" find,
- " Now leave all memory of sense behind:
- " How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
- " And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
- " How Index-learning turns no student pale,
- " Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
- " How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
- " Less human genius than God gives an ape,
- " Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or
" Greece,
- " A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece;
- " 'Twixt

“ ‘Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear and Cor-
 neille,
 “ Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.”

The Poet has here artfully contrived to satirize the pretensions of half-learned superficial scriblers, with the keen strokes of the most exquisite ridicule: and having made Dulness display her works to her chosen son, she is then represented anointing his head with the sacred opium; and after muttering some mystic words, she proclaims him successor to the deceased laureat.

The solemnity of his proclamation is graced with the representation of public games and sports of various kinds, in imitation of those in Homer and Virgil; and the description of these games takes up the greater part of the second book.

I will frankly acknowledge, that I could never read this book without disgust. I am ready, nevertheless, to own, that the poet has shewn great address in adapting the several games to the different characters of the competitors, and has displayed a great deal of wit in describing their various merits in the respective exercises. But the grossness, nay the filthiness, of many of the illustrations cannot fail to nauseate. The language indeed is perfectly chaste and polished, but no elegance or ingenuity in the mode of expression, can atone for an indecency or indecorum in the idea represented.

Thus much, however, may be said in defence of our poet, that in a *Satire*, purposely written to expose vice and folly, the odious representation is part of the scourge which inflicts the punishment; and this is the best and only apology which can be urged in justification of some passages in this book.

The slightest indelicacy, however, deserves a severe reprehension in a genius like Mr. POPE's, since many, who are unable to imitate his excellencies, may be tempted to copy his inelegancies: and we have known some little poetasters, who, having drawn their ideas from the fordes of human nature, have justifi-
 ed

ed themselves on the authority of Mr. POPE, as many have attempted to vindicate him by the example of Homer and Virgil; not adverting to the difference of the ends proposed, which alone can apologize for the indelicacy of the means.

But though writers of superior talents, and directed by noble motives, may preserve, as was said of Virgil, a certain air of majesty in the description of such immundities; yet, when authors of inferior genius attempt to colour impure sentiments with the ornaments of stile, they only add aukwardness to obscenity, and become every way offensive.

Mr. POPE used himself to say, that this part of his poem cost him most trouble, and pleased him least. A certain proof that he was doing violence to his nicer feelings, and that, on this occasion, he had lost sight of his own excellent precept,

“ No Pardon vile Obscenity should find,
“ Tho’ Wit and Art conspire to move the Mind.”

Nevertheless this book is not without its beauties. The last exercise appointed for the critics, which is that of hearing two voluminous authors, one in verse and the other in prose, read without sleeping, is conceived with great propriety and humour, and is admirably described in the following beautiful lines.

“ Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars
“ came,
“ The same their talents, and their taste the same;
“ Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
“ And smit with love of Poesy and Prate,
“ The pond’rous books two gentle readers bring,
“ The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
“ The clam’rous croud is hush’d with mugs of
“ Mum,
“ Till all tun’d equal, send a gen’ral hum.
“ Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
“ Thro’ the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
“ Soft

"Soft creeping, words on words, the sense com-
"pose,

"At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they
"doze.

"As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low

"Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow :

"Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,

"As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.

"And now to this side, now to that they nod,

"As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God."

The poet has displayed great skill in the composition of these lines, which are sluggish and lethargic, to a degree admirably adapted to describe the drowzy scene they represent. The simile of the Pines likewise is happily imagined, and very poetically expressed.

The audience being all lulled to repose, and disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, where he is represented slumbering with his head on her lap. Having besprinkled him with Cimmerian dew, which gives birth to a thousand romantic visions, he is at length conveyed on the wings of Fancy, and conducted by a slipshod Sibyl to the Elysian shade, where he meets with the ghost of *Settle*, who leads him to a summit, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future.

The poet displays great address in this description, which abounds with good sense and poignant reflection. Having first pointed out those parts of the globe where science never rose, he then turns towards the east and south, where she was destroyed by tyranny. In the first by Chi Ho-am-ti, the famous emperor of China ; who built the great wall between that and Tartary, and destroyed all the books, and learned men, of the empire. In the second, by the Caliph, Omar the first, who, having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemean library ; on the
gates

gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul.

Having thus described the ravages of tyranny, he next pathetically bewails the destruction of science by barbarism and superstition, in the following beautiful and poetical lines.

“ How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
 “ Where faint at best, the beams of Science fall :
 “ Soon as they dawn from Hyperborean skies
 “ Embodiy’d dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
 “ Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 “ The freezing Tanais thro’ a waste of snows,
 “ The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 “ Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns !
 “ See Alaric’s stern port ! the martial frame
 “ Of Genferic ! and Attila’s dread name !
 “ See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;
 “ See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !
 “ See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
 “ (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
 “ His conqu’ring tribes th’ Arabian prophet draws,
 “ And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
 “ See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
 “ And all the *western* world believe and sleep.”

The picture likewise which follows of Rome, in her degenerate state, is painted with a bold and masterly pencil.

“ Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 “ Of arts, but thund’ring against heathen lore ;
 “ Her grey-hair’d Synods damning books unread,
 “ And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 “ Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
 “ And ev’n th’ Antipodes Vigilus mourn.
 “ See, the Cirque falls, th’ unpillar’d Temple
 “ nods,
 “ Streets pav’d with Heroes, Tyber choak’d with
 “ Gods :

“ Till

" Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
 " And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn :
 " See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
 " Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd."

Having thus shewn by what means those parts of the globe, which had been enlightened by the beams of science, were reduced to the dominion of Dulness, he next represents a view of Great Britain, and shews by whom, and by what causes, it will be brought under the empire of the goddess. This affords an occasion to the poet of satirizing the depraved and absurd taste which prevailed, and, I am sorry to add, still prevails, in the theatrical entertainments of this nation. Nothing can be a stronger reflection on modern taste and understanding, than the encouragement which is given to our ridiculous farces and pantomimes, which debase our theatres to mere puppet-shews. Nay, it is not too much to say, that of the two, the character of Punch is less contemptible than that of Harlequin.

Having prophesied that Dulness shall reign over the theatres, and even be advanced at court, he lastly foretels that her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences ; giving a glimpse of the future glories of her reign, which are fully displayed in the fourth and last book.

This book is replete with beauties. There is scarce a line but is fraught with good sense, keen satire, and excellent morality, embellished with all the ornaments of poetry.

The goddess is described coming in all her majesty to destroy order and science ; and the description is so animated and poignant, that I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it.

" Beneath her foot-stool, *Science* groans in Chains,
 " And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains *.

* This line alludes to the exile, &c. of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

" There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and
 " bound,
 " There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the
 " ground;
 " His blunted arms by *Sophistry* are borne,
 " And shameless *Billinggate* her Robes adorn.
 " *Morality*, by her false guardians drawn,
 " *Chicane* in Furs, and *Casistry* in Lawn,
 " Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 " And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the
 " word,
 " Mad *Mathefis* alone was unconfin'd,
 " Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 " Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
 " Now running round the circle finds it square."

The *Muses* next are cast into bondage by Dulness, and treated with scorn by a harlot, whose form is admirably described as representative of the nature and genius of the Italian opera.

Now the sons of Dulness, drawn by an attractive power, and impulsive gravity of head, all gather round the goddess, and are equally eager to present the first address. But the genius of the schools takes the lead, and harangues the goddess in the following speech, which conveys the keenest satire on the preposterous plan of scholastic education.

. . . " Since Man from beast by Words is
 " known,
 " Words are Man's province, Words we teach
 " alone.
 " When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
 " Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 " Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
 " We never suffer it to stand too wide.
 " To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
 " As fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
 " We ply the Memory, we load the Brain,
 " Bind rebel Wit, and double Chain on Chain,
 " Confine

- “ Confine the thought, to exercise the breath ;
 “ And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
 “ Whate’er the talents, or howe’er design’d,
 “ We hang one jingling padlock on the mind.”

This is a fine ridicule on the preposterous method of forcing all boys to make verses, whether they have a poetical turn or not.

The pedagogue then complains, that when men come into the world, they sometimes forget this verbal learning, and apply themselves to useful knowledge, which occasions the goddess suddenly to break forth in an eager wish for *arbitrary power*, which is best supported by turning men’s attention from the study of things, to that of words and sounds.

- “ Oh (cry’d the Goddess) for some pedant Reign !
 “ Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again ;
 “ To stick the Doctor’s Chair into the Throne,
 “ Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
 “ Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 “ And turn the Council to a Grammar School !
 “ For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
 “ ’Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.
 “ O ! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 “ Teach but that one sufficient for a King ;
 “ That which my Priests, and mine alone maintain,
 “ Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign :
 “ May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long !
 “ The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern
 “ wrong.”

These few lines are penned with the spirit of true genius, which is ever abhorrent of tyranny under every form. The sound sense, strong satire, and manly freedom of sentiment with which our poet on all occasions vindicates the political and religious rights of mankind, plainly prove him to have been a bigot to no sect or party.

The goddess having called upon her sons to preach the slavish doctrine of divine right, the poet with

great pleasantry and propriety makes the deputies of the universities, especially the friends of Aristotle, attend prompt to her call. Aristotle had established it as a principle, that some men were by nature made to serve, and others to command, therefore none so fit as his followers to enforce the servile doctrine of divine right.

The speech of Aristarchus, who explains to the goddesses the mode of academic education, as chiefly confined to verbal criticism, is replete with keen ridicule: and the exclamation which follows is happily expressed.

- “ Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
- “ In Folly’s Cap, than Wisdom’s grave disguise.
- “ Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
- “ On Learning’s surface we but lie and nod,
- “ Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
- “ And much divinity without a Næf.”

Having displayed the art of teaching words without things, in the same dull track with the grammar-school, in the next place, he exhibits the skill of teaching things, without any profit to the pupil, by perversely misapplying his talents to pursuits from which he is wholly averse; or confining his genius with the curb of *authority*, which brings all minds to one dead level.

This part of the speech of Aristarchus is so poignant, and just a satire on modern education, that the transcript will not appear long.

- “ What tho’ we let some better sort of fool
- “ Thrud ev’ry science, run through ev’ry school?
- “ Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
- “ Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
- “ He may indeed (if sober all this time)
- “ Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.
- “ We only furnish what he cannot use,
- “ Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
- “ Full

" Full on the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 " And petrify a genius to a Dunce :
 " Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
 " Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 " With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
 " We bring to one dead level, ev'ry mind :
 " Then take him to devellop, if you can,
 " And hew the Block off, and get out the Man."

The poet proceeds by regular gradations still farther to expose the defects of fashionable education, in the character of a youth just returned from his travels, attended by his governor and a courtesan, whose appearance drives Aristarchus away

For the beauty of poetical description, and for exquisite raillery, nothing perhaps can exceed the following lines, which expose the absurd progress and mischievous fruits of modern travelling, in a speech from the tutor to the goddesses.

* * * * *
 " Receive, great Empress ! thy accomplish'd Son :
 " Thine from the birth, and sacred from the Rod,
 " A dauntless Infant ! never scar'd with God.

* * * * *
 " Thro' *School* and *College*, thy kind cloud o'er-
 " cast,
 " Safe and unseen the young *Æneas* past :
 " Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 " Stunn'd with his giddy *Larum* half the town.
 " Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :
 " Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 " There all thy gifts and graces we display,
 " Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
 " To where the *Seine*, obsequious as she runs,
 " Pours at great *Bourbon's* feet her silken sons ;
 " Or *Tyber*, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 " Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls :

" To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 " Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines;
 " To Isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 " Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
 " To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
 " Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute resounding
 " waves.
 " But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 " And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;
 " Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
 " Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 " Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 " And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
 " Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 " His royal Sense, of Op'ra's or the Fair;
 " The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
 " Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 " Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd
 " Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 " Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 " Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
 " All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
 " And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!

* * * * *

" See, to my Country happy I restore
 " This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more."

To complete the satire, the goddess is made to receive them graciously, and to bestow on them one of her choicest blessings.

" Plea'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
 " Wraps in her Veil, and frees from *Sense* of
 " *Shame*."

Sense, satire, and poetry were never more happily combined, than in the foregoing description.

The

The goddess is then surrounded by a crowd of *Indolents*, who are tortured with too much ease, and endure all the pains and penalties of laziness.

To relieve these from their sufferings, an Antiquarian steps forth, intreating the goddess to make them *Virtuosos*.

Here our author exposes the impositions of the *Virtuosi*, and the credulity of those who are the dupes of their artifices, in several pages of exquisite humour, which are too long for abridgment.

The *Virtuosi* being disposed of, a fantastic troop next present themselves before the Goddess, crowned with weeds of shells, and make offerings or strange whimsical presents, such as a fungus, a toad, a nest, or a flower.

To the care of these Naturalists, the Goddess recommends the lethargic *Indolents* above-mentioned; adding, that their sleepy brothers may be well employed in the study of *Butterflies*, *Birds-nests*, *Shells*, *Moss*, &c. There is a great deal of pleasant ridicule in this recommendation from the Goddess.

“ The Mind in Metaphysics at a loss,

“ May wander in a wilderness of Moss ;

“ The head that turns at super-lunar things,

“ Poiz’d with a tail, may steer on Wilkins’ *
“ wings.”

Dulness, however, cautiously warns her sons still to busy themselves about trifles, and to confine their researches to second causes. In her exclamatory speech to this effect, the poet takes occasion to satirize such trifling investigations of nature, with becoming dignity.

* Wilkins was one of the first projectors of the Royal Society, and entertained an extravagant notion of the possibility of man’s flying.

" O! would the sons of Men once think their
 " Eyes
 " And Reason giv'n them but to study Flies!
 " See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
 " And let the Author of the Whole escape:
 " Learn but to trifle: or, who most observe,
 " To wonder at their Maker, not to serve."

The Goddess has no sooner expressed this favourite wish, than she is addressed by a gloomy Sceptic, who undertakes to relieve Dulness from any apprehensions that her sons will ever apply their thoughts to any useful or extensive views of nature. In this address, the poet has admirably exposed the absurd principles, and deplorable condition, of minute philosophers and freethinkers.

Says the vain-glorious Sceptic——

" Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
 " On plain Experience lay foundations low,
 " By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 " And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
 " All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 " Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
 " We nobly take the high *Priori* road,
 " And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
 " Make Nature still encroach upon his plan;
 " And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
 " Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;
 " Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
 " Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 " Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
 " Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 " See all in *Self*, and but for *Self* be born:
 " Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
 " Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*."

In these excellent lines, which are animated with the most pointed satire, the poet has happily contrived to inculcate the principles of sound philosophy and true piety.

The children of Dulness, thus tutored and accomplished, are presented to her in a body by Silenus the Epicurean philosopher, and are then allowed to taste of the cup, which is handed to them by *Magus* the minister to the Goddess, and which is no sooner tasted than it occasions a total oblivion of all obligations divine, civil, moral, and rational.

The effects of this cup are described in a vein of exquisite raillery.

- “ ——— One casts his eyes
 “ Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies:
 “ A *Feather*, shooting from another’s head,
 “ Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
 “ Lost is his God, his Country, ev’ry thing;
 “ And nothing left but Homage to a King!
 “ The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
 “ To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs.”

These mysteries being over, Dulness, ever attentive to the welfare of her children, assigns each to the guidance of a proper conductor. These attendants are humorously described, under the characters of *Impudence*, *Stupefaction*, *Self-conceit*, *Self-interest*, *Pleasure*, *Epicurism*, &c. who apply themselves to the exercise of their several functions.

- “ Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
 “ Which no one looks in with another’s eyes:
 “ But as the Flatt’rer or Dependant paint,
 “ Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.”

The poetical imagery in the following lines is exceedingly beautiful, and the sentiment just.

- “ On others Int’rest her gay liv’ry flings,
 “ Int’rest, that waves on Party-colour’d wings:
 “ Turn’d

“ Turn'd to the Sun she casts a thousand dyes,
 “ And as she turns, the colours fall or rise.”

The rest are represented, with great spirit and poignancy, in the display of their various offices, by which the sons of Dulness are prepared for the *titles* and *degrees* which the goddess confers upon them.

Having thus distinguished them, she bestows her blessing on them; and, in a short speech, she recommends it to them to repair from theory to practice.

“ All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 “ My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.”

She then particularizes the services she expects from each, and concludes her speech with a *yawn* of such marvellous efficacy, that it lulls and composes all orders of men throughout the kingdom, and the poem ends with the restoration of Night and Chaos.

The following lines, which are prophetic of this restoration, are at once poetical, philosophical, and pious——

“ She comes ! she comes ! the sable Throne be-
 “ hold
 “ Of *Night* primæval, and of *Chaos* old !
 “ Before her, *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
 “ And all its varying Rainbows die away.
 “ *Wit* shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 “ The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 “ As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 “ The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain ;
 “ As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
 “ Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest ;
 “ Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 “ *Art* after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
 “ See skulking *Truth*, to her old cavern fled,
 “ Mountains of *Casuistry* heap'd o'er her head !
 “ *Philosophy*, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 “ Shrinks to her *second Cause*, and is no more.

“ *Physic*

It is to be regretted therefore, as has been observed, that the beauties of this book, should be lavished to adorn a poem, which has personal satire for its chief object.

The insignificant dunces and malevolent critics exposed in this piece, are falling into oblivion; and when their characters are wholly forgotten, the *Dunciad* will become in a great degree uninteresting.

Even the hero of the poem, who with matchless effrontery, affected to be insensible to just reproof, is now scarcely remembered; so transient is the memory of pertness and vanity.

It is to be wished, that our author had never descended to have bestowed so much attention on an object so unworthy of his pen, and on whom the most pointed and just satire could produce so little good effect,

Cibber was in his nature incorrigible. He was endued with so little nice sensibility and moral delicacy, that so far from blushing at the detection of his vices and follies, the perfection of his abilities consisted in making them the instruments, by which he attracted the notice of mankind.

It is not to be wondered, that a man thus totally exempt from all sense of shame, and whose highest vanity was to divert the rabble, should gain a contemptible party of laughers on his side.

This Cibber did. To the force of keen satire and poignant ridicule, he opposed licentious ribaldry,

"taily shall, whenever I publish this poem. An army of
 "Virtuosi, Medalists, Ciceroni, Royal Society-men, Schools,
 "Universities, even Florists, Free-thinkers, and Free-masons,
 "will encompass me with fury: It will be once more *concurrere*
 "*bellum atque virum*. But a good conscience, a bold spirit,
 "a zeal for truth, at whatsoever expence, of whatever
 "pretenders to science, or of all imposition, either literary,
 "moral, or poetical, these animated me, and these will sup-
 "port me."

and

and pitiful buffoonery*. But though the man, who is so unfeeling as to laugh on occasions which should command a blush, will always find senseless grinners to keep him in countenance, yet he will appear despicable in the eyes of every one of discernment and decorum; and his vices and follies will disgrace his memory, while the talents which shaded and disguised them, are no longer remembered.

Indeed we have too much reason to conclude, that the good purpose intended by this satire was, to the herd in general, of less efficacy than our poet hoped. For scriblers have not the common sense of other vermin, who usually abstain from mischief, when they see any of their kind gibbeted or nailed up, as terrible examples.

It will not be immaterial to observe, that Mr. POPE laid the plan of the fourth book at the request of the learned editor of his works, who reminded him that it was a pity so fine a poem as the *Dunciad*, should remain disgraced by the meanness of its subject; and that he ought to raise and ennoble it by pointing his satire against minute philosophers and free-thinkers †.

Such

* The just contempt in which Mr. POPE held the author of this ribaldry, appears in one of his letters to Mr. Bethel, where, speaking of the *Dunciad*, he says—

“That poem has not done me, or my quiet, the least harm, only it provoked Cibber to write a very foolish and impudent letter; which I have no cause to be sorry for; and perhaps next winter I shall be thought to be glad of: but I lay in my claim to you, to testify for me, that if he should chance to die before a new and improved edition of the *Dunciad* comes out, I have already actually written, (before, and not after his death) all I shall ever say about him.”

He farther expresses his contempt of the Laureat, though in a more jocular manner, in another letter to the same Gentleman, dated from Bath, where a certain princess at that time resided.

“Cibber,” says he, “is here to celebrate her; and he writes his verses now, in such a manner, that nobody can use them as they were wont to do; for nobody will, on certain occasions, use a pane of glass.”

† The editor of his works observes, that he imagined it was for the interest of religion to have it known, that so
great

Such a recommendation does honour to him who gave it ; but still it is to be wished, that the admirable contents of the fourth book had been totally detached, from the poem of which they constitute a part. The weight and importance of the subjects treated of in this book, seem to have required such a separation : and they would perhaps, if possible, have appeared with still greater dignity, had they not been blended with the levities * in other parts of this poem.

“ This fourth book was published long after the
 “ first three, and the author pleasantly prefixed an
 “ *advertisement* to the first edition of it, which made
 “ its appearance separately in the year 1742 †, inti-
 “ mating

great a genius had a due abhorrence of those pests of virtue and society.

It was to advance the same ends of virtue and religion, that the editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his *Moral Writings*, that might be suspected to have the least glance towards *Fate* or *Naturalism* and to add what was proper to convince the world that he was warmly on the side of *Moral Government* and a REVEALED WILL : and the editor assures us, that it would be great injustice to Mr. POPE's memory not to declare that he embraced these occasions with unfeigned pleasure.

“ Mr. POPE himself acknowledges the influence of the editor's recommendation, in a letter addressed to him, the 28th December, 1742, where he says——“ The encouragement
 “ you gave me to add the fourth book, first determined me to
 “ do so ; and the approbation you seemed to give it, was
 “ what *singly* determined me to print it.”

* Our author himself seems to apologize for the levity of this piece, in the following letter, addressed to the learned annotator.

“ I have just received yours, and as I have no words to express, farther than you already know, my sincere desire to
 “ merit your friendship, I will not employ any. I thank you
 “ for what you so speedily have done, and shall put it to the
 “ press with all haste, the rest of the book being ready.

“ If any thing more can be done for the *Dunciad*, it must
 “ be to acquaint the public, that you have thought it worth
 “ your care, by bestowing some notes upon it, to make it
 “ more important and serious.”

† We find, by a letter above quoted from our author to Mr. Bethel, that he expected to raise a storm against him by the
 the

“ mating that it was by a different hand from the
 “ other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect
 “ and unfinished.”

The editor of his works objected to him the affectation of using so unpromising an attempt to mislead his reader. He replied, very shrewdly, that the editor thought too highly of the public taste; that, most commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in fashion who took the lead, and sometimes intruded the dullest performances on the town, for works of wit: while at the same time, some true efforts of genius, without name or recommendation, have passed unobserved or neglected, by the public eye.

He added many other just reflections on this occasion, and the event shewed that he was not mistaken. The fourth book, the most studied and highly finished of all his poems, was esteemed *obscure**, (a name which, in excess of modesty, the reader gives to what he does not understand) and but a faint imitation,

the publication of the fourth book of the *Dunciad*; and it appears, by the following letter, that his friend entertained apprehensions on his account, which he thus facetiously removes.

“ To give you ease, in relation to the event of my poem,
 “ which dealing much in general, not particular satire, has
 “ stirred up little or no resentment, though it be levelled
 “ much higher than the former; yet men not being singled
 “ out from the herd, bear chastisement better, like galley-
 “ slaves, for being all linked in a string, and on the same
 “ rank.”

* To prove, among other instances, how industriously Lord Bolingbroke concealed his licentious principles from Mr. POPE, and how much he affected before him to dislike *Freethinkers*, it may be material to observe, that when the fourth book of the *Dunciad* was published, Lord Bolingbroke was abroad; but on the change of the ministry he returned to England. At his first interview with Mr. POPE, he said—“ It seems you have
 “ written a *fourth* book; but it was represented to me as so
 “ *obscure* by every body, that I had no inclination to read it till
 “ the other day, when I found it to be the best and most finished
 “ of all your writings. The satire on freethinkers, is most
 “ just and useful; and ennobles a work of wit, which only
 “ wanted that advantage.”

tation, by some common hand, of the other three. He had himself the malicious pleasure of hearing this judgment passed on his favourite work, by several of his acquaintance; a pleasure more to his taste than the flatteries they used to entertain him with, and were intentionally paying him.

The *Dunciad*, it is said, was presented to the King * and Queen, by Sir Robert Walpole, who, about this time, it is thought, offered to procure him a pension, which he refused with the same noble spirit with which he had formerly declined offers of this nature. This proposal of Sir Robert's, is probably hinted at in a passage of one of our author's letters to Dean Swift, which the reader may see in the note underneath §.

Mr. POPE observed, that he was wholly obliged to the whig ministry, for thoughts of this nature. His friend Lord Oxford, he assures us, never made such a proposal to him: though he often used to talk with great kindness to him, and frequently expressed his concern, that he should be incapable of a *place* without giving inquietude to his father and mother — Such concern, said our pious poet, as I would not have given to either, for all the places which the ministry could have bestowed on me. Lord Oxford, however, never made him any offer of a *pension*.

* When the new edition of the *Dunciad* was published with notes, Mr. POPE regained by it the good opinion of the court. The King declared that he was a *very honest man*. Perhaps the court esteemed *bad Poets* a more legitimate object of satire, than *bad Politicians*.

§ “ I was once before displeased at you for complaining to Mr. ——— of my not having a pension. I am so again, at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof, in the course of my life, from the time that I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this time, when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Walpole, that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause, as to deserve their money, and therefore would never have accepted it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left upon his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thoughts of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way.”

But

But Lord Halifax, as we are assured by Mr. POPE, sent for him of his own accord, in the beginning of the reign of George the First, and acquainted him that he had often been concerned that his merit had never been rewarded as it deserved; adding, that he was very glad it was now in his power to be of service to him, by settling a pension upon him, if he chose to accept of it, and that no return should be required of him for it.

Mr. POPE, having thanked him for the proposal, desired time to consider of it; and about three months after, having in the interim heard nothing from his Lordship, he wrote to him, repeating his obligations to thank him for the offer, but at the same time declining it, with a noble indifference*.

We do not find, that any farther proposals of this nature were made, till Mr. Craggs came into the ministry: and this minister, in all the warmth of friendship, assured Mr. POPE, that a pension of 300 *l.* per annum waited his acceptance: adding with great frankness and cordiality, that he, ha-

• The letter was expressed in the following terms——

“ My LORD,

“ I am obliged to you, both for the favours you have done me †, and those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country; which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy to divert you some few hours; but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason.”

† His Lordship not only subscribed himself to the *Iliad*, but promoted it to the Hanover Club, and rallied their secretary *Philips*, for keeping the subscriptions in his hands, for some time, out of enmity to Mr. POPE.

ving

ving the disposal of the secret service money, could pay him such an annual sum without the privity of any one.

But our author, without hesitation, declined this inviting offer. He thanked the secretary for the warm zeal of his friendship, assuring him that he could not accept of a pension; but that, to shew his sense of so friendly a proposal, if he should at any time have occasion for a sum of money, he would apply to him.—An application however which he never made.

Mr. Craggs pressed this offer more than once, urging to him at the same time, how convenient the use of a coach would be. Mr. POPE, however, though very sensible of the convenience of an equipage, rightly judged that if on the strength of so precarious an income, he should contract such a habit of indulgence, the want of it would prove doubly inconvenient to him; if, from an accidental failure of that income, he should no longer be able to support it.

In short, Mr. POPE constantly declined all offers of this nature, with a steadiness which does honour to his character. Nay, he even carried his scruples so far, as to decline making use of a subscription for 1000 *l.* in the South Sea, of which Mr. Craggs made him an offer in the year 1720. And he used to say, it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity. Of this noble spirit of independence, he shewed himself conscious in the epistle above mentioned to Dr. Arbuthnot, where we find him speaking of himself with becoming pride, as——

“ Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave.

Mr. POPE's delicacy of sentiment probably suggested to him, that the accepting of such offers, might impose on him an obligation of detaching himself from some personal connections which he valued: and he always industriously avoided all party-attachments, declaring

declaring in a letter to his friend Swift, that he had personal obligations to men of different sides, which he would never violate.

As Mr. POPE's spirit made him abhor the thought of a dependant state, so his prudence placed him above the necessity of submitting to it.

Mr. POPE was superior to the little pride of supposing that an inattention to domestic concerns, was characteristical of a great genius. On the contrary, that fortune which his merit acquired, he was mindful to husband to the best advantage. With this view, in the year 1729, he purchased an annuity of 100 l. for his own life, and with pious solicitude, took care likewise to include his mother's life in the purchase.

Our author having taken leave of satire, we find his muse, in the sixth volume, more agreeably engaged. In this volume of his works we find imitations of the lighter pieces of Horace, some of them in the manner of Swift. They shew with what happy dexterity our author descends from grave to gay.

The most distinguished of these little pieces, is his imitation of the first Ode of the fourth book of Horace. This has all the ease and elegance of the original, and frequently surpasses it.

Our author here takes occasion to pay a delicate compliment to his friend, then MR. MURRAY, which in some parts is more happily turned than the Latin.

“ *Ad VENEREM.*

“ *Mater sacra cupidorum,*

“ *Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus*

“ *Jam durum imperiis : abi*

“ *Quo blandae juventum te revocant preces.*

“ *Tempestivius in domum*

“ *Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,*

“ *Com-*

- " *Comissabere Maximi ;*
 " *Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum* *.
 " *Namque et nobilis, et decens,*
 " *Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,*
 " *Et centum puer artium,*
 " *Late signa feret militiae tuae.*
 " *Et, quandoque potentior*
 " *Largis muneribus riserit aemuli,*
 " *Albanos prope te lacus*
 " *Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.*
 " *Illic plurima naribus*
 " *Duces thura ; lyraque et Berecynthias*
 " *Delectabere tibia*
 " *Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.*
 " *Illic bis pueri die*
 " *Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum*
 " *Laudantes, pede candido*
 " *In morem Salium ter quatient humum."*

* * * * *

" TO VENUS.

- " Mother too fierce of dear desires I
 " Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton
 " fires.
 " To *Number five* direct your doves,
 " There spread round MURRAY all your
 " blooming loves ;
 " Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 " With ev'ry sprightly, every decent part ;
 " Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 " To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 " He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
 " Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :

* The imitation, the reader will observe, has all the pleasantry and sprightliness of the Latin, and has avoided the indelicacy of *torrere jecur idoneum*.

" To

- " To him each rival shall submit,
 " Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 " Then shall thy form the marble grace
 " (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face :
 " His house, embosom'd in the grove †,
 " Sacred to social life and social love,
 " Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 " Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
 " Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
 " Shall call the smiling loves, and young desires ;
 " There ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
 " Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
 " There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
 " Shall hail the rising, close the parting day."

The conclusion is very poetical, and much beyond the Latin. The poet laments that he is no longer susceptible of those joys, though he still follows the gods in his dreams : And he thus describes the delusion of fancy.

- " *Nocturnis te ego somniis*
 " *Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor*
 " *Te per gramina Martii*
 " *Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles."*

* * * * *

- " Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
 " And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my
 " arms ;
 " And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 " Or softly glide by the canal,

† He had at that time an intention of leaving his house at Twickenham to Mr. Murray, on very easy terms ; and with this view he entertained the projects of several improvements and purchases. But when he found, by the growing fame and rising station of his friend, that it was never likely to be of any use to him, he laid aside that purpose.

" Now

“ Now shown by Cynthia’s silver ray,
 “ And now, on rolling waters snatch’d away.”

Among the little pieces in this volume, is an Epistle to the Earl of Oxford, which was sent with Dr. Parnelle’s poems, published by our author, after the said Earl’s imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721; and which is, indeed, a master-piece.

The following lines in this epistle seem to claim particular notice.

“ Such were the notes thy once-lov’d poet sung,
 “ Till death untimely stopp’d his tuneful tongue.

* * * * *

“ For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 “ Fond to forget the statesman in the friend †
 “ For Swift, and him, despis’d the farce of state,
 “ The sober follies of the wise and great;
 “ Dext’rous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
 “ And pleas’d to ’scape from flattery to wit.”

† There is perhaps too much truth in these lines; but whatever our author might intend, it was certainly no compliment to a fallen minister, to remind him, that he used to make the world attend, while he was entertaining himself with a man of wit. But the fact is, that Lord Oxford, as a minister, was negligent, if we may believe what Lord Bolingbroke used to say to his friends. He added likewise, that Oxford was, in conversation, puzzled and embarrassed; and, upon the whole, unequal to his station. It was his wont, every day almost, to send idle verses from court to the *Scriblerus* Club, which consisted of Swift, Arbuthnot, Parnelle, Pope, and sometimes Gay. He was likewise used to frequent the Club every night almost, and would talk idly, even on the crisis of the most important concerns.

Envy, itself, however, must allow that this nobleman displayed a most manly fortitude during the course of his adversity.

There is great beauty likewise in the lines, whereby our author describes the amiable sincerity, and all-powerful influence of his favourite muse.

“ In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ;
 “ The muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
 “ ’Tis hers, the brave man’s latest steps to trace,
 “ Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
 “ When Int’rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 “ And all th’ oblig’d desert, and all the vain ;
 “ She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 “ When the last ling’ring friend has bid ‘farewel.’”

The two epistles likewise to Mrs. Blount *, have distinguished merit. That which is addressed to her on her leaving the town after the Coronation, opens with inimitable ease and pleasantry,

“ As some fond virgin, whom her mother’s care
 “ Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
 “ Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 “ And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;
 “ From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
 “ Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :
 “ Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 “ Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
 “ Not that their pleasures caus’d her discontent,
 “ She sigh’d not that they stav’d, but that she
 “ went †.”

The

* Mr. POPE appears to have had a very sincere and tender friendship for this Lady, which malice was forward to misconstrue. In a letter to Mr. Bethel, he thus bewails the censoriousness of the world, which prevents his good offices towards her.—“ Half the effects of my friendship for her, God knows, are rendered impracticable or disagreeable to her, by malicious insinuations ; and I cannot be of the use I wish to be to her.”

† The writer of these sheets has now in his hand the original copy of these verses, from whence it appears that our author

The rest of this poem abounds with turns of agreeable humour and sprightly gallantry. But our extracts have already, in the opinion of some, perhaps, been too copious.

There are several other miscellaneous little pieces in this volume which have great merit, more especially the collection of Epitaphs, of which it is sufficient to say, that they are equal, if not superior to any compositions of the same kind.

The contents of the remaining volumes of the octavo edition of his works, consist of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, select Essays which he wrote in the *Guardian*, as likewise his Preface to the Translation of Homer's Iliad, and the Works of Shakespear, together with some lesser pieces, and his several epistolary correspondences.

The prefaces to Homer and Shakespear are, of themselves, sufficient testimonies of his extensive learning, and critical skill. The other fugitive pieces, though excellent of their kind, are too inconsiderable to claim particular animadversion.

It would be unpardonable, however, to pass over his epistolary correspondence, without distinguished notice. These are in truth not less excellent in their kind, than his poetical pieces. In the turn of his letters, he displays that inimitable grace, in which we

thor made some alteration, perhaps not for the better. The seventh line in the original stood thus —

“So fair *Teresa* gave the town a view.”

The alteration, though it has undoubtedly improved the harmony of the verse, may probably be thought not to have mended the sense: For the reluctance with which she went into the country is better described by her taking a wishful retrospective view of the town, than by her flying from it. It must be added, that in the original there are sixteen additional lines, which immediately follow the last line of the printed copy. In these the poet humorously describes the manner in which the *beau Esprits* spent their time in town. But on reflection he thought proper to suppress these lines.

find all the wit, humour, and *enjoument* of *Voiture*, joined to the good sense and penetration of B——. It is not too much to say of them, that they afford the most perfect model of epistolary writing; such as becomes a correspondence between men of virtue, wit and learning, improved by a knowledge of the world. But what principally recommends them, is that frank sincerity, that artless *naïveté*, that unaffected openness, which shews the amiable and virtuous disposition of the writer *.

Among these epistolary pieces, however, I must not omit taking notice of the Character of the Duchess of Buckingham, which was pretended to have been penned by Mr. POPE; but in truth Mr. POPE seems to have had but little share in the composition of it, as appears by a letter of his to a friend, which is subjoined to the Character.

This Lady seems to have been one of those in whose character our author appears to have been mistaken, as appears by a letter addressed to Mr. Bethel †.

Among our author's lesser pieces, may properly be classed the following copy of verses, which have never yet been printed, and for which the public is indebted

* It is material to observe, that it was the publication of Mr. POPE's Letters, which first endeared him to Mr. Allen. Though he had long been acquainted with our poet, and *admired* him for the excellence of his genius, yet the asperity of his satirical pieces was so repugnant to the softness and suavity of that worthy man's disposition, that it in some degree estranged him from his intimacy. But no sooner had he read our author's letters, than he *loved* him for the goodness and virtues of his heart: and ever after entertained the most cordial affection for him.

† In this letter, having acquainted his friend that his house and garden were offered to him in sale, he adds — "If I thought any very particular friend would be pleased to live in it after my death (for as it is, it serves all my purposes as well during life) I would purchase it; and more particularly, could I hope two things, that the friend who should like it, was so much younger, and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his some years longer than I can

debted to the honourable Mr. Yorke †. The verses, which appear to have been written in the year 1730, are addressed to Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carlisle, who lived sometime at Twickenham with old Lady Blount. On the death of her mother (Mrs. Butler of Suffex) Dr. Bolton drew up the mother's character; from thence Mr. Pope took occasion to write this epistle to Dr. Bolton, in the name of Mrs. Butler's spirit, now in the regions of bliss.

“ Stript to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
 “ From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
 “ Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
 “ And all my hopes and fears thrown off with
 “ life;
 “ Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
 “ And though unbody'd, conscious of thy praise?
 “ Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
 “ Does passion still the *firmless* mind controul?

“ of its continuing mine. But most of those I love, are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unless I had such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure, that does not stop short of the grave.

“ The Duchess of Buckingham has thought otherwise, who ordered all manner of vanities for her own funeral, and a sum of money to be squandered on it, which is but necessary to preserve from starving many poor people, to whom she is indebted. I doubt not Mrs. Pratt is as much astonished as you or I, at her leaving Sir Robert Walpole her trustee, and Lord Hervey her executor, with a marriage-settlement on his daughter, that will take place of all the prior debts she has in the world. All her private papers, and those of her correspondents, are left in the hands of Lord Hervey; so that it is not impossible another volume of my letters may come out. I am sure they make no part of her treasonable correspondence (which they say she has expressly left to him) but sure this is infamous conduct towards any common acquaintance. And yet this woman seemed once a woman of great honour, and many generous principles.”

‡ We have here another instance, that the character of a great lawyer, is not inconsistent with that of an elegant and refined scholar. Were other instances in the profession wanting, I might point to a learned and able judge, who was not long since promoted to one of the chief seats of judicature.

“ Can

- " Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath ?
 " Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of death ?
 " No ——— 'tis a spirit's nobler task of blifs,
 " That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this ;
 " That not its own applause, but thine approves,
 " Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves ;
 " Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame ;
 " Then dying late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim."

It must not be omitted, that in the year 1740, our Author appeared once more in the character of an Editor, having given an elegant edition in two volumes octavo, printed by Messrs. Knapton, of some of the finest Latin poems of the best Italian poets. The principal in this collection are the *Syphillis* of FRACASTORIUS, the *Bombyx*, the *Poetics* and the *Scacchia Lusus* of VIDA, the *De Animorum Immortalitate* of PALEARIUS, the *Eclogues* and *Elegies* of SANNAZARIUS, and the *Sylva* of POLITIAN.

It has been before intimated, that our author had formed a design of writing an epic poem on a story related in the old annalist, Geoffery of Monmouth, concerning the arrival of Brutus, the supposed grand-son of Eneas, into our island, and the settlement of the first foundations of the British monarchy.

A sketch of this intended piece, now lies before the writer of these sheets ; and as the plan seems to be noble, extensive, and edifying, he trusts that an account of it will not only be entertaining, but instructive ; as the design may serve as a model to employ some genius, if any there be, or shall hereafter arise, equal to the execution of such an arduous task.

The poem, as has been observed, was to have been entitled BRUTUS. As Eneas was famed for his piety, so his grand-son's characteristic was benevolence ; the first predominant principle of his character, which prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the descendants from Troy, then captives in Greece, and to establish their freedom and felicity in a just form of government.

He goes to Epirus, from thence he travels all over Greece ; collects all the scattered Trojans ; and redeems them with the treasures he brought from Italy.

Having collected his scattered countrymen, he consults the oracle of Dodona, and is promised a settlement in an island, which, from the description, appears to have been Britain. He then puts to sea, and enters the Atlantic ocean.

The first book was intended to open with the appearance of Brutus at the straits of Calpe, in sight of the Pillars of Hercules, (the *ne plus ultra*.) He was to have been introduced debating in council with his captains, whether it was adviseable to launch into the great ocean, on an enterprize bold and hazardous as that of the great Columbus.

One reason, among others, assigned by Brutus, for attempting the great ocean in search of a new country, was, that he entertained no prospect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world ; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy ; and wanting only arts and laws to that purpose.

A debate ensues. Pisander, an old Trojan, is rather for settling in Betica, a rich country, near the straits, within the Mediterranean, of whose wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage. Brutus apprehends that the softness of the climate, and the gold found there, would corrupt their manners ; besides, that the Tyrians, who had established great commerce there, had introduced their superstitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the instructions he was desirous to give.

Cloanthus, one of his captains, out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheless desires to settle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the ocean, out of a romantic notion of heroism.

This has such an effect, that the whole council being dismayed, are unwilling to pass the straits, and venture into the great ocean ; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the

the presumption of going beyond a god. To which Brutus, rising with emotion, answers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them; and that if their virtue was superior to his, they would have the same claim to divinity: for that the path of virtue, was the only way which lay open to heaven.

At length he resolves to go in a single ship, and to reject all such dastards, as dared not accompany him.

Upon this, Orontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers; that he wants no oracle, but his own courage, and the love of glory. That it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading settlements in a country, for the sake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree to the sentiments of Orontes; and, from the love they bear to Brutus, determine to be the companions of his enterprize, and it is resolved to set sail the next day. That night Hercules appears to him in a vision, applauding and confirming the sentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to persevere in the pursuit of the intended enterprize.

The second book opens with a picture of the supreme God in all his majesty, sitting on his throne in the highest heaven. The superintending angel of the Trojans empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, and confesses his justice in having overturned that kingdom, for the sins of the princes, and of the people themselves. But adds, that after having chastised and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to his mercy and goodness, to raise up a new state from their ruins, and form a people who might serve him better. That in Brutus, his Providence had a fit instrument for such a gracious design.

This prostrate angel is raised by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to assist him in the reduction of that island.

The guardian angel, in pursuance of this commission, flies from heaven to the high mountain of Calpe; and from thence causes an east wind to blow, which

carries the fleet out of the streights westward to the Canary islands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a description of Teneriff, and of the volcanoes, as likewise of a most delicious island, which is described to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are disposed to settle here. What more, say they, can we wish for ourselves, than such a pleasing end of all our labours? In an inhabited country we must, perhaps, be forced to fight, and destroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conquest, we may have a land that will supply us with all the necessaries of life. Why then should we go farther? Let us thank the gods, and rest here in peace. This affords room for a beautiful description of the land of laziness.

Brutus, however, rejects this narrow and selfish proposition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by instructing and polishing uncultivated minds. He despises the mean thought of providing for the happiness of themselves alone, and sets the great promises of heaven before them.

His persuasions, being seconded by good omens, prevail; nevertheless they leave behind them the old men and the women, together with such as are timid and unfit for service, to enjoy their ease there, and erect a city. Over this colony, consisting however of about three thousand persons, he proposes to make Pisander king, under such limitations as appear to him wisest and best.

To this proposal they all assent with great satisfaction; only Pisander absolutely refuses to be King, and begs, notwithstanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterprise. He urges that his experience and councils may be of use, though his strength is gone; and that he shall die unhappy, if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus accepts his company, with great expressions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worship, and a short and simple body of laws, orders them to chuse a government for themselves, and

and then sets sail with none but resolute and noble associates.

Here the poet, by way of episode, meant to have introduced the passion of some friend, or the fondness of some female, who refused to stay behind, and determined to brave all hardships and perils, rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence is now supposed to send his spirit to raise the wind, and direct it to the northward. The vessel at length touches at Lisbon, or Ulyssipont, where he meets with the son of a Trojan, captive of Ulysses. This gives occasion for an episode; and, among other things, furnishes an account of Ulysses settling there, and building of Lisbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and superstition he had established, and of his being at length driven away by the discontented people he had enslaved.

Brutus is afterwards driven by a storm, raised by an evil spirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the Supreme God. His guardian angel calms the seas, and conducts the fleet safe into a port; but the evil spirit excites the barbarian people, to attack them at their landing.

Brutus however repulses them, lands and encamps on the sea shore. In the night an *aurora borealis* astonishes his men, such a phenomenon having never been seen by them before.

He endeavours to keep up their spirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy, may be a phenomenon of nature usual in those countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing supernatural, they ought to interpret it in their own favour, because heaven never works miracles, but for the good. About midnight they are attacked again by the Barbarians, and the light of the *aurora*, is of great use to them for their defence.

Brutus kills their chief leader, and Orontes the three next in command. This discourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes prisoners of some of the natives, who had been used to those seas, and enquires of them concerning a great island to the

south west of their country ; they tell him they had been in such an island upon piratical voyages, and had carried some of the natives into captivity. He obtains some of these captives, whom he finds to be Britons ; they describe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next book, Brutus touches at the Orcades, and a picture is given of the manners of the savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway, relate strange stories concerning one of the greatest of their islands supposed to be inhabited by Daemons, who forbid all access to it by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the northern islands of the ocean, some of the Titans were confined after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their superstition, resolves to land in that island.

Brutus sails thither in a small vessel of six oars attended only by Orontes, who insists on sharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the shore, a violent hurricane rises, which dashes it against the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and Orontes, who swim to land. They find a thick forest dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noise.

All at once the sun was darkened, a thick night comes over them ; thundering noises, and bellowings are heard in the air, and under ground. A terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain, the earth shakes beneath their feet, Orontes flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being swallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God ; the eruption ceases, and his guardian angel appears to Brutus, telling him God had permitted the evil spirit to work seeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of Orontes, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence. That the hill before them was a volcano ; that the effects of it dreadful, though natural, had made the

ignorant

Ignorant savages believe the island to be an habitation of fiends. That the hurricane, which had wrecked his boat, was a usual symptom preceding an eruption. That he might have perished in the eruption if God had not sent him his good angel to be his preserver.

He then directs him to seek the south-west parts of Great-Britain, because the northern parts were infested by men not yet disposed to receive religion, arts and good government; the subduing and civilizing of whom was reserved by Providence for a son, that should be born of him after his conquest of England.

Brutus promises to obey; the angel vanishes. Brutus finds Orontes in a cave of the wood; he is so ashamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himself. Brutus comforts him, ascribes it to a supernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the angel. They go down to the coast, where they find Hanno, with a ship to carry them off.

The ensuing book describes the joy of Brutus, at sight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and, in the western part of the island, meets with a kind reception.

The climate is described to be equally free from the effeminacy and softness of the southern climes, and the ferocity and savageness of the northern. The natural genius of the natives being thus in the medium between these extremes, was well adapted to receive the improvements in virtue, he meditated to introduce. They are represented worshippers of the sun and fire, but of good and gentle dispositions, having no bloody sacrifices among them. Here he meets the Druids, at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to heaven.

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is succeeded by an account of the northern parts, supposed to be infested by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell strange stories, representing them as giants, whom he undertakes to assist them in conquering.

Among these islands, our poet takes notice of the island Mona, groaning under the lash of superstition, being governed by priests.

Likewise of another, distracted by *dismal Anarchy*, the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful episode, describing the feelings of a passionate lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the rescue of a favourite fair-one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal ravisher.

Our poet also speaks of a third under the dominion of *Tyranny*, which was stronger than the rest, and defended by giants living in castles, high rocks, &c. some of these giants our poet names, as *Corinæus*, *Gogmagog*, &c. Here he proposed to moralize the old fables concerning *Brutus*, *Gogmagog*, &c.

Brutus, however, is opposed in his attempt by the priests, conjurers, and magicians; and the priests are supposed to have had secrets which passed for supernatural, such as the use of gunpowder, &c. He meets with many difficulties likewise from his own people, which interrupt his designs; particularly from one of his kinsmen, who is young, fierce, and ambitious. He is earnest for conquering all by force, and treating the people who submitted to him as slaves.

But Brutus gives it as his opinion, not to conquer and destroy the natives of the new-discovered land, but to polish and refine them, by introducing true religion, void of superstition and all false notions of the Deity, which only lead to vice and misery, among people who are uncorrupted in their manners, and only want the introduction of useful arts, under the sanction of a good government, to establish and ensure their felicity*.

This turbulent kinsman likewise endangers a revolt, by taking away a woman betrothed to a Briton.

* Here the poet could have had a fine opportunity of exposing the inhuman conduct of the Europeans with respect to the Indians.

Some of Brutus's followers take part with him, and raise a faction, which, by his wisdom and firmness, he suppresses; and brings the discontented back to their duty, who at length unite with him against the giants, their common enemy. It must not be omitted, that the kinsman is represented as repenting of his secession, and much ashamed that Brutus having left him a victim to female blandishments, went to war without him.

Brutus, in the end, succeeded in his enterprize against the giants, and enchantment vanished before him: having reduced the fortress of superstition, anarchy and tyranny, the whole island submits to good government, and with this the poem was intended to close.

Such are the outlines of the plan, which have been extracted from the sheets before me; and that nothing might be wanting to perfect it as an epic composition, our poet had prepared his machinery, and given names to his good and evil spirits. He observes, that both Scripture and common opinion agree in authorising the operation of such spirits, as these employed for good ends, to advance the worship of the Deity and virtue; and those for evil, to promote superstition and vice: and he adds, that they may be equally admitted under any dispensation, either Ethnic or Christian.

Nor has our poet forgotten the *Dramatis Personæ*, of which some are taken notice of in this sketch, particularly that of *Brutus*, whose character is as perfect as human nature will admit. A most wise legislator, an undaunted soldier, a just, moderate, beneficent prince; the example and pattern of kings, and true heroes.

That of *Orontes*, a young man next in command under him, of an impetuous nature, such as Achilles, Rinaldo, Alexander; valiant, ungovernable, licentious, but generous; and when free from passion, good and humane.

That of *Pisander*, to contrast with Orontes, a very old man, the Nestor of Troy, who had seen
three

three generations, being born before the rape of Helen, in the flourishing days of king Priam. Wife, cautious, eloquent; of great authority in Brutus's army, employed to tame the savages in Britain, and to unite the different clans of the good Britons, &c.

Hipomedon, a bloody, cruel soldier, always for violent measures; killed by the giants.

Cloanthus, a soldier seeking only plunder and lust, destroyed by a woman.

Eudemon, a physician, carried away captive, while yet a boy, at the taking of Troy, by Machaon, the son of Esculapius, who instructed him in his art, and afterwards enfranchised him. After the death of Machaon, he became highly honoured all over Greece; nevertheless, he leaves the court of Orestes, whose physician he was, out of love to his country, to follow Brutus. A character of uncommon philanthropy, learning and virtue, but devoted to the worship of Esculapius, out of gratitude to the memory of his son.

Goffarius, an artful politic prince, without virtue, trusting more to stratagem in war, than to force.

Magog, another Mezentius, a despiser of the gods; brutal, trusting to his great strength, without fear, conscience, or prudence.

Corineus, valiant, proud, bloody; but subtle, avaritious, and dissembling.

Sagibert, favourite to Goffarius, a gay, agreeable young man; vicious, spirited and brave, such as the Duc de Joyeuse, killed in the wars against the King of Navarre.

Hanno, a man of a severe republican virtue, high spirit, and great knowledge of men and manners, from having been much abroad in his different commands.

Our author had actually begun this poem; and part of the manuscript, in *blank verse*, now lies before me. But various accidents concurred, to prevent his making any farther progress in it.

He had likewise planned two odes, or moral poems, on the *Mischiefs of arbitrary Power*, and the *Polly of Ambition*. The first was to open with a view and de-

description of Mount Etna or Vesuvius, after a long intermission from eruptions; in which was given a picture of all rural felicity, in the most enchanting scenes of vine-yards and olive-yards in one place, the products of Ceres in another, and flowery pastures, overspread with flocks and herds, in a third, while the shepherds were indulging themselves in their rural dances, songs and music; and the husbandmen in feats of activity. In the heat of these amusements, is heard the rumbling in the bowels of the mountain, the day is overcast, and after other dreadful symptoms of approaching desolation, a torrent of liquid fire breaks out from the mouth, and running down the declivity, carries away every thing in its passage; and, as Milton says——

“ All the flourishing works of Peace destroys.”

That on the *folly of ambition and a name*, was to open with the view of a large champain desert country; in the midst of which was a large heap of shapeless and deformed ruins, under the shadow of which was seen a shepherd's shed, who at his door was tending a few sheep and goats. The ruins attract the eye of a traveller passing by, who, curious to be informed of what he saw, addresses himself to the shepherd, to know to what superb structures these ruins belonged. The shepherd entertains him with an absurd and fabulous account of antient times, in which there were such traces of true history, that the traveller at length discovers, by the aid of the fabulous narrator, joined to certain marks in the ruins themselves, that this was the famous Blenheim, built, at the publick expence, by a warlike nation, for the Deliverer of Europe, &c.

It may be worth observing farther, that Mr. POPE once had a purpose to pen a discourse on the rise and progress of English poetry, as it came from the Provincial poets, and had classed the English poets, according to their several schools and successions, as
appears

appears from the list underneath.

Æ R A I.

RYMER, 2d part, pag. 65, 66, 67. 77.
Petrarch 78. Catal. of Provençals [Poets.]

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---|---|
| 1. School of Provence | { | Chaucer's Visions, Romaunt of the Rose,
Pierce Plowman, Tales from Boccace.
Gower. |
| 2. School of Chaucer | { | Lydgate,
T. Occleve,
Walt. de Mapes,
Skelton. |
| 3. School of Petrarch | { | E. of Surrey,
Sir Thomas Wyat,
Sir Philip Sydney,
G. Gascoyn, Translator of Ariosto's Com.
Mirror of Magistrates, |
| 4. School of Dante | { | Lord Buckhurst's Induction, Gorboduck,—Original of good Tragedy,—
Seneca [his Model] |

Æ R A II.

SPENCER, Col. Clout, from the School of Ariosto and Petrarch, translated from Tasso.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 5. School of Spencer
and
From Italian Sonnets | { | W. Brown's Pastorals,
Ph. Fletcher's Purple Island, Alabaster,
Piscatory Ec.
S. Daniel,
Sir Walter Raleigh,
Milton's Juvenilia. Heath. Habington. |
| Translators from Italian | { | Golding,
Edm. Fairfax,
Harrington. |
| 6. School of Donne | { | Cowley, Davenant,
Michael Drayton,
Sir Thomas Overbury,
Randolph,
Sir John Davis,
Sir John Beaumont,
Cartwright,
Cleveland,
Crashaw,
Bishop Corbet,
Lord Falkland. |
| | { | Carew, |
| | { | T. Carey, } in Matter |
| | { | G. Sandys, |
| | { | in his Par. } in Verifica-
of Job. tion |
| | { | Fairfax, |
| | { | Sir John Mennis, } Originals of Hudibras. |
| | { | Thomas Baynal, |

Models to
Waller.

Having

Having thus given an account of our author's most distinguished pieces, with such animadversions as occurred, it remains, according to the plan proposed, to consider the nature, force, and extent of Mr. POPE's Genius.

This office, as has been observed, has been undertaken in form by an ingenious critic, whose remarks have frequently been taken notice of in the foregoing part of these sheets.

His work not being yet compleated, he has not hitherto positively determined in what class of poetical merit Mr. POPE is to be ranked. But from several scattered hints, and more especially from his dedication to Dr. Young, we may more than conjecture what rank he would assign him.

In this dedication, the critic expresses himself in the following terms——

“ I revere the memory of POPE, I respect and honour his abilities ; but I do not think him at the head of his profession. In other words, in that species of poetry wherein POPE excelled, he is superior to all mankind ; and I only say, that this species of poetry is not the most excellent one of the art.

“ We do not, it should seem, sufficiently attend to the difference there is betwixt a man of wit, and a man of sense, and a true poet. *Donne* and *Swift*, were undoubtedly men of wit, and men of sense ; but what traces have they left of pure poetry ? It is remarkable, that *Dryden* says of *Donne*, he was the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of this nation. *Fontenelle* and *La Motte*, are entitled to the former character ; but what can they urge to gain the latter ? Which of these characters is the most valuable and useful, is entirely out of the question : all I plead for, is, to have their several provinces kept distinct from each other ; and to impress on the reader, that a clear head, and acute understanding, are not sufficient alone, to make a poet ; that the most solid obser-

“ vations

“ vations on human life, expressed with the utmost
 “ elegance and brevity, are MORALITY, and not
 “ POETRY; that the Epistles of Boileau in rhyme,
 “ are no more poetical than the Characters of La
 “ Bruyere in prose; and that it is a creative and
 “ glowing imagination, *acer spiritus ac vis*, and that
 “ alone, that can stamp a writer with this exalted
 “ and very uncommon character, which so few pos-
 “ sess, and of which so few can properly judge.”

These reflections are specious, but, perhaps, on close examination, they will appear to be fallacious. That the most solid observations on human life, expressed with the utmost elegance and brevity, *may be* MORALITY and not POETRY, is certain: but does it therefore follow that they *must be*, and that there is a positive contradistinction between them? Surely if such observations are embellished with beautiful figures, illustrated by striking images, and the whole expressed in harmonious numbers; they cannot be denied a place among poetical compositions.

Had *Donne* and *Swift*, had *Fontenelle* and *La Motte*, of whom the critic speaks, with their *wit and good sense*, which POPE had in common with them, had the *supreme harmony of numbers* in common with him; would any man of common sense have denied either of them the character of a TRUE POET?

Mr. Voltaire, who may be supposed full as well acquainted with the nature of his own art as our critic, says, speaking of Mr. POPE, that to write *elegantly in verse* is the gift to one in a million, and that only to the TRUE POET.

It is not easy to conceive why *Morality* and *Poetry* are thus contradistinguished, as if it was impossible, that the *acer spiritus ac vis*, should ever be displayed on a *moral* subject.—But that they may, Mr. POPE's Moral Epistles sufficiently evidence; and the reader, it is presumed, from the passages above pointed out in these Epistles, will not hesitate to pronounce, that they abound with instances of true poetical spirit.

Having

Having thus indirectly pointed out what he conceives the nature of Mr. POPE's genius to be, he proceeds farther to explain what denominates a poet.

"It is amazing this matter should ever have been mistaken, when Horace has taken particular and repeated pains to settle and adjust the opinion in question. He has more than once disclaimed all right and title to the name of Poet, on the score of his ethic and satiric pieces.

" Neque enim concludere versum

" Dixeris esse satis" —

"are lines often repeated, but whose meaning is not extended and weighed as it ought to be.

"Nothing can be more judicious than the method he prescribes, of trying whether any composition be essentially poetical or not; which is, to drop entirely the measures and numbers, and transpose and invert the order of the words: and in this unadorned manner to peruse the passage. If there be really in it a true poetical spirit, all your inversions and transpositions will not disguise and extinguish it; but it will retain its lustre like a diamond unset, and thrown back into the rubbish of the mine. Let us make a little experiment on the following well known lines.

"Yes, you despise the man *that is* (a) confined to books, who rails at human kind from his study; though what he learns he speaks; and may *perhaps* (b) advance some general maxims, or *may* (c) be

(a) There are no such words in Mr. POPE, as those distinguished by Italics.

(b) This word is *added* to destroy the metre, which is perfect without it:

"Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance"—

(c) This word is likewise interpolated for the same purpose. The line in the Epistle stands thus:

"Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance."

"right

“ right by chance. The coxcomb bird so grave and
 “ *so* (*d*) talkative, that cries whore, knave and cuck-
 “ old from his cage, though he rightly calls many a
 “ passenger, you hold him no philosopher (*e*). And
 “ yet such is the fate of all extreams, men may be read
 “ too much as well as books. We grow more partial
 “ for the *sake of the observer* (*f*), to observations which
 “ we ourselves make; less *so* (*g*) to written wisdom,
 “ *because* (*b*) another's: maxims are drawn from no-
 “ tions, *and* (*i*) those from guesses.”

“ What shall we say of this passage?—Why that
 “ it is most excellent sense, but just as poetical as the
 “ *qui fit Mæcenas* of the author who recommends
 “ this method of trial. Take ten lines of the Iliad,
 “ Paradise Lost, or even of the Georgics of Virgil,
 “ and see whether, by any process of critical che-
 “ mistry, you can lower and reduce them to the
 “ tameness of prose. You will find that they will

(*d*) No such word in the Epistle.

(*e*) Two words are omitted here.

(*f*) Here is another interpolation, instead of an inversion.
 In the line in the Epistle there is no *of*.

“ We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.”

(*g*) No such word in the Epistle.

(*b*) The word *because* is not in the Epistle; POPE says,

“ To written wisdom, as another's, less.”

(*i*) The copulative is not in the Epistle.

I am far from suspecting the writer of any invidious intention, to pervert and falsify Mr. POPE's writing, in order to establish a judgment injurious to his reputation: at the same time I must observe, that in the instances pointed out in the foregoing notes, he has been guilty of unpardonable inattention, to say no more. The reader will perceive, that instead of inverting and transposing, he has taken the liberty of adding to and altering the Poet's expressions; which was not necessary in order to make prose of it: And there never yet was a poem penned which might not be rendered flat and prosaic, by such unjust and injurious liberties.

“ appear

“ appear like Ulysses in his disguise of rags, still a
 “ hero, though lodged in the cottage of the herdsman
 “ Eumæus.”

Though nothing, perhaps, could display a stronger proof of prejudice, than this method of determining the nature of Mr. POPE's poetical Genius; yet I would by no means be thought to impute the want of candor to the critic, being sensible that when the mind has once hastily adopted an opinion, it is too apt to seize those particulars only, which favour its rash conclusion, and to be unmindful of every circumstance, which may tend to remove the first impression.

It is observable, that the instance here selected to shew that Mr. POPE had not the true poetical spirit, is taken from the opening of his Epistle on the Characters of Men: and, perhaps, its being the opening, might alone have afforded a reason against its being singled out to prove, what the critic would endeavour to infer from it. For the poetical spirit, the *vivida vis* is not to be expected, nay, perhaps, ought not to be conspicuous, in the very outlet of a poem, more especially of a familiar epistle.

What farther proves the partiality of this examination, is the critic's challenging a comparison between a familiar epistle of this kind, and the two most finished *epic* pieces, perhaps, extant in any language. Surely, unless Mr. POPE meant to have descended to burlesque, it would have been very preposterous to have imitated in this epistle, the solemnity and dignity of the *epopœia*.

Our poet had transgressed common sense and decorum, had he displayed all that *acer spiritus ac vis*, of which our critic is so fond, in an epistle intended to represent the stile of familiar conversation. At the same time, our critic takes no notice of a thousand passages in the *Essay on Man*, and in the *Epic Epistles*, &c. which, transpose and invert them as you will, breathe nothing but poetic fire and sublimity. Nay, he has paid the same inattention to numerous passages
 in

in these very Imitations. It would seem as if he thought that the true poet, was to write nothing but what bore the stamp of poetic fury and inspiration: And that our critic inherited the sublime taste of *Martinus Scriblerus*, who required every thing to be in the buskin or florid stile.

So when the *unpoetical* POPE says——

“ *Shut, shut the door, good John——*

Martinus the critic, would have had him say——

“ The wooden guardian of our privacy

“ Quick on its axle turn ——

Again, when POPE says——

“ *Tye up the knocker——*

Martin would with the expression altered thus——

“ Gag my loud-tongued gate.”

To be more serious, however, it may be observed, that it is by no means just to try and determine our poet's merit, by a single instance, thus partially selected; and opposed to some of the most celebrated poems now extant.

It may be added, that there cannot be a stronger instance of a blind veneration for these admired pieces, than the bold challenge which the essayist has given, and which we need not decline accepting. There is so little necessity, however, of being industrious in the choice of ten lines from the eminent bards he mentions, that I will do what the critic has done by Mr. POPE; I will take the first ten lines from the beginning of each, and will try the effects of what he calls critical chemistry, by throwing them out of their metrical order,—and first on the Maeonian bard.

Θεὰ ἀείδε οὐλομένην μνην πληϊάδεω Αχιλλῷ ἢ ἔθηκε
 μὲν ἄλγε' Αχαιοῖς δ' προΐαφεν πολλὰς ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς αἰδῶ,
 δ' τεύχε' αὐτῶς ἐλαρία Κυνέσσιν, τε πᾶσι οἰονοῖσι, δ' βελή
 διὸς ἐτελείτο ἐξ ὅθι τὰ πρῶτα Ατρεΐδης τε αἰαξ ἀνδρῶν κ'
 δ' Αχιλλεύς ἐρίσαντε διαστήτην. Τίς τ' ἄρ' θεῶν ξυνέηκε
 σφῶε μάχεσθαι ἔριδι; υἱὸς Διὸς κ' Λητῆς, ὁ γὰρ χολωθεὶς
 βασιλῆϊ ὥρσε κακὴν νῆσον αἰά φρατὸν.

Let us now make the same experiment on the Mantuan Muse.

" *Maecenas incipiam canere hinc quid faciat aëtas*
segetes: quo fidere conveniat vertere terram, et ad-
jungere vites ulmis; quae sit cura bovum qui cultis
pecori habendo, atque quanta experientia parcis apibus.
Vos Liber et Alma Ceres, O clarissima lumina mundi,
quae ducitis annum labentem coelo; si tellus mutavit
chonium glandem pingui Arista, et miscuit Acheloia
 pocula inventis uvis vestro munere et vos Fauni
praesentia numina agrestum, ferte, &c."

Lastly, let us see how the great Milton will sustain this trial by inversion.

" Heavenly muse, that on the secret top of Oreb,
 " or of Sinai, didst inspire that shepherd, who
 " first taught the chosen seed, how the heaven and
 " the earth in the beginning rose out of chaos, sing
 " of man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that
 " forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought all
 " our woe, and death into the world, with loss of
 " Eden; till one greater man restore us, and re-
 " gain the blissful seat."

We are so far, in any of the foregoing instances, from discovering the appearance of any hero in his disguise of rags, that they rather present to us the image of a peasant, strutting in regal purple: and perhaps it is not too much to say, that they are inferior in spirit and dignity to Mr. POPE'S *.

Never-

* Too many, it is to be feared, are apt to suppose, that high sounding words constitute the force and sublimity of poetical

Nevertheless, this tameness, admitting it such, ought not to be imputed as a blemish, in these admirable poems ; for the beginning of a piece ought to be simple and modest. No one, who knows how to manage a Pegasus, would ever think of setting off full speed, the minute he mounted.

It would have been a fairer exemplification, if the critic had selected other passages, in which, even in the familiar Epistle under consideration, he might have discovered the true spirit of poetry ; and of

poetical expression : and Horace himself does not seem exempt from this kind of mistake.

His authority, indeed, has been so firmly established, that it may seem presumption now to call it in question. Nevertheless, the instance by which Horace illustrates his own rules, is not, perhaps, the most happily chosen. In the passage of the satire alluded to, where he recommends the experiment of trying the spirit of verse, by inverting the order of the words, he says,

“ *Non ut si solvas ; postquam discordia tetra*
 “ *Belli ferratos postes portasque refregit :*
 “ *Invenias etiam disjecta membra poetæ.*”

Now let any one transpose this passage thus :

“ *Postquam tetra discordia refregit ferratos*
 “ *Pestes portasque belli.*”

These words, indeed, are sonorous ; but can they, by any possible arrangement, be rendered *harmonious* and *spirited*. Invert and transpose them how you will, the *postes portasque* will be flat : These words will hang upon the tongue, and their hissing will offend the ear.

It may be objected, I am well aware, that harmony is here out of the question ; and that, though we destroy the harmony, yet the *acer spiritus ac vis*, which does not consist in measure, will nevertheless remain. To this it may be answered, that we are not here speaking of the *acer spiritus ac vis*, generally, but of the *VIS POETICA* ; and wherever there is the *VIS POETICA*, there *SPIRIT* and *HARMONY* will be combined ; and though you break the measure, which gives *perfection* to the harmony, yet the composition will still be to a degree harmonious : there will still be the *disjecta membra POETAE*. For even *prose* may, by well turned periods, be rendered harmonious, as well as spirited.

which

which the most distinguished have been selected in the foregoing critical examination.

In this very Epistle, for instance, if he had transcribed from verse 103 to 109, they might have afforded him an instance of animated and poetical lines; which, as has been observed, it is impossible to reduce to the tameness of prose by any inversion or transposition. Likewise, had he transcribed from verse 140 to 149, they might have furnished him with a farther example of true poetical spirit, which no inversion or transposition can disguise, or extinguish. Other exemplifications likewise might have been found, in this Epistle, and some of them have already been pointed out.

But perhaps the critic might object to these examples, as not being of that species of poetry which he deems most excellent.

"The *sublime and the pathetic*," he observes, "are the two chief nerves of all genuine poesy. What is there," he continues, "transcendently sublime or pathetic in POPE? In his works there is indeed *nihil inane. nihil arcessitum; puro tamen fonti quam magno flumine proprior*; as the excellent Quintilian remarks of Lycias. And because I am perhaps unwilling to speak out in plain English, I will adopt the following passage of Voltaire, which, in my opinion, as exactly characterizes POPE, as it does his model Boileau, for whom it was originally designed. INCAPABLE PEUT-ÊTRE DU SUBLIME QUI ELEVE L'ÂME & DU SENTIMENT QUI L'ATTENDRIT, MAIS FAIT POUR ECLAIRER CEUX A QUI LA NATURE ACCORDA L'UN & L'AUTRE, LABORIEUX SEVERE, PRECIS, PUR, HARMONIEUX, IL DEVINT ENFIN LE POÈTE DE LA RAISON."

The critic had before premised, that the species of poetry, in which Mr. POPE excelled, was not, in his opinion, the most excellent one of the art: and here he points out the species to which only he seems to confine the excellence he admires.

The

The sublime and the pathetic, have, it is true, been allowed a superior degree of excellence, as being perhaps most generally striking and affecting: and *Horace* seems inclined to confine poetical excellence solely to the *sublime*, and to allow him only to be a poet—*cui mens diviniore et os magna sonaturum*, &c.

But terror and pity are more readily produced, than some are apt to imagine; and these being the sensations with which the mind perhaps is most easily impressed, poets therefore apply themselves most constantly to excite them; and thus often raise their own reputation, on the weakness of their readers.

With respect to the pathetic, however, it is a term usually confined to such ideas, as raise in us emotions of pity. But I much question, whether the full power of the pathos, has ever yet been fully explained.

Any scene or description, that is exquisitely beautiful, is capable of impressing sensations analogous to the pathetic. We never view, or read of such objects without feeling that kind of total relaxation, that enervate tremulous sensation, which we experience when we contemplate any object of distress or pity. No one, perhaps, of nice sensibility, can read that inimitable description of *Paradise*, in *Milton*, without being disposed to indulge an effusion of tears: yet here every thing is gay, elegant and riant: and the same effects, though not in the same degree, are found to result from different causes.

Notwithstanding, however, that these species of poetry apply most forcibly to our feelings, it may be doubted, perhaps, whether they ought therefore to be esteemed as most excellent.

That art is most excellent, which most immediately tends to accomplish the end proposed. The end of literary compositions of every kind, should be to enlarge the understanding, and mend the heart. Man is to be considered as a creature compounded of reason, as well as passion. Now occasional strokes

of the genuine sublime and pathetic, may successfully produce these effects ; but when they become the constant attention of a writer, through a long laboured production, the one generally swells into unnatural inflation, and aukward bombast ; while the other degenerates into unmanly softness and ridiculous whining : of which, we may be bold to say, the greatest writers furnish too frequent instances.

The reason is, that in these kinds of poetry, nature is generally represented in the *outré*. The imagination loves to be flattered ; it always pictures to itself something more grand and more extraordinary, than it ever met with in reality : and there is always something in every scene, which falls short of the perfection it aspires to. This propensity is favourable to poetical enthusiasm, and is what gives such a peculiar relish to the sublime and pathetic. But to be extravagant, requires less skill than is usually imagined ; and to describe nature in her genuine character, is perhaps the greatest effort of art.

In the history of human learning, imagination has always been assigned as the proper province of poetry. This has been so universally adopted, and taken in so wide an extent, that many have used the *licentia poetica*, without any reasonable bounds or restraint ; as if it was, in no degree, under the direction and controul of judgment.

But, though poetry may be allowed, more than any other literary composition, to be addressed to the imagination ; yet, if it is calculated to delight the imagination only, without being directed to any purpose, either moral or intellectual, it certainly does not deserve to be ranked among the most excellent species of poetry. In this case, what should be the mean, is preposterously made the end.

The pleasures of the imagination are more obvious, but they certainly are not so refined, as those of the understanding. The latter are attended with the increase of knowledge, on which the mind

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The pleasures of the imagination are more obvious, but they certainly are not so refined, as those of the understanding. The latter are attended with some increase of knowledge, on which the mind

may, from time to time, expatiate by reflection. The former, though transporting for a time, are confined in their effects, and are quickly evanescent. The pleasures of imagination seem to hold a middle space between the gross enjoyments of sense, and the more refined delights of the understanding. All are, in some degree, capable of enjoying the two former; but very few have a relish for the latter: as very few are capable of such a stretch and perseverance of thought, as alone can render them grateful.

It is owing to the indulgence of this excessive licence of flattering the imagination, that, at an advanced age, as judgment ripens, the greater part of poetry becomes insipid: and the truth of this reflection may lead us to determine the species of poetical composition which is most excellent; which is certainly that, for which our relish does not abate with the growth of our experience and understanding; that, which abounds with sentiment, and conveys useful truths with grace, precision, and harmony.

In fact, the true distinguishing characteristic of poetry, seems to consist rather in the style, than in the matter. The essence of true poetry, is harmony. As to the faculty of the mind, to which it properly refers, that depends altogether on the nature of the various objects it treats of, and which are common to prose as well as verse.

Sublimity and pathos are not confined to poetry, since prose, as well as verse, may be sublime, pathetic, narrative, or descriptive; and may be directed to the imagination or the judgment, as the subject requires. No man will venture to deny, that *Longinus* and *Quintilian*, *Locke* and *Newton*, &c. though no poets, were all men of imagination.

Admitting, however, that the sublime and the pathetic, are the most excellent species of poetical composition; yet, can it be truly said, that *POPE* did not excel in these?

If the critic means, that we do not find in POPE a poem, in which the *sublime* and the *pathetic* constitute the character of the whole: this is only saying, in other words, what every one knows, that Mr. POPE never composed a tragedy, or an epic poem. But, if he means to deny, that there are a thousand passages in POPE's poems, in which the *sublime* and the *pathetic* are displayed in their utmost force and perfection; this is a mistake that all who have eyes, or hearts, or heads, must be convinced of.

Does not the Messiah afford instances of the true sublime? Has not the critic himself allowed the lines, toward the conclusion of Windsor Forest, to contain strokes of genuine and sublime poetry? Can any thing be more sublime and pathetic, than several passages in his Essay on Man? as well as in the fourth book of the Dunciad; not to mention the Verses to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, the Ode to St. Cecilia, and many other of his compositions, from whence several instances have been selected.

As to the pathetic in particular, the critic himself is forced to acknowledge, that the Epistle from *Eloisa to Abelard*, with the *Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate Lady*, are truly tender and pathetic: and his feelings have, in many passages, extorted from him the most warm and involuntary confessions of our poet's excellence, both with respect to sublimity and pathos.

With what propriety then can he ask, — "What is there transcendently sublime or pathetic in POPE?" when he has himself, with real taste and candor, pointed out so many instances of both the one and the other, in the course of his criticisms on little more than one volume of our poet's works?

Perhaps, however, he will not allow POPE to excel in these qualities, because he has only displayed them occasionally, and not made them his principal study and attention. But to determine whether a writer has a genius for the sublime, the pathetic,

thetic, the descriptive, or any other mode of composition, it is sufficient that he shews himself capable of exerting those various powers, whenever the nature of the several subjects he treats of, requires that he should display them.

Mr. POPE has himself given us the reason why he did not cultivate those species of poetry, which chiefly delight the imagination. He rather chose to mix the *utile dulci*——

“ And stoop’d to truth, and moraliz’d his song.”

Or, as he elsewhere expresses it,

“ —— He turn’d the tuneful art

“ From sounds to things, from fancy to the
“ heart.”

His strong sense, and moral cast of mind, having inclined him principally to cultivate didactic and moral composition, many critics have endeavoured to confine his genius to those kinds; and insinuated, with this essayist*, that he did not excel in the other species of composition; and have therefore been ready to compliment him with the frigid encomium, which Voltaire has paid to Mr. Boileau, and which the essayist has transferred to Mr. POPE, by styling him, LE POETE DE LA RAISON. A compliment, which writers of luxuriant imagination and scanty judgment, may, without prejudice to their vanity, pay to those who have more sense than themselves.

But why should the critic apply, or rather pervert, Voltaire’s sentiments, to express his judgment of Mr. POPE; which he modestly confesses himself unwilling to speak out in plain English? If Voltaire’s authority is of any weight, the critic need not be told,

* Speaking of Mr. POPE’s design of writing an epic poem, the critic intimates a suspicion, that so DIDACTIC a genius would have been deficient in that *sublime and pathetic*, which are the main nerves of the *epopœa*.

that whatever Voltaire might think of Boileau, he entertained a very different judgment of Mr. POPE from that which the critic has passed, by transferring Voltaire's character of the former, to the latter.

We have already seen, that he complimented Mr. POPE as one endowed with a gift given to one in a million, and that only to the true poet.—But this is not all.—In a letter from England to one of his friends at Paris, he says farther of him,—“ I intend to send you one or two poems of Mr. POPE, the best poet of England, and at present of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the English tongue, to be sensible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem, called the *Essay on Criticism*, as superior to the *Art of Poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable an *imagination*, so gentle *graces*, so great variety, so much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance.” MS. Letter, Oct. 15, 1726.

Such are the sentiments of this celebrated foreigner, with respect to Mr. POPE's poetical merit; and how much warmer would this panegyrick have been, had Voltaire been master of the nicer beauties of the English language, in which Mr. POPE so eminently excelled. We find, that so far from thinking him *laborieux, severe*, he pronounces him a poet of what he calls *amiable IMAGINATION* and *gentle Graces*; master of great variety, wit, and urbanity—Qualities tending to perfect a poet, even in those species of composition, which our essayist deems most excellent.

Nevertheless, the essayist does not scruple to question Mr. POPE's title to INVENTION and IMAGINATION. In the dedication, above taken notice of, he affects to speak of him rather as a *Moralist*, than a *Poet*; adding, that it is a creative and glowing *Imagination* only, which can stamp a writer with the latter character.

In another part, speaking of the Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, he says—“ POPE was a most excel-

"lent IMPROVER, if no great original INVENTOR." Again, in the close of his Examen of the *Rape of the Lock*, he thus expresses himself: "It is in this composition, POPE principally appears a POET; in which he has displayed more imagination, than in all his other works taken together. It should, however, be remembered," he adds, "that he was not the FIRST former and creator of those beautiful machines, the Sylphs; on which his claim to imagination is chiefly founded. He found them existing ready to his hand; but has, indeed, employed them with singular judgment and artifice."

It is to be wished, that before the critic had passed these hasty censures, he, who is so well able, had previously defined the words INVENTION and IMAGINATION; or, at least, that he had premised what meaning *he* intended to convey by the use of those terms.

Definitions, it is true, more especially of abstract terms, are dangerous; and much ridicule has been thrown upon the unwary use of them. But it is indispensably necessary, however, that such as criticize or dispute, should make the world acquainted with the sense they annex to the terms they employ: otherwise they may cavil without end, and only create confusion, instead of begetting conviction.

Now *Invention* and *Imagination* are, at least, in my apprehension, terms, though nearly allied, yet somewhat different from each other; though they are frequently used indiscriminately, and confounded even by our critic himself; as it should seem by the following expressions.

"The man of rhymes," says he, "may be easily found; but the genuine poet, of a lively plastic *Imagination*, the true MAKER or CREATOR, is an uncommon prodigy."

Here the critic seems to attribute the power of making or creating, to the *Imagination*, which more properly belongs to the *Invention*.

But the TRUE MAKER or CREATOR (says he) is an *uncommon prodigy*. I believe so. *Maker* of what?

what? Not of Beings, nor Ideas. He may make Monsters: things which never did exist in one case, and which never can in the other. We can only combine the Beings and the Ideas which our senses present unto us. As *Maker* and *Creator*, in any other sense than a skilful Affociator and Combiner, the Man in Bedlam has the advantage of the truest Genius.

So that *Invention*, as applied to literary composition, seems to be nothing more than, the faculty of discovering certain relations among various objects; from whence we form a *new* and beautiful *association* of ideas: and we pronounce no man a *genius*, who does not excel in this faculty.

Imagination, on the other hand, is the faculty of illustrating and embellishing those ideas, by new, apt and striking images and figures. It is the office of imagination, to represent some truth to the understanding, as it were by reflection.

Thus it would seem, that imagination is but a proper attendant on invention. As genius is the faculty of forming new associations of ideas, so imagination is the faculty of representing them by new images.

It is from imagination, that a writer derives the fire and enthusiasm, which, with respect to poetry, especially, constitutes, among other qualities, what we call Genius. But to form a poetic genius, requires a happy concurrence of all the nobler qualities of the mind. The invention should be quick and fertile; the poet must be able readily to perceive the relations among various objects which present themselves before him, and to combine them, with such *curious felicity*, as to produce a striking and interesting union.

As this union, however, will be more or less obvious to others, in proportion as their powers of perception are more or less vigorous or languid: therefore the Poet's imagination likewise should be lively and ardent. He must be capable of impressing those ideas on different minds, by placing them in various

lights, by the use of choice and strong images, and of figurative illustrations, decked with all the graces of an elegant, splendid and harmonious diction.

His judgment also, should be solid and correct. He must be capable of arranging his thoughts in a methodical train; of combining such only as have a natural congruity between them, of separating such as are dissimilar, and of applying them to their proper purposes, so as to produce a complete and striking union.

His taste, likewise, should be refined: he must be able to distinguish nicely what is beautiful, and to select such imagery as may be best appropriated to illustrate the ideas he would convey. He must know, likewise, how to preserve a just ordonnance of figures, and avoid the jarring clash of metaphors. He must discern also, what stile is most properly adapted to the various species of composition: otherwise he will be liable to mistake inflation for sublimity, conceit for wit, and gaudiness for elegance.

These are the qualities which form a genius in poetry, and of these Mr. POPE was eminently possessed; though the ingenious critic seems to deny, or at least to question, his title to the most essential of them, that is, *invention*.

We are the more surprized at the critic's disputing Mr. POPE's just claim to this excellence, as he seems to entertain very just and liberal notions of the nature of invention; where he says. how consistently with his judgment of Mr. POPE, let others determine —
 “ That a want of seeming originality arises frequently, not from a barrenness and timidity of genius,
 “ but from invincible necessity, and the nature of things: that the works of those, who profess an art whose essence is imitation, must needs be
 “ stamped with a close resemblance to each other;
 “ since the objects, material or animate, extraneous
 “ or internal, which they all imitate, lie equally
 “ open to the observation of all, and are perfectly
 “ similar.”

But

But the mistaken foundation on which the critic disputes, or at least doubts, the validity of our author's claim, betrays itself in his admitting that Mr. POPE has displayed more imagination in the *Rape of the Lock*, than in all his other works taken together; with this abatement, that he was not the FIRST former and creator of those beautiful machines, the Sylphs.

If by this is meant, that Mr. POPE was not the first who brought the Sylphs into *poetical machinery*, the observation, were it true, would have weight. But it is destitute of truth: for Mr. POPE was unquestionably the first who employed this *machinery*. He first discovered the relations between those imaginary beings of air, and the light fantastic objects he intended to ridicule. He first assigned those beings their several charges, directed their several functions, denounced their several punishments, and framed various new associations of pleasing ideas from this whimsical system: and if this is not INVENTION, it is difficult to say what is.

If, on the other hand, it is only meant that Mr. POPE was not the inventor of the *Rosycrucian system* of the Sylphs, this is true; but it is so far from arguing his want of invention, that, to have made such a system, was not only out of the province of poetical invention, but had it been brought into it, would have destroyed all its effect.

Poetical invention must have the popular belief to work upon, or it can never attain its end. Could Homer have brought his gods, or Milton his devils, into poetical machinery, had they been the inventors of either system? No: They took them as they found them, ready framed for their purpose, by having become the objects of popular belief.

It is said, indeed, that there have been critics, in former, as well as latter times, weak enough to suppose, that Homer himself was the first inventor of his gods and goddesses. But surely what made him the admiration of the Greeks of his own and after times, was his giving them back, conveyed in

the most splendid light, the image of their own minds.

But he who at present uses the pagan mythology for his poetical machinery, may be fairly charged with want of invention; because it has not only been pre occupied, but has been so long used, that it is now worn out. For a *supernatural system* may be too old, as well as too new; and is alike unfit for poetic use, either when it has lost, or when it never had, the popular belief.

It is from this reason, that the antient mythology is become disgusting. We cannot now bear invocations to the muses. Apollo now no longer shines in the splendid sphere, to which the poets exalted him. Even Venus herself, though girt with her Cestus, must give up the power of inspiration; and her son, Cupid, now can wound no longer. We may indeed smile to see him in Anacreon, fluttering his wings, and pointing his arrows; but if a modern were to draw such a picture, we should throw it aside with disgust, and despise him as the pitiful copist of an exploded system.

What a Phenomenon of a poet then must he be, who, to affect the name of an Inventor, first conceives a system of faith for the people, and then, without waiting till it be received, founds all his *probable* adventures upon it! The reader not being previously acquainted with the system, or with the nature of the Beings it comprizes, would be at a loss to conceive why such and such particular attributes and functions are assigned to each; and such an attempt would rather shock, than delight the imagination.

Homer, the great Inventor, did far otherwise; he took the popular religion as he found it, and employed the traditional tales, of which it was full, to convey to his readers, in all the majesty of numbers, and splendour of painting, the truest philosophy of the human passions and affections. This was that **MAGIC OF INVENTION**, which has so fascinated every age, from his own to the present.

Even

Even the wild *Argo* was not so far gone, as to have recourse to the moon for *Invention*; though he sent one of his heroes, and might have sent many of his critics, thither for the recovery of their wits. He was not the first Doctor who advised this remedy. As grotesque a picture as he gives us of humanity, it was a true one of the times he lived in; which were extravagantly depraved, by the romances of chivalry, and the legendary tales of the saints.

But to shew the false ground on which Mr. POPE's title to invention is brought into question, let us suppose a critic on *Newton* should say — "He had not much *physical Invention*. His merit of that kind must rest on the *reflecting Telescope*. Here he has shown more invention, than in any of his works; and yet, even here we must remember, that he was not the first former of *Steel* and *Glass*."

Though this may be thought too extravagant, to be said seriously; yet it is much less so, than the above objection to POPE's claim of invention. Had *Newton* first discovered the use of *steel* and *glass*, it had not spoiled his optical *Invention*, and had greatly benefited mankind; but had POPE been the inventor of the Sylphian System, he had been disabled from making any poetical use of the whimsies he had created; and had, moreover, injured society, by adding an overload to labouring superstition.

In short, a critic who denies our poet the merit of invention, because he did not invent the Sylphian System, might with as much propriety say, that Mr. POPE had no invention, because he did not make *Miss Fermor's* lock of hair, nor the scissars with which her gallant divided it.

One would be apt to suppose, that they who dispute Mr. POPE's claim in this respect, confined their ideas of *invention*, merely to the production of somewhat fabulous and fantastic, such as the stories of the *Centaurs*, the *Mermaids*, and *Sirens*, &c.

In the estimation of such, one would imagine that *Ovid* must be the prince of poets, as he is continually

enter -

entertaining our imagination with the *speciosa miracula*, and is constantly teeming with a succession of monsters *.

But they do not consider that the mind which first created these imaginary existencies, did not display greater, nor yet so great power of invention, as he who first introduced them into poetical machinery.

The first formation of them, was effected by the combination of a very few simple ideas. But to bring them into action, to prescribe their various provinces, to direct their several operations, and to deduce the moral resulting from their respective agencies, requires a much more varied and complicated association of ideas.

It is in this light, that Mr. POPE may be said to have been master of as much *invention* and *imagination* as any other writer whatever. These faculties he has not only displayed in the *Rape of the Lock*, but they are conspicuous throughout the whole of his works. In his *Eloisa to Abelard*, what new and striking combinations of ideas! What splendid and variegated imagery! What delicate and pathetic sentiments! What easy and harmonious versification!

* The right reverend and learned author of the Divine Legation of Moses, has shown, nevertheless, that even Ovid here was no Inventor, but indebted for his fables to the preceding Greek writers, who took them from the popular tales. The METAMORPHOSIS, his Lordship observes with his usual acumen, arose from the doctrine of the METEMPSYCHOSIS; and was, indeed, a mode of it, and, of course, a very considerable part of the Pagan theology: so that we are not to wonder if several grave writers made collections of them, such as *Nican-der*, *Boeus*, *Callisthenes*, *Dorotheus*, *Theodorus*, *Parthenius*, and *Adrian* the sophist. Of what kind these collections were, we may see by that of *Antonius Liberalis*, who transcribed from them: thence, too, *Ovid* gathered his materials, and formed them into a poem, on the most sublime and regular plan, A POPULAR HISTORY OF PROVIDENCE; carried down in as methodical a manner, as the graces of poetry would allow, from the creation to his own times, through the EGYPTIAN, PHENICIAN, GREEK, and ROMAN histories: And this the elegant *Paterculus* seems to intimate, in the character he gives of the poet and his works.

But

But if there are any so unreasonable to contend, that it is in the construction and conduct of a *fable* only, that a poet can be allowed the merit of invention and imagination, they cannot yet deny that Mr. POPE has eminently displayed these faculties in the *Dunciad*. In this beautiful ALLEGORY, ONE great intire action is exemplified, and conducted according to the laws of the Epopea: the poem has its *Hero*, its *Machinery*, its *Episodes*, with every requisite which constitutes the perfection of epic composition: and the first three books display the most fertile invention, and sportive imagination.

Nay, was there no other proof of our author's capacity to excel in fabulous composition, it might be collected even from the plan of the epic poem which has been set forth above, and which he did not live to execute.

But, however it may shock our critic's notion of poetical genius, I am inclined to consider the *Essay on Man*, as a master-piece of poetry. This may be esteemed the most excellent species of composition; and, though it inculcates the most *important truths*, it seems to have as powerful a claim to invention and imagination, as the best conceived *fiction*.

It required the utmost degree of poetical skill, to give spirit, grace and variety to severe method, abstract reasoning, and logical argument: and yet, with what beauty and elegance are the dry precepts of philosophy illustrated and embellished?

It would be very extraordinary to contend, that a *moral* sentiment, conveyed in poetical language, and harmonious numbers, was not poetry.

It is perhaps one of the strongest proofs of the excellence of this piece, that no work was ever more frequently quoted by readers of every class. There is scarce a line which has not been committed to the memory, both of the learned and unlearned. Many have no other system of morality, than what they have collected from this excellent piece: and though few are capable of thinking for themselves,

yet

But

yet all can readily repeat the admirable sentiments and precepts with which this poem abounds.

If we would know why this piece never fails to charm the reader to a degree of fascination, the reason is obvious——It is owing principally to the magic of POPE's versification.

As to the qualities of invention, imagination, judgment, &c. these, as has been intimated, are common to writers of genius in every kind of composition. But, I must repeat it, the truly distinguishing and essential characteristic of poetry is *style*. Let a writer possess a fertility of invention in the widest extent, let his imagination be ever so ardent and luxuriant, his judgment ever so chaste and correct, yet, if his versification is bad, no one can justly denominate him a Poet.

There is, if the expression may be allowed, a genius of style, which is an *indispensible* ingredient in the composition of poetical excellence: and to this Mr. POPE owes his superiority: a copious flow of expression, a correct glowing and splendid diction, and a ravishing harmony of numbers, were peculiar to our poet*.

But from the exemplifications which have been given from his writings, in the course of these sheets, the reader will be able to judge of the *nature, force and extent* of his genius. The nature of a writer's genius, is to be collected from his earliest efforts; and that of Mr. POPE appears to have been

* In this sense the learned commentator said, and he said truly, that Mr. POPE spoke ominously, when he modestly called himself the *last* of his profession: He did not say, as our critic misrepresents him, "that all true genius died with POPE," for "though there have been many pieces which seem to shew, that there is no failure of poetical abilities," yet no one has hitherto been able to equal him in the harmony of his versification.

I would not, however, be understood to consider the merit of versification *alone* sufficient to constitute a poet. I am sensible, with Horace, that *non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis*. I only mean, that versification is the first and most essential requisite.

of the moral and contemplative cast; as we may conclude from his Ode to *Solitude*, the first production of his childhood.

No writer was ever more eminently qualified to excel in this species of composition. His correct and accurate judgment enabled him to apply the choice and various talents he possessed to the best advantage. The fertility of his invention never rendered his ideas crowded and confused: they are always clear, distinct, precise, pointed and pertinent: the vigour and vivacity of his imagination, never degenerated into wanton luxuriance. His images are lively, bold, and ardent; but apposite, elegant, and chaste. We seldom meet with a false mixture of metaphors; his figures are beautifully congruous and exact. The brilliance of his fancy likewise, was happily tempered, and never dazzled with the false lustre of gaudy conceit, and fantastic witticism.

In short, he held all the faculties of his mind in such due subordination, that many, perhaps, have been hastily led to suppose his *creative* powers (since such they are to be called) deficient, because they are so castigated by his judgment, that they were not so obviously predominant in him, as in some other great writers, who have occasionally given way to the *irregular sallies* of imagination, and the *wild flights* of fancy. The splendid marks of genius, which incline us to excuse the failings of others, give additional lustre to his writings: and his wit, only served to adorn his judgment.

It was to the accuracy of his judgment, and to the unwearied patience and application with which he polished his writings, that he owed that singular correctness which distinguishes them above all others. He corrected, as he somewhere says, because it was as pleasant to him to correct as to write: and what the great Sir Isaac Newton modestly said of himself, may perhaps with equal propriety be said of Mr. POPE: "That whatever he had done worth notice, " was owing to a patience of thought, rather than
" any

“ any extraordinary sagacity, which he was endowed
“ with above other men.”

Our author used to say, that any thing would delight us after a little application *. Nothing, he remarked, could be more dry than the study of antiquity ; yet he once got so deeply into *Graevius*, and was so much taken with it, that he composed a treatise in Latin on the buildings in Rome, collected from the writings of *Graevius* : which treatise is said to be now in Lord Oxford's library †.

Such was his vigour and perseverance of mind, that the exercise of thinking was never a painful task to him : on the contrary, he complained in his last illness, that “ the thing he suffered most by, was
“ that he could not think ‡.”

As to the *force* of his genius, it seems to have been equal to the correctness of his judgment, or he could never, under the age of twenty, have produced so

* Nevertheless Mr. POPE was naturally indolent, as many men of superior genius have been; whom yet some ruling passion or other has brought forth into a very active life. In some, the love of money; in others, the love of power; in others again, the love of fame; has counteracted the dispositions which nature gave them. But though the love of *Fame* beat very strong in POPE's breast, yet, as may be collected from what follows, *Friendship* seems to have been his ruling passion. This, with other motives co-operating, made him perpetually busy in the world, though naturally disengaged and estranged from it.

† In truth, Mr. POPE was both an antiquarian and an architect, and neither in an inferior degree. There are, as has been observed above, some traits of the first kind in the Harleian Library; and no bad specimen of his skill in the latter science, may be found among his friends.

‡ Our Author and Dean Swift, being in the country together, had occasion to observe, that if men of contemplative turns, were to take notice of the thoughts which suddenly present themselves to their minds, as they were walking in the fields, &c. they might find many, perhaps, as well worth preserving, as some of their more deliberate reflections. They accordingly agreed to write down such involuntary thoughts as occurred, during their stay there: and these furnished out the maxims in Pope's and Swift's Miscellanies.

masterly

masterly a performance as the *Essay on Criticism*; in which he has shewn such uncommon acuteness and penetration; in which he has analysed the faculties of the human mind, assigned the proper province to each; given the most just and perspicuous rules for their various exertions; and conveyed the whole with the utmost strength and energy.

But the force of his genius, which is thus conspicuous in this early piece, is still more manifest in his riper productions. Had his genius been less vigorous, he could not, at any age, have commanded that depth, that compass, that elevation of thought, with that majesty and sublimity of diction, which strike us throughout the *Essay on Man*. He could never have displayed the secret workings of the human passions, have unravelled the intricacies, and reconciled the seeming inconsistencies of human conduct. In short, he could never have enriched a subject seemingly so unsusceptible of poetical embellishments, and have united ease and elegance with weight and dignity; he could never have thus smoothed the rugged paths of morality, nor, in a sterile dreary soil, have called forth all the flowery graces of the most smiling and luxuriant scene, by which he allured the reader to follow him with delight through the thorny maze of a philosophic system, had not his genius been as strong, as his judgment was solid.

With regard to the *extent* of his genius, it was so wide and various, that perhaps it will not be too much to say that he excelled in every species of composition. When we consider that the bold didactic bard, who in the *Essay on Criticism*, directs our judgment and improves our taste, in the pursuit of human learning: that the sublime moral poet, who in the *Essay on Man*, inculcates the most important truths, and enforces the solemn obligations of religion and virtue, is the same writer who sports in the *Rape of the Lock*, frolics in the *Dunciad*, and wantons in the *Wife of Bath*, and other looser pieces, we can scarce believe that the same author can be master of such

such various excellencies. What *Quintilian* said of *Homer* may be justly applied to our Author. *Hunc nemo in magnis sublimitate, in parvis proprietate superaverit. Idem lætus ac pressus, jucundus et gravis, tum copia, tum brevitate mirabilis. Quid? in verbis, sententiis, figuris, dispositione totius operis, nonne humani ingenii modum excedit.* In short, we may safely subscribe to *Bolingbroke's* opinion, who pronounced our author's talents to be *Universal*: and we trust that our Critic's estimate will never be admitted as the just measure of Mr. *POPE's* poetical merit.

That a false taste should occasion very erroneous judgments is nothing strange: In the reign of *Charles II.* *Settle* was for some time a formidable rival to *Dryden*, nay, by some, thought the better poet.

Where there is no true taste to direct, the bad has a fair chance to be mistaken for, and so preferred to, the good. But one would hardly think, that, where true taste has directed to the good, it should ever so far blunder as to mistake the good for better, in the same species of composition. Yet *Quintilian* tells us that has happened. Even when arts were at their height in Athens, there were critics who preferred *Philemon* to *Menander*. *Habent tamen alii quoque comici et præcipue Philemon qui ut pravis sui temporis judiciis Menandro sæpe prælatus est, ita consensu omnium meruit credi secundus.* This would be scarce credible, had not we seen, in our own times, fastidious critics, of true taste, prefer *Dryden* to *Pope*, though the former is certainly as inferior to the latter as *Philemon* was to *Menander*.

Having thus attempted a critique on Mr. *POPE's* Genius, exemplified from his writings, let us now return and pursue the history of his life.

It has been observed, that various accidents conspired to prevent his proceeding in the composition of the epic piece, which he had begun on the plan before exhibited. Among other things which might contribute to divert him from the pursuit, we may, perhaps, reckon the publication of many of his familiar letters, which having been brought into the world

world without his privity, he himself published a genuine collection of them in 1737.

This edition was undertaken at the particular request of Mr. Allen, and published by subscription; a method which our author declared himself not fond of*. In a letter to this gentleman, he speaks of this publication, and assigns such motives for it, as reflect great honour on his moral sentiments.

"I will put," says he, "the book to the press in three weeks time, and determine to leave out every syllable, to the best of my judgment, that can give the least ill example to an age too apt to take it, or the least offence to any good or serious man. This being the sole point for which I have any sort of desire to publish the letters at all is, I am persuaded, the chief point which makes you, in friendship to my character, so zealous about them: and therefore how small soever be the number so printed, provided I do not lose too much (for a man of more prudence than fortune) I conclude *that work* will be done, and that *end* answered, were there but one or two hundred books in all."

From the preface to this edition, we learn more particularly the cause and necessity of their being published at this time.—He had, it seems, been disagreeably used, by the publication of some letters, written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a Lady †, who printed them in 1727, without his, or his correspondent's consent. This treatment, and the apprehension of more of the same kind, induced him to recal as many as he could, from those who he imagined had preserved any. He was sorry to find

* See printed Letter 80, to Mr. Allen, dated 30th April, 1736.

† This Lady was the favourite of Mr. Cromwell, who corresponded with Mr. Pope, and trusted the fair object of his fondness with the letters which passed between them. She being afterwards unfortunately pressed by necessity, did not scruple to commit these letters, with those of other correspondents, to the press.

the number so great; but immediately lessened it, by burning three parts in four of them: the rest he spared, not in any preference to their style or writing, but merely as they preserved the memory of some friendships dear to him, or placed in a true light some matter of fact, from which the scriblers of the times had taken occasion to asperse either his friends or himself. He therefore laid by the originals, together with those of his correspondents, and caused a copy to be taken, to deposit in the library of a noble friend; that in case either of the revival of slanders, or the publication of surreptitious letters, during his life, or after, a proper use might be made of them.

The next year, the posthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were printed, in a way disreputable to his memory. It was thought a justice due to him, to shew the world his better judgment; and that it was his last resolution to have suppressed those poems. As some of the letters which had passed between him and our author cleared that point, they were published in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

Many volumes likewise had been published, under the title of Mr. POPE'S Correspondence, with promises still of more; and open and repeated offers of encouragement had been given to all persons, who should send any letters of his to the press.

Several had been printed in his name, which had been wrote an age ago by *Voiture*, others likewise which were never penned by him, and some addressed to persons to whom they were never written: counterfeited as from Bishop Atterbury to him, which neither that Bishop nor he ever saw; and advertised even after that period when it was made felony to correspond with the Bishop.

Among other mortifications of this kind, none seems to have affected him more than the publication of his letters to Dean Swift, which were published without his consent; and what is more strange, with the Dean's concurrence and approbation. Mr.

POPE'S

Port's chagrin at this unaccountable proceeding, is very feelingly expressed in a letter to Mr. Allen.

" My vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has
 " fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing
 " to Ireland, and trying all the means possible to re-
 " tard it; for it is put past preventing, by his having
 " (without asking my consent, or so much as letting
 " me see the book) printed most of it. — They at
 " last promise me to send me the copy, and that I
 " may correct and expunge what I will. This last
 " would be of some use; but I dare not even do
 " this, for they would say I *revised it*. And the
 " bookseller writes, that he has been at great charge,
 " &c. However, the Dean, upon all I have said
 " and written about it, has ordered him to submit to
 " any expunctions I insist upon; this is all I can ob-
 " tain. and I know not whether to make any use of
 " it or not. But as to your apprehension, that any
 " suspicion may arise of my own being any way con-
 " senting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to
 " tell you, the whole thing is so circumstanced, and
 " so plain, that it can never be the case. I shall be
 " very desirous to see *what* the letters are at all
 " events; and I think that must determine my fu-
 " ture measures; for till then I can judge nothing.
 " The excessive earnestness the Dean has been in for
 " publishing them, makes me hope they are castiga-
 " ted in some degree; or he must be totally depriv-
 " ed of his understanding. — They now offer to
 " send me the *originals* (which have been so long de-
 " tained) and I'll accept of them (though they have
 " done their job) that they may not have them to
 " produce against me, in case there be any offensive
 " passages in them. If you can give me any advice,
 " do. I wish I could shew you what the Dean's
 " people, the women and the bookseller, have done
 " and writ, on my sending an absolute negative, and
 " on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen
 " to stop it, as well as threats of law, &c. The
 " whole thing is too manifest to admit of any doubt
 " in any man: how long this thing has been work-
 " ing;

“ing ; how many tricks have been played with the
 “Dean’s papers, how they were secreted from him
 “from time to time, while they feared his not com-
 “plying with such a measure : and how, finding his
 “weakness increase, they have at last made *him* the
 “instrument himself for their private profit ; whereas,
 “I believe, before, they only intended to do this
 “after his death*.”

It appears that he afterwards received the originals ; for in a letter addressed to the same gentleman, a few months afterwards, he adds, by way of postscript—“It will please you to know that I have
 “received the packet of letters from Ireland safe,
 “by the means of Lord Orrery.”

Such ill treatment made him extremely cautious in his correspondences ; and in his letters to his intimates, he often laments the restraint it puts him under. Addressing himself to Mr. Bethel, he says—

“I know you are one of those that will burn
 “every scrap I write to you at my desire, or I really
 “should be precluded from performing the most com-
 “mon offices of friendship, or even writing that I
 “esteem and love any man.”

In a letter likewise to Mr. Allen, after speaking of his intention to put himself to some inconvenience for the sake of serving a friend, he pleasantly adds—

“These letters will never come into our collection,
 “on, therefore let us commend ourselves honestly,
 “ly, when we do or suffer any thing in a good
 “cause.”

The unwarrantable publication of his letters at least did him the service to shew that he constantly enjoyed the friendship of worthy men ; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies he need not to blush at either.

* He likewise complains of this indiscretion in his old friend, in a letter addressed to Mr. Warburton, which is printed in vol. ix p. 337.

Many of these letters having been written on the most trying occurrences, and all in the openness of friendship, they afford a proof what his real sentiments were; as they flowed warm from the heart, and fresh from the occasions; without the least thought that the world should ever be witness to them. Had he sat down with a design to draw his own picture, he could not have done it so truly; for whoever sits for it (whether to himself or another) will inevitably find the features more composed, than his appear to be in these letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more distinguishable in a slight sketch, than in a finished picture, this very carelessness will make them the better known from such counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or malicious design.

After our author had published the Epilogue to his Satires, wherein he took leave of the public, his health growing daily more and more infirm, he was obliged to abate his application, and instead of meditating farther publications, he determined to give a more correct edition of his works; and to this end, in the year 1743, the intire Poem of the *DUNCIAD**, made its appearance by way of specimen. Our author made some progress in this design, but did not live to complete it. He had, for the greater part of his life, been subject to an habitual head-ach; and to this complaint, which he inherited from his mother, was added a dropsy in his breast, under which he laboured in the latter part of his days, and at length expired 30th May, 1744, about eleven o'clock at night.

Just before his death, he fell into continual slumberings, and yielded his breath so imperceptibly, that the people who most constantly attended him, could not tell when he expired.

* The fourth book was first printed separately in the year 1742.

His body, pursuant to his own request, was deposited in the same vault with those of his parents, to whose memory he had erected a monument with the following inscription written by himself.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDER POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBRO, P10,
 QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII
 ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI,
 PIENTISSIMÆ, QUI VIXIT ANNOS
 XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII
 PARENTIBUS BENE MERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT
 ET SIBI. OBIIT AN. 1744, ÆTATIS, 56.

The last line was added after his death in pursuance of his will; the rest was done on the death of his parents.

The present Bishop of Gloucester, with a generous and amiable affection, has since erected an elegant monument, in the church of Twickenham, to the memory of his deceased friend: an engraving of which, the reader will find at the end of this volume.

Mr. POPE had long foreseen that his end was approaching, and he beheld the hasty progress of his infirmities, with manly fortitude and resignation. In his several accounts of his health to his private friends, he describes the desperate state of his constitution, without any unbecoming emotions, or unmanly lamentations. In a letter to Mr. Allen, speaking of another disorder which did not prove mortal, he says —

“ I am in no pain, my case is not curable, and
 “ must in course of time, as it does not diminish.
 “ become painful at first, and then fatal. And what
 “ of all this? Without any distemper at all, life it-
 “ self does so, and is itself a pain, if continued long
 “ enough. So that providence is equal, even be-
 “ tween what seems so wide extremes, as health and
 “ infirmity.”

In another letter to the same person, he says—
 “ I am very sure I have not much strength left, nor
 “ much life ; all it can allow me will be to see you,
 “ and (if I can stretch it so far) one friend more
 “ abroad : In either of your houses if I drop, I drop
 “ contented ; otherwise Twickenham will see the
 “ last of me.”

In a letter to Mr. Bethel, he likewise expresses himself on the same subject with a certain degree of unconcern, and even pleasantry.

“ I am tied down,” says he, “ from any distant
 “ flights ; a horse hereabouts must needs be like a
 “ carrier’s horse, always in a road, for my life (as
 “ you know) is perpetually carrying me between this
 “ place and London : to this narrow horizon my
 “ course is confined ; and I fancy it will end here ;
 “ and I shall soon take up my inn at Twickenham
 “ church or at Westminster, as it happens to be my
 “ last stage.”

Again, addressing himself to the same person, he draws a most pleasing picture of the decline of life.

“ I would be very glad,” says he, “ methinks, if
 “ after a friendship of so many years, in the whole
 “ course of which no one mistake, no one passion,
 “ no one interest has arisen, to interrupt our con-
 “ stant, easy and open commerce ; if it were yet re-
 “ served for us to pass a year or two together in a
 “ gentle walk down the hill, before we lie down to
 “ rest : the evening of our days is generally the calm-
 “ est, and the most enjoyable of them.”

During the course of his illness, and in his last hours, he behaved with that composure and serenity which seldom fail to attend a pure conscience and elevated mind.

He seems to have risen superior even to his last infirmities. But two days before he died, he sat in the garden for three hours in a sedan ; and took an airing in Bushy-park, the very day before he died. He would dine in company, when many under the like circumstances would have languished in bed. One day being brought to table, he appeared so ill, that

the company thought him expiring ; which occasioned Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, the excellent daughter of an excellent father, to exclaim, " Mercy upon us ! this " is quite an Egyptian feast." Lord Bolingbroke, who was likewise present, seemed to be affected with the deepest concern at his friend's desperate condition.

Mr. POPE, however, not only beheld his approaching end with magnanimity, but spoke of it with cheerfulness ; in adoring the goodness of the Deity in the flattering hopes he has permitted nature to indulge men, even amidst the sense of the desperateness of their condition. " A Dropsy in the " breast, which is my case, I know to be incurable," said he one day to the present Bishop of Gloucester, " and yet I frequently catch myself in indulging, before I am aware, with this pleasing delusive hope." Which is more to be admired here, his piety or strength of mind ?

Not long before his death, having sent out several of his *Ethic Epistles* as presents to his friends, he pleasantly said—" I am like Socrates, distributing " my morality among my friends, just as I am " dying."

He preserved the same temper to the last.—On the morning of his death, the physician who attended him, observed that his pulse was very good, and took notice of other favourable circumstances. To which our author answered with great calmness, and in a seeming vein of raillery, " Here am I dying of " a hundred good symptoms."

Having attended our amiable author to his latest moments, it remains to close this history with a delineation of *his moral Character*. But first it may not be improper to gratify the reader's curiosity with some further particulars respecting his *person, temper, manners*, and other minuter circumstances.

As to his person, it is well known that he was low in stature ; and of a diminutive and misshapen figure, which no one ridiculed more pleasantly than himself. Nevertheless, his countenance reflected the image of his mind. His eye in particular was remarkably fine,
sharp

sharp and piercing: there was something in short in the air of his countenance altogether, which seemed to bespeak strong sense and acute penetration, tempered with benevolence and politeness. This prepossession in his favour grew stronger when he spoke. His voice, even in common discourse, was so naturally musical, that he was called the *Little Nightingale* * and all who were acquainted with him, acknowledged that his appearance and address were perfectly engaging.

In his temper, though he was naturally mild and gentle; yet he sometimes betrayed that exquisite sensibility, which is the concomitant of genius. But though his lively perception and delicate feeling irritated by wretched ill health, made him too quickly take fire, yet his good sense and humanity soon rendered him placable. The hasty sparks of resentment presently expired; and his mind was superior to the dark malice of revenge.

In the manner of spending his time, he contrived to mix the useful with the agreeable. His chief amusement was his favourite Muse, though he sometimes applied himself to the sister art, Painting; in which, however, he does not seem to have made any remarkable proficiency, if we may credit his own jocular account of his progress in this art, in a letter addressed to Mr. Gay †.

ut

* Our author likewise had naturally a very fine ear; by the help of which, though he never learnt music, yet he generally judged right of the most celebrated compositions.

† "I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans for-marum Spectator*. I begin to discover beauties, that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord *Plausible* as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow, (as the Plain Dealer has it) but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired

But, in truth, notwithstanding his own modest estimate of his merit in this art, he had made a considerable progress in the execution, as may be seen by a picture of Betterton of his painting, now in the possession of Lord Mansfield. With regard to the theory of the art, and his exquisite discernment of hands, when the most skilful have been at a loss; he used to say that it was the only species of criticism which he understood perfectly. This enabled him to observe one great defect, in what he esteemed the finest by far of Mr. Addison's poems, the *Letter from Italy* to Lord Hallifax, which was, that whenever the fine arts of painting, statuary and architecture are the subject, they are all treated with such general encomiums, as shew the poet understood none of them.

On the contrary, we may observe, that where such things occur in Mr. POPE's poems, they are touched upon with such peculiarity and precision, as shew the writer was a master of the subject.

Among his principal recreations, we may likewise account the delight he took in friendly intercourse and social festivity. He had an exquisite relish for society, and was himself a most entertaining and elegant companion. His conversation was polite and chearful;

" beauties in one trait or other about them. You may guess
 " in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity; two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madona as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting; and as it is said, an angel came and finished his piece, so, you would swear, a devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrim'd and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in the earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them; who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness."

but

but so easy and unassuming, though open, that, in mixed company, a stranger might have been with him for months, without suspecting him to have had any superiority of parts, much less that he was of universal celebrity.

His various reading and retentive memory*, assisted by a habit of reflection, rendered him intelligent upon most subjects; and his social disposition made him communicative. He had the art of relating the most trivial occurrences with grace and spirit: and he abounded with those facetious anecdotes, and those ready and sprightly turns, which enliven conversation.

Our author, however, was not formed for a public speaker. He has himself confessed, that he could never speak in public. "I don't believe," he was wont to say, "if it was a set thing, that I could relate any story to twelve friends together; though I could tell it with a great deal of pleasure to any three of them." "When I was to appear," said he, "for the Bishop of Rochester†, though I had but ten words to say, on a plain easy point, I made two blunders in them."

From this frank confession, it appears, that our author wanted that confidence, in which men of too exquisite sensibility are often deficient. The apprehensions which arise from the levities, the indecuments, nay, from the inattention of a public audience, would be sufficient to disconcert one of Mr. POPE's nice feelings: though, among a chosen set, he appeared equal to any effort of eloquence; being entirely disengaged and free from that awkward bashfulness, which the French properly call *Mauvaise Honte*.

* His memory is said to have been so tenacious and local, that he could directly refer to any particular passage in a favourite author.

† See a letter from the Bishop, then in the Tower, to Mr. POPE, vol. viii. p. 126.

He was indeed perfectly open, unaffected and affable in his manners. He never debased himself by an unbecoming levity, or servile accommodation: nor did he offend others, by an overweening arrogance and pertinacity.

He did not betray any thing in his conversation or behaviour, which might afford any reasonable ground to tax him with vanity. He was so sensible of the folly of human vanity, that in his last illness, he observed to a familiar friend, that one of the things he had always most wondered at, was, that there should be any such thing as human vanity. "I had enough," he added, "to mortify mine a few days ago: for I lost my mind for a whole day."

He was, in general, happy, in an agreeable flow of animal spirits; and he used to declare, that he was not inclined, by his constitution, to be hippish. Nevertheless, his spirits never hurried him into any of those excesses or indecorums, into which too many are apt to be transported. He was not weak enough to imagine, with others of less pretensions, that his genius would justify every immorality, indecorum, and affected singularity of conduct. He was free, yet decent; lively, yet discreet. He never thought that his merit and reputation gave him a right to dispense even with the lesser duties or forms of social life. He perfectly well knew what belonged to others, and was exact in giving every one his due, without departing from the justice he owed to himself.

Though no one, as a writer, perhaps was ever more the subject of lavish encomium and illiberal criticism, yet few appear to have been less affected by either. He had a conscious dignity of mind, which secured him from being elated by the former, or depressed by the latter.

He knew the just value of his own works; and he was too well acquainted with the narrow limits of human capacity, to over-rate their merit.

If he was patient of just criticism from a stranger or an enemy, to that of a friend he was most resigned:
and

and they who were best acquainted with him testify, that they never knew his equal in confessing his errors in composition, sentiment or expression; or one who, with more unfeigned readiness and pleasure, would receive the corrections proposed. Add to this, that no man ever judged of others with more candour and liberality.

He seems to have entertained a kind of veneration for the character of a learned and virtuous man. His picture of such an one, in his *Windsor Forest**, is most highly finished; and he no where, perhaps, discovers more enthusiasm, than where he speaks of the poets who lived and died near Cooper's Hill.

" I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,

" I hear soft music die along the grove:

" Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,

" By god-like Poets venerable made."

With the same fervor, as has been observed, he expresses himself in his *Essay on Criticism*, and other parts of his works.

His praise, however, was not confined to the dead; he celebrated living merit with a warm and heart-felt applause. Witness the generous tribute he paid to the genius of Addison, Prior†, and other
cotem-

* See from l. 234 to 256. It is worth observing, that notwithstanding our author's love of study and retirement, yet his better judgment taught him to place the studious, only next in degree to the active, life.

† Our author said, that the *Alma* of Prior was the only work that (abating its excessive scepticism) he could have wished to have been the author of. Yet, so unable, said he, are authors to make a true estimate of what they write, (either from their fondness for the subject, or the pains it costs them in the composition) that Prior asking him, soon after the publication of his works, by subscription, how he liked his *Solomon*; he replied, "Your *Alma* is a master-piece." The other, with great impatience and resentment, replied, "what do you tell me of my *Alma*, a loose and hasty scribble, to relieve the tedious hours of my imprisonment, while in the messen-

cotemporary writers *.

But it is his moral character which above all adorns and endears his memory.

In truth, his morals are the best comment on his writings: and they will be read with infinitely more pleasure and profit, when it is known that he felt and practised himself what he recommended to others. If we have reason to suspect from a writer's conduct in life, that he disregards the most essential principles which he inculcates with his pen, the mind revolts from his doctrine, and it hurts our pride to be the

ger's hand."——This judgment of his friend, occasioned those two satiric lines in the small Poem of the Impertinent—

“ Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme
“ Was much too grave to be sublime.”

* His generous zeal extended itself to the cause of literature in general, as is manifest from the solicitude he expresses in a postscript of one of his letters to Mr. Allen, dated 14th May, 1737, concerning a Bill for the Encouragement of Learning, which had been then lately thrown out of the House of Lords, and which he had taken great pains to promote.

“ The bill, about which some honest men, as well as I,
“ took some pains, is thrown out, for this sessions. I think
“ I told you it was a better bill when it *went into* the House of
“ Commons, than when it *came out*. They had added some
“ clauses, that were prejudicial, as I think, to the true inten-
“ tion of encouraging learning; and I was not sorry the House
“ of Lords objected to them: but it seemed reasonable, that
“ if *particulars* only were objected to, they should be referred
“ to a committee to amend them, and not to *reject* the *whole*
“ for them. But human passions mingle with public points
“ too much; and every man's private concerns are preferred
“ by himself to the *whole*. 'Tis the case in almost every
“ thing. It really was not mine, in the part I had herein;
“ and therefore I am not, in my own particular, the worse,
“ for the miscarriage of the bill, and yet I am sorry for it:
“ though if the general purport of it be again brought in,
“ another sessions, without those clauses which were added by
“ the Commons to the original draught, I should be gladder
“ that it was now thrown out.”

The frequent and tedious litigations which have lately engaged the courts of law and equity, respecting the rights of authors, seem to evince the expedience of an act to ascertain the extent of such right, and to secure it from invasion.

dupes

dupes of hypocrisy. To be truly useful and entertaining, a good writer should likewise be a good man. Such was Mr. POPE. In every relation of life in which we can consider him, whether as a son, a brother, a friend, or a citizen, he was equally excellent and praise-worthy.

His filial piety, was more particularly eminent and exemplary. His affection and reverence for his parents, not only breathe in his works *, but are conspicuous in his private correspondences †, and appeared on all occasions wherein he could express them.

The moral virtues are all derived from the same principle, and have a reciprocal dependance on each other. The man of true filial piety, is seldom deficient in other moral duties; and Mr. POPE was not wanting in any.

No man ever entertained more exalted notions of friendship, or was ever more sincere, steady, warm, and disinterested in all his attachments.

His heart was not, as he himself well expresses it, like a great warehouse, stored only with his own goods, or with empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition could fill them; but it was every inch of it lett out in lodgings for his friends.

His sentiments on this head were so refined, that in his idea of true friendship, he seems to have comprehended all the essential duties of civil life, and he frequently lamented that the instances of this virtue were so rare. In a letter to Mr. Bethel, bewailing

* See the conclusion of his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

† In one of his letters to Mr. Blount, he says—"The question you proposed to me, is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers. He had lived in such a course of temperance, as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him; and in such a course of piety, as sufficed to make the most sudden death so likewise. Sudden, indeed, it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave."

the death of a common friend, he expresses himself with great strength and feeling on this subject.

“ He was a man,” says he, speaking of their deceased friend, “ of a better sort than most of the present generation. A man *natus melioribus annis*, when gratitude, honour, and the love of our country, were not made objects of ridicule. A little seeming virtue in the profession of friendship, still remains; but the misery is, that no man can have a sense of his duty to his friend, who wants it for God or his country; and such professions can be depended on no farther than they advance each others ends, or as long as two knaves draw together. So that I fear friendship is on the wing, when honour has taken its flight.”

Addressing himself likewise to Mr. Allen, he says — “ The sentiments you express upon the anniversary of your birth day, shew you a good man, and therefore I have reason to be glad, that you can account the friendship I bear you, as one of the satisfactions of your life: otherwise it might be but a disgrace to be ranked among the things you like, if you liked such things and men, as many do like, and make their enjoyments. I trust in God such a friendship will out-last all those that are built upon vanity, interest, or sensuality; the common grounds upon which people build them.”

At the same time, he used very feelingly to bewail the uncertainty of our judgment, with respect to the sincerity of friendship: particularly in a letter to Mr. Allen, where he says, — “ No true judgment can be here made of any man, or any thing with certainty, farther than that we *think* another man means well, and that we *know* we ourselves mean well. It is in this situation every honest man stands with respect to another, and upon which all well principled friendships depend.”

This uncertainty, however, did not degenerate into distrust. The feelings of his own heart were sufficient to convince him, that men of honour and sincerity, though rarely, were yet to be found; and he

he expressed upon all occasions the most ardent affection for honest men, frequently lamenting the little union which subsisted among such. Addressing himself to Mr. Bethel, he says—

“ A few honest people is all the world is worth :
 “ but you shall never find them agree to stand by
 “ one another and despise the rest ; which, if they
 “ would, they would prevail over the follies and
 “ the influence of the world : but they comply with
 “ what is round about them, and that being almost
 “ sure to be folly or misery, they must partake of
 “ both.”

He was one day, in a conversation with the present Bishop of Gloucester, condemning himself for his undistinguished choice of friends in his youth. He said, if they sought his acquaintance, and could amuse or entertain him, it was enough ; he was too inattentive to their moral qualities *.

In the course of this conversation, Mr. POPE added,——“ I am now quitting my hands of these unworthy acquaintance, as fast as I can, and turn them off by dozens. Having found they sought me out of vanity, and when encouraged by their professions, I have asked any thing of them, for a man who was in reality what they pretended to be, they had always some paltry excuse to evade their promises and professions. It was, says he, but the other day, that a noble Lord in my neighbourhood, who till then I had much mistaken, told me in conversation, that he had a large benefice fallen, which he did not know what to do with—Give it

* In those times, Dr. Arbuthnot, (whose morals were equal to any man's, and whose wit and humour, as POPE used to tell this friend, were superior to all mankind) one day said to him, “ What makes you so frequent with John of Bucks ? He knows you have got money by Homer, and he wants to cheat you of it.”—This suspicion, in the opinion of some, has been thought to have been warranted, by his persuading the poet to buy an annuity of him, when in the general opinion, there was not the least probability that he could survive his youth. But the seller over-reached himself.

“ to me, said I, and I will promise to bestow it on
 “ one who will do honour to your patronage. He
 “ said I should have it. I believed him, and after
 “ waiting some time, without hearing farther of it, I
 “ reminded him of what had passed, when he said,
 “ with some confusion, that his steward had disposed
 “ of it, unknown to him or his lady *.”

In his riper years he formed no connections through vanity; and though he lived among the great and wealthy, he lived with them upon the easy terms of reciprocal amity, and social familiarity †. But his familiarity with them never so far corrupted his manners, or influenced his writings, as to induce him to flatter or dissemble. He courted none on account of their honours or titles; but was a friend to such only whom he thought distinguished by their virtues. He did not idolize their power, but respect their principles; as is evident from his attachment to the two fallen ministers Bolingbroke and Oxford; to whom he never offered incense in their prosperity; but paid them the grateful tribute of applause, after their disgrace. Not only his principles but his spirit, excluded him from all views of employing their influence to procure for himself either place or pension.

* The dissimulation and insincerity of those, whom, by a strange abuse of words, we call the great, is not without its use. It affords a profitable lesson to men of worth and abilities, to rely solely on their own industry, as the most effectual means to attain that sure and noble independence, which renders them superior to the neglect and insolence of exalted baseness.

† In one of his letters to Swift, he says, with honest frankness — “ The greatest man in power of this sort,” (meaning knaves, of whom he was before speaking) “ shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation; and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life, is one I learned from you, both how to gain, and how to use, the freedom of friendship with men, much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not dis-pleased them, is a greater.”

He

He seemed indeed to have entertained no very favourable idea of the motives on which the great, usually confer their favours. In one of his letters to Mr. Allen, speaking of his endeavours to serve a common friend, he says—

“ I am trying to serve that gentleman with a great man who declares the greatest esteem for him, and presses much to be brought acquainted with him : but I never trust entirely in great men; though this has much of that, which generally animates them most to do any good, *vanity*.”

In another letter to the same person, speaking of Mr. Hooke *, who had then lately been promoted, he

* This gentleman seems to have possessed no small share of Mr. POPE's esteem and friendship. His solicitude to do him service, is strongly exemplified in the following anecdote.

“ The first Duchess of Marlborough was desirous of having an account of her *public conduct* given to the world. This Mr. Hooke, a Roman Catholic, in the mystic way, and compiler of the Roman History, was, by Mr. POPE and others, recommended to her Grace, as a proper person to draw up this *Account*, under her inspection; and by the assistance of the papers she communicated to him, he performed this work so much to her Grace's satisfaction, that she talked of rewarding him largely, but would do nothing till Mr. POPE came to her, whose company she then sought all opportunities to procure, and was uneasy to be without it. He was at that time with some friends, whom he was unwilling to part with, a hundred miles distant. But at Mr. Hooke's earnest solicitation, when Mr. POPE found his presence so essentially concerned his friend's interest and future support, he broke through all his engagements, and in the depth of winter, and ill ways, flew to his assistance. On his coming, the Duchess secured to Mr. Hooke five thousand pounds; and by that means attached him to her service. But soon after she took occasion, as was usual with her, to quarrel with him.

“ Her ev'ry turn by violence pursu'd,

“ Not more a *storm* her hate, than *gratitude*.”

Thus Mr. Hooke represented the matter. The reason *she* gave of her sudden dislike of him, was his attempt to pervert her to popery. This is not without probability: for he find-
ing

he says——“ He begins to feel the effects of a court
“ life, the dependance on the great, who never do
“ good, but with a view to make slaves ”

He used his interest with the great, therefore, more to benefit others, than to serve himself: and no one ever enjoyed a more heartfelt pleasure in the service his talents and situation enabled him to render. The warmth with which he expresses himself on an occasion of this kind, in a letter to Mr. Allen, is truly amiable.

“ I can never,” says he, “ enough thank you
“ (my dear and true friend) for every instance of
“ your kindness. At present, I am loaded with
“ them, but none touch me more sensibly, than your
“ attempts for Mr. Hooke; for I am really happier
“ in seeing a worthy man eased of the burthen which
“ fortune generally lays such men under, as have no
“ talents to serve the bad and the ambitious; than in
“ any pleasures of my own, which are but idle at
“ best.”

Indeed, he appears to have been zealous on behalf of his friends, even to anxiety. In one of his letters to Mr. Allen, speaking of two of their common friends, whose concerns were somewhat embarrassed, he expresses great apprehensions and uneasiness on their account; and then adds, by way of anticipating Mr. Allen's raillery——

“ Now you'll laugh, and ask me, why I will
“ make these things troubles to me, which will proba-
“ bly soon be at an end, and are so little so to them?
“ I am so much the more concerned, as I see them
“ less so. But enough of this. I should forget
“ them, and I will whenever God pleases; but I
“ conclude it is not his pleasure, till he makes me of
“ another disposition.”

As he was faithful and zealous in his attachments, so he was slow and cautious in the choice of his

ing her Grace (as appears from the *Account of her Conduct*) without any religion, might think it an act of no common charity to give her his own.

friends

friends; and particularly so in his connections with writers. Among these, he associated only with the most eminent; being of opinion, as he himself well expresses it, that

“ ——— Each ill author is as bad a friend ”

Addison, Swift, Parnelle*, Congreve†, Rowe‡, Steele§, and Gay, were among those whom he appears

* The following account of this ingenious man, and of those which follow, which Mr. POPE gave to the present Bishop of Gloucester, will not, I trust, prove uninteresting.

When Parnelle had been introduced by Swift to Lord Treasurer Oxford, and had been established in his favour by the assistance of POPE, he soon began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he chose to shine in was *popular preaching*: he had talents for it, and began to be distinguished in the mob-places of Southwark and London, when the Queen's sudden death destroyed all his prospects, and at a juncture when famed preaching was the readiest road to preferment. This fatal stroke broke his spirits; he took to drinking, became a sot, and soon finished his course.

His friend, Fenton, had the like ill hap.—Mr. POPE had a great intimacy with Craggs the Younger, when the latter was minister of state. Craggs had received a bad and neglected education. He had great parts: and partly out of shame for want of literature, and partly out of a sense of its use, he, not long before his immature death, desired Mr. POPE to recommend to him a modest, ingenious and learned young man, whom he might take into his house, to aid and instruct him in classical learning. Mr. POPE recommended Fenton; who was so taken in, and answered all the minister expected from him: so that Fenton had gained much of his favour, and of course thought his fortune made, when the small-pox seized the minister, and put an end to all Fenton's hopes.

† Mr. POPE esteemed Congreve for the manners of a gentleman and a man of honour, and the sagest of the poetic tribe. He thought nothing wanting in his Comedies, but the simplicity and truth of nature.

‡ Rowe, in Mr. POPE's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr. Addison was justly offended with him for some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself from him; which Rowe felt very severely. Mr. POPE, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell

pears mostly to have esteemed. Sir John Vanbrugh * likewise seems to have had some share in his esteem. But he seems to have entertained the most cordial regard for Gay, whose modest candor, and amiable simplicity of manners, chiefly endeared him to our author.

• A congeniality of talents alone was not a sufficient recommendation to his intimacy; for he was more attentive to the worth and honesty of his companions, than to their abilities: and if ever he associated with such as were deficient in these requisites, it was because they had the art to deceive him, by wearing the appearance of those qualities which he most ad-

tell him how poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at Mr. Addison's good fortune; which he expressed so naturally, that he (Mr. POPE) could not but think him sincere. Mr. Addison replied, I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure, and it would affect him just in the same manner if he heard I was going to be hanged.—Mr. POPE said he could not deny but Mr. Addison understood Rowe well.

§ Mr. POPE used to say of Steele, that though he led a very careless and vicious life, yet he, nevertheless, had a real love and reverence of virtue.

* Swift had taken a dislike (without knowing him) to Vanbrugh, and satirized him severely in two or three poems, which displeased Mr. POPE; and he remonstrated with his friend on this occasion. Swift said, he thought Vanbrugh a coxcomb and a puppy: the other replied, you have not the least acquaintance with, or personal knowledge of him:—Vanbrugh is the reverse of all this, and the most easy careless writer and companion in the world. This, as he assured an intimate friend, was true. He added, that Vanbrugh wrote and built just as his fancy led him; or as those he built for, and wrote for, directed him. If what he did pleased them, he gained his end; if it displeased them, they might thank themselves. He pretended to no high scientific knowledge in the art of building; and he wrote without much attention to critical art. Speaking with Mr. POPE of the *Fables* in the comedy of *Esop*, the latter said to him, Prior is called the English Fontaine, for his *Tales*; nothing is more unlike. But your *Fables* have the very spirit of this celebrated French poet.—It may be so, replied Vanbrugh; but, I protest to you, I never read Fontaine's *Fables*.

mired.

mired. That he was so deceived, and that he became a dupe to specious and artful pretences of virtue and friendship, will appear hereafter *.

Among his most intimate friends, and those with whom he corresponded with the greatest ease and familiarity, were Mr. Allen and Mr. Bethel; whom he loved for their real and unaffected goodness of heart: And to whom he opened his own, without reserve or affectation, not as a man of sprightly wit, but of friendly sincerity.

"In a letter to the former he says—"I hope, dear Sir, I need not tell you the pleasure it will always be to me, to hear you are well and happy: Those words only, without form, without ornament, without all affected circumstance and compliment, are sufficient to make an honest man's letter to an honest man agreeable; and worth a thousand of the prettiest things that can be said by all the courtiers and wits of the world."

In a letter likewise to Mr Bethel, in which he inclosed one to a common friend, he says—

"I am so awkward at writing letters, to such as expect me to write like a wit, that I take any course to avoid it. 'Tis to you only, and a few such plain honest men, I like to open myself with the same freedom, and as free from all disguises, not only of sentiment, but of style, as they themselves."

In a word, he was the very SOUL OF FRIENDSHIP. He was never at ease, nor would let others be so; while any misunderstandings or strangeness subsisted amongst his friends, or while any of them was labouring under sickness or disease.

Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot has said to the present Bishop of Gloucester, that on occasions of estrangement among his friends, he was never at rest till he brought the parties together, among such common friends who had most power or art to bring about a recon-

* See, among other proofs, the note subjoined to the clause in his will, bequeathing a legacy to Mr. Allen.

cilement. And as the promise of his own company was a forcible inducement to bring his friends to concur with, or bear a part in his scheme of the proposed reconciliation, he would engage himself to twenty places, when he could not attend at one. On which occasions Mrs. Arbuthnot used to tell him, that he was a perfect male bawd in promoting friendship. and was able to give lessons to those of her own sex, who dealt only in the affairs of love.

She used to add, that when a common friend was sick, her father *, whose aid was generally sought for on these occasions, was necessitated carefully to hide himself from Mr. POPE, to avoid the teazings of his anxiety concerning the issue of the disease.

His zeal for the interest and credit of his friends was carried to that degree of anxiety, that he felt every circumstance which affected either, as powerfully as if the concern was his own. In his latest illness he gave a remarkable instance of this friendly solicitude.

At the last time, when his intimate friend, the present Bishop of Gloucester, saw him, which was in bed, and one might say his death bed, taking his leave of him, he said, " You know how often I have pressed you to print the last volume of the Divine Legation: your reputation, as well as your duty, is concerned in it. People say, you can get no farther in your proof. Nay, Lord Boringbroke himself bids me expect no such thing. He says, indeed, you are master of the subject; but for that very reason you will stop, knowing it can be pushed no farther."

His love of virtue likewise was ardent and unfeigned, and appeared even in his latest moments. On the very morning of the day on which he died,

* It was in a great measure owing to the care and skill of this worthy man and able physician, that Mr. POPE, with so weak a constitution, was enabled to extend his life to such an advanced season.

he said to those about him,—"There is nothing
 "meritorious in life, but virtue and friendship; and
 "friendship indeed is only a part of *virtue*"

This, our author may truly be said to have exercised in every branch. He was just, punctual, temperate, generous, beneficent and grateful. His strict regard to justice and punctuality, appeared in all his transactions. He was exact, even to minuteness; and was quite free from the pitiful affectation of being thought too elevated a genius to descend to trivial concerns. The nice sentiments he adopted, with respect to punctuality, appear in one of his letters to Mr. Allen, where he says——

"I remember, and like the saying of a friend of mine, (no poet) That punctuality is a branch of moral honesty; and that an unpunctual man is a thief of his neighbour's time, which he can never repay."

Our author's regard to punctuality, is in no instance more conspicuous, than in his agreements with the booksellers, concerning the property of his works. The several deeds and articles, which were executed on those occasions, now lie before me: and they shew with what precision, and scrupulous caution, our author entered into engagements, where punctuality was requisite.

It has, indeed, been publicly imputed to him, that he was in some respects over cautious in such contracts; and too attentive to dispose of his works on the most beneficial terms. But, in truth, he was by no means more solicitous to improve his fortune by his writings, than becomes every man of discretion, who is under the necessity of enlarging the narrowness of his income, by the extent of his talents.

He appears, in many instances, more especially after he was made easy in his circumstances, by the profit of his *Homer*, to have been perfectly indifferent on the subject of gain.

In

In one of his letters to Mr. Bethel, dated 2d November, 1736, speaking concerning the publication of one of his favourite pieces, he says,

“ I have not taken any care, more than I think decent, about *saving myself harmless* in the expence; nor do I see much taken; by none so much as yourself, I assure you hitherto, considering the sphere you move in. I have many awkwardnesses in it, and hate to speak of it; 'tis really to no purpose to do it, but to serve myself, which is a motive I am not used to make my *sole* one.”

Nay, so far was he from being anxious to make the most of his writings, that he received subscriptions from his friends, with a kind of jealous suspicion; which proved that his delicacy was superior to every other sentiment.

In a letter to Mr. Allen, he says — “ I will allow you to remit the forty-five guineas, which, you say, some of your friends, and Leake, have *really* subscribed.”

The words in Italics were struck under by Mr. POPE in his letter, to intimate his suspicion, that his friend only pretended to remit the subscriptions of others, in order to conceal his own benefaction.

In short, Mr. POPE had nothing sordid or illiberal in his nature. He always happily preserved a due medium between parsimony and profusion. He was neither ostentatious nor niggardly. “ He treated his friends,” says Lord Orrery, “ with a politeness that charmed, and a *generosity* that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors; pleasure dwelt under his roof, and *elegance* presided at his table.”

He was nevertheless extremely temperate, and, in general, avoided the delicacies of a sumptuous table. Neither the weakness of his constitution, nor his habit of study, would admit of his indulging any habitual excess. But from his numerous connections among the great, he was, nevertheless, sometimes obliged to submit to the inconvenience of irregular hour,

hours, and tempted to partake of a surfeiting variety. In some of his letters to his more familiar friends, he often blamed himself for his accommodation in these respects : particularly in one to Mr. Bethel, which he concludes thus——

“ Take care of your health ; follow not the feasts
 “ (as I have done) of Lords, nor the frolics of ladies : but be composed, yet chearful ; complain-
 “ fant, yet not a slave.”

Again, addressing himself to the same gentleman, he says ——

“ Since I came to London, I am not so much in
 “ spirits, nor in the same quiet, as at Bath. The
 “ irregular hours of dining (for as to nights, I keep
 “ the same) already have disordered my stomach,
 “ and bring back that heaviness and languor upon
 “ me after dinner, which I was almost entirely free
 “ from ; though I still continue to make water my
 “ ordinary drink, with as little mixture of wine as
 “ before *. I am determined to fix my dining to
 “ two o'clock, though I dine by myself ; and com-
 “ ply afterwards with the importunities and civilities
 “ of friends, in *attending*, not *partaking*, their din-
 “ ners.”

To the virtues of oeconomy and temperance, he united the merit of the most expanded beneficence. He has been heard to say, that he never saved any thing, unless he met with some pressing case of charity, that was an absolute demand upon him ; that then he retrenched perhaps forty or fifty pounds

* We find, in a letter to Mr. Bethel, a facetious account of a conversation which Mr. POPE held with the famous Dr. Cheney on this subject. “ The Doctor, says he, magnified
 “ the Scarborough waters, and indeed all waters, but above
 “ all, common water. He was greatly edified with me, for
 “ having left off suppers ; and upon my telling him, that most
 “ of my acquaintance had not only done so, but had not drank
 “ out three dozen of wine in my house in a whole twelve-
 “ month ; he blessed God, and said, my conversation was with
 “ angels.”

This is no unpleasant ridicule of the bigotry of that otherwise able physician, to a consumptive regimen.

a year,

a year, from his own expences. For instance, said he, in a conversation on this subject, " Had such an one happened this year, I should not have built my two summer-houses."

His affection and generosity were conspicuous in his kindness to his sister, which was truly exemplary. She had imprudently involved herself in a law-suit, in which he supported her, and which in the end proved unsuccessful. His sentiments on this occasion, expressed in a letter to Mr. Bethel, are extremely amiable.

" I thank you for your repeated offer in relation to my sister. I have furnished her with 150 *l.* and she has lost it, being cast in the law-suit (or rather, I believe I have lost it) But I shall be able to make a shift, till more of my rents come in. It is right sometimes to love our neighbour, not only as well, but better than one's self, and to retrench from our own extravagancies, to assist them in theirs. For it was meer folly of not making proper articles, that subjected her to this loss."

But his beneficence to Mr. Savage * alone affords a powerful proof of his humane and charitable disposition. This unhappy man, whose distresses were so various and of so singular a nature, was, in the lat-

* This miserable man was born of the Countess of *Macclesfield*, who, living upon ill terms with the Earl her husband, did not scruple openly to proclaim herself an adulteress, by declaring that the child of which she was then pregnant, which was *Savage*, was begotten by the Earl of *Rivers*. From the moment of his birth, she conceived an abhorrence for the fruit of her infidelity; she disappointed him of the provision which the Earl of *Rivers* intended him, by making the Earl believe that he was dead. In his riper years, having unfortunately slain a person, in a scuffle at a brothel, he was convicted of murder, and when his friends interceded for his pardon, she, by a false representation, endeavoured to exclude him from the royal mercy. In short, this monster of a woman appears to have been incredibly unnatural. *Savage*, though but an indifferent poet, was not destitute of parts. His poem called the *BASTARD*, has undoubted merit; which is always most conspicuous in those works which come warm from our feelings.

ter part of his life, chiefly supported by Mr. POPE's bounty, who procured an annual subscription for him, to the amount of 50 *l.* per annum, of which he contributed 20 *l.* per annum himself.

The extravagance, profligacy and ingratitude of this unhappy man so estranged his friends from him, that most of them withdrew their subscriptions in resentment. Mr. POPE, however, had so much good nature and tenderness that he still continued his remittance, though he had good reason to be highly offended at his conduct, as we may learn from the following letter, which our author addressed to him on the 15th of September, 1742.

" I am sorry to say there are in your letter so many misunderstandings, that I am weary of repeating what you seem determined not to take rightly.

" I once more tell you, that neither I, nor any one who contributed at first to assist you in your retirements, ever desired you should stay out of London, for any other reason than that your debts prevented your staying in it.

" No man desired to confine you to the country, but that the little they contributed might support you better there than in a town.

" It was yourself who chose Swanzev for your place; you no sooner objected to it afterwards, (when Mr. Mendez stopt his allowance, upon complaint that you had used him ill) but I endeavoured to add to it, and agreed to send remittances to any other country place you pleased. Indeed I apprehended Bristol was too great a city to suit a frugal expence; however I sent thither all I could, and now with as good a will, I add this little more at your desire, which I hope will answer your end you propose of making easy your journey to London.

" I heartily wish you may find every advantage, both in profit and reputation, which you expect from your return and success; not only on the stage

“ stage, but in every thing you shall commit to the
 “ press. The little I could contribute to assist you
 “ should be at your service there, could I be satisfied
 “ it would be effectually so; (though intended only
 “ while you were obliged to retire). But the con-
 “ trary opinion prevails so much with the persons I
 “ applied to, that it is more than I can obtain of
 “ them to continue it. What mortal would take
 “ your play, or your business with Lord T. out of
 “ your hands, if you could come, and attend it
 “ yourself. It was only in defect of that, these of-
 “ fices of the two gentlemen you are so angry at,
 “ were offered. What interest but trouble could
 “ they have had in it? And what was done more in
 “ relation to the Lord, but trying a method we
 “ thought more likely to serve you, than threats and
 “ injurious language? You seemed to agree with
 “ us at parting, to send some letters, which after all
 “ were left in your own hands, to do as you pleased.
 “ Since when, neither they nor I ever saw or spoke
 “ to him, on yours or any other subject. Indeed
 “ I was shocked at your strong declarations of
 “ *vengeance* and *violent measures* against him, and
 “ am very glad you now protest you meant nothing
 “ like what those words imported.”

On another occasion, he thus warmly expostulates with him.

“ Sir, I must be sincere with you, as our corre-
 “ spondence is now likely to be closed. Your lan-
 “ guage is really too high, and what I am not used
 “ to from my superiors; much too extraordinary
 “ for me, at least sufficiently so, to make me obey
 “ your commands, and never more presume to ad-
 “ vise or meddle in your affairs, but leave your own
 “ conduct entirely to your own judgment. It is with
 “ concern I find so much misconstruction joined with
 “ so much resentment, in your nature. You still in-
 “ jure some, whom you had known many years as
 “ friends, and for whose intentions I could take upon
 “ me to answer; but I have no weight with you,
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“ and cannot tell how soon (if you have not already)
 “ you may misconstrue all I can say or do ; and as I
 “ see in that case how unforgiving you are, I desire
 “ to prevent this in time. You cannot think yet, I
 “ have injured you, or been your enemy : and I am
 “ determined to keep out of your suspicion, by not
 “ being officious any longer, or obtruding into any
 “ of your concerns further than to wish you heartily
 “ success in them all, and will never pretend to serve
 “ you, but when both you and I shall agree that I
 “ should. I am, &c.”

From a letter which our author wrote to Mr. Allen, in which the foregoing letter seems to have been inclosed, it appears that Mr. Savage's unaccountable and ungrateful return, had made a strong impression on his mind.

“ Pray forward the enclosed to the simple man it
 “ is directed to. I could not bring myself to write
 “ to him sooner, and it was necessary to tell him
 “ how much I disapproved his language and conduct.
 “ What a pleasure it had been to me, had he been
 “ a better man, whom my small charity had been a
 “ true relief to : or were he less miserable, that I
 “ might bestow it better, without abandoning him to
 “ ruin.”

In a subsequent letter to the same gentleman, Mr. POPE apologizes for the emotions he expressed in his last.

“ My last short letter, says he, shewed you I was
 “ peevish. Savage's strange behaviour made me so,
 “ and yet I was in haste to relieve him, though I
 “ think nothing will relieve him.”

Such was the humanity and generosity of our author, that his reflections on the sufferings of this unhappy man, outweighed the consideration of his demerits.

From the same humane and noble principles he assisted Dennis in his distress, and generously subscribed to his works, though he had offended him by

the grossest abuse, and endeavoured to injure his reputation by the most illiberal criticism *.

His gratitude was equal to his generosity. He never forgot any benefit that he had received, or ever omitted an occasion of making a grateful return to his benefactor. Of this, we have a remarkable instance, in the ready zeal with which he applied to Sir Robert Walpole on behalf of one Southcot, a priest of his acquaintance. Our poet, when he was about *seventeen*, had a very bad fever in the country, which it was feared would end fatally. In this condition, he wrote to this Southcot, then in town, to take his last leave of him: Southcot, with great affection and solicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. Not content with that, he rode down post to Mr. POPE, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the desired effect.

A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English court: To which this Southcot, by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written, happening to acquaint Mr. POPE of the case, he immediately wrote a pleasant letter to Sir Robert Walpole, in the priest's behalf: he acquainted the minister with the grounds of his solicitation, and begged that this

* In his last distresses, he wrote an inimitable Prologue to a play for his benefit. All serious encomium on the *fortune-struck* critic had been a joke; he therefore, by the most delicate pleasantry on the great critic's past achievements, affected a very serious recommendation of him to the audience. And these strokes of humour were so delicate, and devoid of all acrimony, that Dennis, who was then blind and present, and to whom his friends avoided to communicate the knowledge of the author, heard it with great complacency as a serious panegyric.

embargo, for his sake might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life, which debt must needs be discharged either here, or in purgatory. The minister received the application favourably, and with much good nature, wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the objection. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. POPE ever after retained a grateful sense of Sir Robert's civility: and it was in acknowledgment of this favour, that our author always spoke of him with esteem and respect, and shewed his regard to him on all occasions, even at the time when it was the fashion to revile him*.

Indeed the gratitude, benevolence, and humanity of our author's nature, were conspicuous in his last moments. He lamented, even in that extreme period, that he had so little to leave to his dearest friends; and very pertinently quoted two of his own verses, which describe his life, as having been divided *between carelessness and care*.

In every, even the least intermission from pain, he was always expressing some kind sentiment concerning his present or absent friends; which occasioned one who was near him to remark, that "his humanity had out-lived his understanding."—"It has so," said Lord Bolingbroke, who was within hearing: "I never knew a man that had a tenderer heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind."

* Among other strokes of commendation, the following short encomium, in the Epilogue to his Satires, is most excellent.

"Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 "Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r:
 "Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
 "Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

These four lines did Sir Robert more honour, than all the panegyrics purchased with the wealth of the treasury.

His Lordship never made a juster reflection. It was not only as a friend to individuals, that Mr. POPE's character appears in an amiable light. He had a sincere love for his country; and a diffusive benevolence for the whole human race.

When we consider him as a citizen, and reflect that he lived amidst the rage of contending parties; at a time when the constitution was scarce settled, and at a juncture every way nice and troublesome for one of his religion; we cannot but admire the good sense and prudence with which he conciliated the esteem of all parties; and the steady adherence which he constantly shewed to the essential principles of true patriotism.

Though, as has been intimated, it was unjustly surmised, from his intimacy with Swift, and others of that party, that he took a share in the political squabbles of those days; yet, it is now certain, that he never intermeddled with any public concerns.

His pen was guided by more noble and extensive views, than that of serving a faction or party. He expresses a manly and generous indignation of such narrow motives, addressing himself to Dean Swift, on the subject of party-writing.

"God forbid," says he, "that an honest and witty man should be of any party, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity."

He was so cautious, as not even to express his sentiments on those occasions, in his most intimate correspondences.

In one of his letters to Mr. Allen, he disclaims all topics of this nature.

"The face of public affairs," says he, "is very much changed, and this fortnight's vacation very busy. It is a most important interval; but I never in my life wrote a letter on these subjects: I content myself, as you do, with honest wishes for honest men to govern us, without asking for
"any

"any party or denomination beside. This is all the distinction I know."

In another letter, he expresses himself to the same effect —

"I have nothing," says he, "to tell you of public affairs. I never, I think, in my life was guilty of one letter upon those subjects, though no man wishes the public better. But I find all those that seem to design it best, better contented than ever."

Nevertheless, our author testified great anxiety on account of the distracted state of affairs, which, from time to time, threatened mischief to the public. In a letter to the gentleman above mentioned, he says,

—"The public is, indeed, more my concern than it used to be, as I see it in more danger; but your reflection and advice ought to alleviate those uneasy thoughts, when, to trust providence, is all I can do; and since my sphere is resignation, not action."

At another time, he expresses himself very feelingly on the same subject.

"As this world," says he, "is a place of no stability, of no dependance, I believe there is no honest man, who has any affections out of himself, but will always find more or less to be sorry for, or to wish otherwise; so I own my mind troubled, whenever I reflect on public disappointments, and the prevalence of corrupt and selfish counsels."

But in the following letter, he seems to have been more than commonly affected, by some alarming apprehension*.

"My mind," says he to Mr. Allen, "at present is as dejected as possible; for I love my coun-

* The unhappy and unsuccessful war which a faction forced the nation into, in opposition to, and in order to destroy, Sir Robert Walpole.

" try *, and I love mankind ; and I see a dismal
 " scene opening for our own and other nations,
 " which will not long be a secret to you."

He was indeed a lover of mankind, and his diffusive benevolence forms the most amiable part of his character. His sentiments on this head were not penned for the public eye alone, but are expressed throughout the course of his private correspondences, with such unaffected feeling, as prove them to have been the genuine offspring of his heart.

In one of his letters to Mr. Allen. his reflections on universal benevolence, shew the extensive liberality of his mind.

" Dear Sir,

" For you are always truly so to me ; and I know
 " your goodness so well, that I need not be put in
 " mind of it by your benefactions. A man is not
 " amiable because he is good to ourselves only, but
 " the more so the more he is good to ; therefore,
 " when we hear of benefits, we ought to be as sensible of them as when we feel them : Yet this is
 " seldom the case : we apply the terms of good, benevolent, just, &c. merely as relative to ourselves,
 " and are in this as unjust to men, as philosophers
 " and divines are to God, whose ways and workings
 " they magnify or disapprove, according to the effect
 " they have on themselves only."

His humanity and benevolence not only embraced mankind but comprehended a feeling for the whole animal creation. He shewed very strong traits of this tender disposition in a conversation which he held with some of his friends, concerning the late Dr. Hales——

One of the company, speaking of the Doctor. said,
 " I love to see him, he is so good a man " " True,"
 said Mr. POPE, " he is a very good man ; only I am
 " sorry he has had his hands so much imbrued in

* Our author's patriotic sentiments were so delicate, that whenever he made use of any foreign manufacture, he would say—" Pardon me, my country ; I offend but seldom."

"blood." "What," said the other, "he cuts up rats!" "Yes," replied Mr. POPE, "and dogs too—Indeed he does it with a view of being useful to man; but how do we know that we have a right to kill creatures, that we are so little above, as dogs, for our use?"

It will not be matter of wonder, that a man who had such pure, such warm, such extensive ideas of benevolence, humanity, and every branch of moral virtue, should have a strong abhorrence and antipathy to vice.

This antipathy gave birth to his satires, which created him so many enemies; and which, though they did not produce all the reformation he wished, did nevertheless, perhaps, contribute, in some degree, to check the *growing* profligacy and licentiousness of the times in which he lived*.

Such

* Mr. POPE died at the very opening of this scene, and so only saw the first movement of the *giant strides* he somewhere speaks of, but divined the rest. The monsters which made them were but just hatched, and it was some time after that their full horrors astonished the assembled public, in blasphemies too impious to be recorded. To these extremes of evil times, and to the countenance and protection these instruments of ruin met with, the Editor of Mr. POPE's works alludes, in the following words of his dedication to the third volume of the *Divine Legation*, the edition of 1765. As it contains a very graphical description of the then miserable state of things, it may be neither unentertaining nor unuseful.

—"I have detained your Lordship with a tedious story; and still I must beg your patience a little longer. We are not yet got to the end of a bad prospect.—While I and others of my order, have been thus vainly contending *pro aris*, with the unequal arms of reason, we had the further displeasure to find, that our rulers (who, as I observed above, had needlessly suffered those ties of religion to be unloosed, by which, till of late, the passions of the people had been restrained) were struggling almost as unsuccessfully *pro focis*, with a corrupt and debauched community.

"General history, in its records of the rise and decay of states, hath delivered down to us, among the more important of its lessons, a faithful detail of every symptom, which

Such who think it a violation of charity to stigmatize vice and vicious men, in the manner our great

Satirist

“ which is wont to forerun and prognosticate their approaching ruin. It might be justly deemed the extravagance of folly to believe, that those very signs which have constantly preceded the fall of other states, should signify nothing fatal or alarming to our own. On the other hand, I would not totally condemn, in such a dearth of religious provision, even that species of piety, which arises from a national pride, and flatters us with being the peculiar attention of heaven; who will avert those evils from his favoured people, which the natural course of things would otherwise make inevitable: for indeed we have seen (and what is as strange as the blessing itself, the little attention which is paid to it) something very like such an extraordinary protection already exerted; which resists, and till now hath arrested, the torrent just ready to overwhelm us. The circumstance I mean is this,—that while every other part of the community seems to lie in *foeci Romuli*, the administration of public justice in England, runs as pure as where nearest to its celestial source; purer than Plato dared venture to conceive it, even in his feigned Republic.

“ Now, whether we are not to call this the interposing hand of Providence; for sure I am, all history doth not afford so much purity and integrity in one part, co existing with so much decay, and so many infirmities in the rest: or whether profounder politicians may not be able to discover some hidden force, some peculiar virtue in the essential parts, or in the well adapted frame, of our excellent constitution:—In either case, this singular and shining phenomenon, hath afforded a cheerful consolation to thinking men, amidst all the dark aspect from our disorders and distresses.

“ But the evil genius of England would not suffer us to enjoy it long; for as if envious of this last support of government, he hath now instigated his blackest agents to the very extent of their malignity; who after the most villainous insults on all other orders and ranks in society, have at length proceeded to calumniate even the King’s supreme Court of Justice, under its able and most unblemished administration.

“ After this, who will not be tempted to despair of his country, and say with the good old man in the scene;

——— “ *ipsa si cupiat salus*
“ *Serware provsus non potest, hanc*
“ *Familiam.*”

“ Athens,

Satirist has done, would do well to examine themselves, and reflect what it really is which gives them offence; whether it be a virtuous zeal, which cannot bear, without receiving scandal, to see their neighbour's faults publicly exposed, without public authority; or whether it is not possible that the offence they take may have another source, and arise from a secret uneasiness, often hid from themselves, to see vice severely handled.

To give a rule to discover the true principle and motive on which they judge, it may be proper to ask them, Whether, at the same time they are so scandalized at those who pull off the mask and expose wicked men, they feel the like offence at the vices which occasion the satire. If they say they do, we

"Athens, indeed, fell by degenerate manners like our own: but she fell the later, and with the less dishonour, for having always kept inviolable that reverence which she, and indeed all Greece, had been long accustomed to pay her august court of Areopagus. Of this modest reserve, amidst a general disorder, we have a striking instance in the conduct of one of the principal instruments of her ruin. The witty Aristophanes began, as all such instruments do (whether with wit or without) by deriding virtue and religion, and this in the brightest exemplar of both, the godlike Socrates. The libeller went on to attack all condition of men. He calumniated the magistrates; he turned the public assemblies into ridicule; and with the most beastly and blasphemous abuse, outraged their priests, their altars, nay, the very established gods themselves.—But here he stopped; and unawed by all beside, whether of divine or human, he did not dare to cast so much as one licentious trait against that venerable judicature. A circumstance, which the readers of his witty ribaldry, cannot but observe with surprise and admiration; not at the poet's modesty, for he had none, but at the remaining virtue of a debauched and ruined people; who yet would not bear to see that clear fountain of justice defiled by the odious spawn of buffoons and libellers. Nor was this the only consolation which Athens had in its calamities. Its pride was flattered in falling by apostate wits of the first order: while the agents of public mischief among us, with the hoarse notes and blunt pens of ballad-makers, not only accelerate our ruin, but accumulate our disgrace: wretches the most contemptible for their parts, the most infernal for their manners."

may allow them to be sincere in their censure, how ill-grounded soever it may be. But if they be offended only at the chastisement, and not at the crimes which have provoked it, it is a sure sign that this parade of charity is all hypocrisy. In a word, bad men, as a great writer says, *persecute the good to gratify the blindness of their passions, whereas the good pursue evil men with all the temper and impartiality of a judge, and all the charity of a chirurgeon; who give pain only for the sake of the public, and the party himself.*

That such were the motives which actuated our poet, may be inferred from the disposition he shewed at the early dawn of his genius, and for a long time after. His first poems breathed nothing but amity and universal love. But his experience in the world inflamed his hatred against vice, in proportion to his love of virtue: And perhaps it is among the wisest of the schoolmen's maxims, which says—*Amor est odii prior, et odium ex amore oritur.*

When we reflect, however, on the numerous instances of vice and folly which surround us, and are proofs against the repeated antidotes of satire, we are apt to conclude, that it has no effect on the morals and manners of mankind.

But we do not consider, that, though a swarm of incurables crowd to our observation, yet the many who are benefited are imperceptible; and that some of them perhaps do not know themselves the hands which did them good.

If the pen of satire does but reclaim one, it is not employed in vain: and considering how many have got his works by heart, we cannot doubt but that the satirical strokes with which they abound must now and then, at least, have had a good influence on their conduct.

In truth, the keenness of his satire so deeply affected the objects of it, that we need not scruple to believe the powerful effects of poetical chastisement recorded by the antients. The jambic rage of Archilochus, could not have been more severe and effectual: though it is true, that he himself, as has been

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shewn above, lamented the inefficacy of his endeavours, and declined the office in despair of success.

In the latter part of his life, the general depravity of manners which he noticed, rather moved his contempt, than his resentment. Nevertheless, he sometimes very feelingly bewailed the treachery and perfidy he had experienced in consequence of the mistaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be exposed. In a letter addressed to Mr. Bethel, he says—

“ I have lived long enough, when I have lived to
 “ despise and lament the worthlessness, perfidiousness
 “ and meanness of half my acquaintance ; and to see
 “ the dirtiness and dishonesty of those we thought
 “ best of. I dare say you feel the same shock, and
 “ that neither of us would chuse to stay an hour
 “ more on the earth for their sakes or company.

“ It is a comfort, he adds, to me, that my old
 “ and long experienced friend Lord Bolingbroke is
 “ here, in case this should be my last winter.”

By this, and many other instances, which will be shewn, it will appear, that our author's partiality for his noble friend rose to a degree of frenzy and fascination : insomuch that in a conversation with a friend about the comet, which, at that time, was the subject of all men's attention, he said he should not be surpris'd if it was come to convey Lord Bolingbroke to some superior orb, as apparently he did not belong to this, just as a stage-coach stops at a man's door to take up passengers.

From his Lordship's behaviour likewise in Mr. POPE's last illness, as above related, one might reasonably conclude that the friendship and affection between them was reciprocal. No one who recollects the account which has been given of the sympathetic tenderness and deep concern which his Lordship expressed for his departing friend, would believe that he would be the first, nay the only one, to throw dirt on his ashes, and asperse his memory by the imputation of a baseness, which his soul, above all others, abhorred—that of treachery.

But

But this will appear *less* extraordinary, when it is considered that his Lordship came early into the great world : and that what natural good principles he had, were corrupted by that political accommodation, that habit of dissimulation, which is, or is thought to be, necessary for those who fill the high stations in the active scenes of life. To this, perhaps, as well as to some constitutional causes, it was owing, that his Lordship's feelings were many of them affected, all of them transient.

Had his affection for his friend sprung from his heart, he would rather have drawn a shade over his *real* failings, than have perverted an innocent circumstance by all the malice of misrepresentation; as he did in the following instance ; which properly falls into this part of the history, as it would be inexcusable to close the account of our author's moral character, without clearing it from the aspersions cast upon him by his FALSE FRIEND : For this purpose it will be sufficient to state the facts, and to suggest such vindication as naturally arises out of those facts.

In the year 1749, a treatise was published by Lord Bolingbroke, intitled Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, on the Idea of a Patriot King, and on the State of Parties at the Accession of King George the First. In the preface to his treatise, a very severe aspersion was cast on Mr. POPE's honour and sincerity. For the writer roundly asserts, that those papers were written several years, at the request and for the sake of some particular friends, without any design of ever making them public : and he accounts for their publication at that time in the following manner. " The
" original draughts," he tells us, " were entrusted
" to a MAN on whom the author thought he might
" entirely depend, after he had exacted from him,
" and taken his promise, That they should never go
" into any hands, except those of five or six friends,
" who were named to him. In this confidence, the
" author rested securely for some years ; and though
" he was not without suspicion, that they had been
" communicated to more persons than he intended
" they

“ they should be, yet he was kept, by repeated assurances, even from suspecting that any copies had come into any hands. But this MAN was no sooner dead, than he received information, that an entire edition of 1500 copies of these papers had been printed; that this very MAN had corrected the press, and that he had left them in the hands of the printer, to be kept with great secrecy till farther orders.

“ The honest printer,” he adds, “ kept his word with him, better than he kept it with his friend; so that the whole edition came at last into the hands of the author, except some few copies which this person had taken out of the heap and carried away. By these copies,” he continues, “ it appeared, that the MAN who had been guilty of this breach of trust, had taken upon him farther to divide the subject, and to alter and omit passages, according to the suggestion of his own fancy.”

This charge, it is true, was not published directly by his Lordship. It was ushered into the world by an editor, worthy of so dark an office.—One who, though he courted Mr. POPE, while living, with a degree of abject servility, yet has not scrupled to mention him, after his death, in the grossest terms of rudeness. But this editor, or to use his own language, this MAN, was never remarkable for the delicacy of his moral feelings.

As this charge, however, was published with his Lordship's privity and approbation, he is as much morally responsible for it, as if it came directly from himself. The imputation, it must be confessed, is of a very grievous nature, but when the particulars of the fact, the characters of the parties, together with other collateral circumstances, are taken into consideration, every unprejudiced mind will acquit Mr. POPE, of any mean or ungenerous design with respect to his friend.

That an edition was secretly printed, is not denied: but it is from the motives with which it was printed,

printed, that we must either censure or acquit Mr. POPE.

It happens that the *internal* evidence, which accompanies some particular facts, often bespeaks the intention of the agent with greater certainty, than all the *external* circumstances of positive proof, which can be adduced. Of this nature is the charge imputed to Mr. POPE. It is not pretended that any present use or advantage was made of the impression, nor was it likely that any could be derived from it, but on the presumption of Mr. POPE's surviving his noble friend. An event, which considering the crazy state of Mr. POPE's constitution, was much too distant and uncertain, for him to entertain any reasonable expectations of such future profit.

The expence of printing it was certain: The expectation of gain was uncertain. Admitting it to have been ever so sure: the prospect was still very distant, and the expected profit could never arise but upon the contingency of Mr. POPE's being the survivor, of which, as has been intimated, the chance was against our author.

Besides, had Mr. POPE considered this as the least breach of trust, or violation of faith and friendship, he would never have bequeathed his papers to his Lordship's care, nor have made him his executor: and by that means have thrown the impression into his hands. On the contrary, had he been conscious of any thing treacherous or even indelicate, he would, no doubt, have ordered the impression to be destroyed. Nay, had he ever harboured any intentions that were base and perfidious, he would never have suffered the printer to have continued master of the proofs of his treachery, but would, from the first, have taken the copies into his own possession. Add to this, that Mr. POPE's fortune was such, as placed him far above the little temptation of benefiting himself by such a base and sordid attempt. It is more reasonable therefore to suppose, that Mr. POPE took this step out of fondness for his friend, and partiality for the merits of a treatise, which at best contains little more than common-place declamation.

The

The pretence given by his Lordship therefore, for this cruel treatment of his friend's memory, was all feigned; the root of which has been partly shewn, and will be further explained. For this *Patriot Prince*, as it was first called, and afterwards the *Patriot King*, was a very innocent performance which might have been proclaimed at the market-cross, and nothing but its insignificancy could make the author averse to its publication; for the liberty Mr. POPE took of *altering and omitting passages*, of which he is accused in this infamous advertisement, was only to strike out some insults on the throne, and the then reigning monarch. This Patriot Prince, in short, is no better than a mere school declamation, which acquaints the world with this important secret, That if *a prince could be once brought to love his country, he would always act for the good of it* *.

Mr. POPE however, who was partial to this piece, no doubt considered his friend's injunction, as a kind of modest reluctance, to which he might offer violence, without the fear of giving offence, or the apprehension of incurring censure. He probably recollected that the friends of Virgil had published the Eneid even against his dying request, and that, by disregarding his will they had immortalized his fame. Nay, it is to be more than suspected that he did not print this edition without the knowledge and consent

* An eminent person, now a prelate of the church, had the honour of entertaining the present K. of P. when he was in England, by the name of Count Poniatowski; and chancing to ask him the character of a project for reforming the kingdom of Poland, published by a great personage of that kingdom, the Count replied, "It is much of the character of your Bellingbroke's Declamation, called the Patriot Prince, which is saying just nothing." This was well and wisely observed. For to do any thing to the purpose towards obtaining so happy an event, is not to shew how men might be so new modelled as to ensure the happiness of society, but to shew, if the writer can, how man, as he exists at present, may be made instrumental, by turning his natural passions and affections to a right bias, to the procuring this happiness.

of his noble friend: however the latter might afterwards make this a pretence for indulging his spleen and resentment against the dead poet, whom he dared not to attack while living.

That his Lordship harboured such latent resentment against him, is not to be doubted; and it arose partly from Mr. POPE's reform of his *Essay on Man*, in opposition to his Lordship's system, of which an account has been already given, and partly from his friendly sincerity, on another occasion, which mortified his Lordship's excessive vanity, as appears from the following anecdote, which is extracted from a work already mentioned, intitled "A View of Lord "Bolingbroke's Philosophy."

About the year 1742, some time before his Lordship's return to England, Mr. Warburton was with Mr. POPE, at Twickenham, who shewed him a printed book of *Letters on the study and use of history*, and desired his opinion of it. It was the first volume of the work since published under that name. Mr. Warburton on turning it over, told him his thoughts of it with great freedom. What he said to Mr. POPE of the main subject is not material, but of the digression concerning the authenticity of the Old Testament, he observed to his friend, that the author's arguments, poor as they were, were all borrowed from other writers; and had been confuted again and again, to the entire satisfaction of the learned world: that the author of these letters, who ever he was, had mistaken some of those reasonings; had misrepresented others, and had added such mistakes of his own, as must discredit him with the learned, and dishonour him with all honest men: that therefore, as he understood the author was his friend, he could not do him a better service than to advise him to strike out this *digression*; which had nothing to do with his subject, and would set half his readers against the work, whenever it should be published. Mr. POPE said his friend (whose name he kept secret) was the most candid of men, and that Mr. Warburton could not do him a greater pleasure than to tell him

him his thoughts freely on this occasion. He urged this so warmly, that his friend complied, and, as they were then alone, scribbled over half a dozen sheets of paper before he rose from the table at which they were sitting. Mr. POPE having read what he had written, approved it: and to convince him that he did so, he took up the printed volume, and crossed out the whole *digression* with his pen. The animadversions were written with all the civility the writer was likely to use to a friend Mr. POPE appeared to reverence, but the word *prevarication*, or something like it, chanced to escape his pen. The papers were sent to Paris, and received with unparalleled indignation. Little broke out; but something did; and Mr. POPE found he had not paid his court by this officious service. However, with regard to the writer of the papers, all was carried, when his Lordship came over, (as he soon afterwards did) with singular politeness; and such a strain of compliment, as men are wont to bestow on those, whose homage they intend to gain. Yet all this time, his Lordship was meditating and compiling an angry and elaborate answer to these private hasty and well meant animadversions. And it was as much as they could do, who had most interest with him, to persuade him at length to burn it. The event has since shewn, that it had been happy for his Lordship's reputation, had the advice to strike out the digression been followed, as it is that chiefly which has sunk him in the popular opinion, and lost him the merit of the very best of all his compositions.

Mr. POPE, nevertheless, was still courted and caressed: and the vengeance treasured up against him for the impiety of erasing those sacred pages, broke not out till the poet's death.

It is not to be wondered that his Lordship should harbour such a pitiful resentment, when his character is considered; which was vain, arrogant, and vindictive. Being disappointed in his views of taking the lead in the political world, he as vainly attempted to preside in the literary republic: and as he could not endure

endure a colleague in politics, neither could he bear a rival in letters. To be opposed in either, mortified his pride, and provoked his malice ; and he became the CALUMNIATOR of his friend, from the same principle that he turned a rebel to his country. Mr. POPE's better judgment might have taught him, that the man who was false to his public, would never be true to his private connexions.

But Mr. POPE, on the other hand, was candid, open, sincere, and free from the little malice of envious competition. Add to this, that he had a kind of reverential regard, and a blind partiality for this unworthy friend, as may be collected from what has been already mentioned, but more particularly from the following passages.—In a letter from Mr. POPE to Mr. Allen, he says——

“ I am now alone ; Lord Bolingbroke executed his deeds for the sale of Dawley on Friday, and set sail the next day for France from Greenwich. God knows if ever I may see again the greatest man I ever knew, and one of the best friends. But this I know that no man is so well worth taking any journey to see, to any man who truly knows what he is. I have done so these thirty years, and CANNOT BE DECEIVED IN THIS POINT, what ever I may be in any other man's Character.”

The same partial infatuation appears in one of his letters to Mr. Bethel, where he says,—“ Lord Bolingbroke has at length succeeded to his father's estate, and is now in England for a fortnight or three weeks. I believe it will be the last time he will see his native country ; and I should be a worse man than I am, if this were not a sensible concern to me, on many accounts, since no man, I am persuaded, is so capable now to serve it.”

It was not only in his familiar letters, but also in private conversation, that he betrayed this excessive partiality for so undeserving a friend. He once declared, to a common friend, that “ Lord Bolingbroke, knew more of Europe than perhaps all Europe put together.”

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Were there no other circumstances or considerations to vindicate Mr. POPE, the very extravagance of his attachment to Lord Bolingbroke, which bordered even upon imbecility †, would be alone sufficient to convince any reasonable and impartial mind, that he could not, from any selfish considerations, be induced to violate his engagements to so respected and revered a friend, though he afterwards proved so unworthy ‡.

Having

† Nevertheless, Mr. POPE was not quite blind to the weak part of his Lordship's capacity.—In a letter to Dean Swift, speaking of his favourite idol, he says—

“ Lord B ——— is above trifling : When he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal ; if EVER HE TRIFLES, IT MUST BE WHEN HE TURNS DIVINE.”

‡ It would be unpardonable not to acquaint the reader, that at the time when this infamous charge first made its appearance, Mr. Warburton, the present Bishop of Gloucester, with the laudable zeal of a true friend, wrote a spirited vindication of Mr. POPE's conduct, which is to be found, with some few literal and verbal corrections, in the Appendix, No. 2 *.

This noble exertion of one of the best offices of friendship, drew a load of abuse on the writer. The truth is, that the indignant and undissembling spirit which he shews in this little piece, as well as in his greater productions, has provoked the impotent rage, not only of those who have smarted under his lash, but of others who dreaded a scourge, which they were conscious of deserving. It is his Lordship's peculiar felicity, however, to have incurred all the scurrility with which he has been treated, by the two most glorious efforts, which could excite such resentment and rancour—the *vindication of his Friend*, and the *defence of Religion*.

But while wit and learning are honoured and renowned, while the generous warmth of friendship is held dear and valuable, while a pious zeal for religion, is revered among mankind, his Lordship's eminent worth and abilities, will place him among the most distinguished characters of the age.

* It is observable, that another vindication was published at that time, under the title of a *Letter to the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke* ; in a note of which, an anecdote is preserved, that, to such as did not know the editor of the Patriot King, may serve to expose his ridiculous vanity.

The editor being in company with the person to whom Mr. POPE had consigned the care of his works, and who, he thought, had some intention of writing Mr. POPE's Life, told him

Having rescued our author's *moral* character from the only imputation that was ever thrown upon it (ridiculous as it was) it will perhaps be expected that some notice should be taken of his *Religion*. It may appear strange, that one of his strong sense and liberal mind, should persist in professing a religion, founded in the grossest error and absurdity, and supported by the most manifest fraud and tyranny.

But this seems rather to have been owing to the tenderness of his heart, than the weakness of his head.

When we consider how deeply those principles are imprinted, which we imbibe in our youth, and the reverence we entertain for the opinions of our parents, more especially when filial affection comes in aid of parental authority; when we reflect on the regard we pay to our earliest and most intimate friendships and connections, which we should forfeit by abandoning those principles, we all find that it requires something more than a strong understanding, to make an open renunciation of opinions, which would be attended with the loss of all those heart felt pleasures, which we derive from the love of our parents, and the esteem of our earliest friends.

These were, no doubt, among the obstacles which restrained Mr. POPE from publicly renouncing a reli-

him he had an anecdote, which he believed nobody knew but himself. "I was sitting one day, said he, with Mr. POPE, in his last illness, who coming suddenly out of a reverie, which you know he frequently fell into at that time, and fixing his eyes stedfastly on me, Mr. M—, said he, I have had an odd kind of a vision: methought I saw my own head open, and *Apollo* come out of it; I then saw your head open, and *Apollo* went into it; after which our heads closed up again." The person to whom he addressed this idle discourse, could not help smiling at his vanity, and with sarcastic humour replied,—“Why, Sir, if I had an intention of writing your life, this might perhaps be a proper anecdote; but I do not see, that in Mr. *Pope's*, it will be of any consequence whatever.” Neither in truth would it have appeared now, did it not serve as a trait to characterize the pitiful instrument of so base an aspersion on the memory of such a worthy man and such an exalted genius as Mr. POPE.

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gion, the bigotry of which he has more than once exposed and ridiculed in his writings.

He tells us himself that he lived under penal laws, and many other disadvantages; not for want of honesty or conscience, but merely for having too weak a head, or too tender a heart.

As no one can suppose it owing to the former, candour must necessarily impute it to the latter: And that this was the true cause, is farther evident from the pious declaration he made on Lord Oxford's expressing his concern, that he should be incapable of taking a place. "Which," said our author, "I could not be capable of without giving a great deal of concern to my father and mother; such concern," he added emphatically, "as I would not give to either of them, for all the places he could have given me."

But the powerful effect of Mr. POPE's filial piety and affection, cannot be better exemplified than by the following authentic anecdote.

The Queen declared her intention of honouring him at Twickenham with a visit. His mother was then alive; and lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court, his piety made him, with great duty and humility, beg that he might decline this honour *.

Several of his friends, however, as might well be expected, were anxious that he should abjure the pro-

* Some years after, his mother being then dead, the Prince of Wales condescended to do him the honour of a visit: When Mr. POPE met him at the water-side, he expressed the sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful professions of attachment. On which the Prince said, "It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a Prince, with your professed indisposition to Kings: Since Princes will be Kings in time?" Sir, replied POPE, I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the Lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached, and caressed with safety and pleasure.

fession of a religion, so inconsistent with his enlightened understanding, and so injurious to his interest.

Among others, Atterbury the Bishop of Rochester, strenuously exerted his endeavours for that purpose. He had often pressed him to this effect in private conversation, but Mr. POPE always declined or eluded the subject.

On the death of his father, however, the Bishop addressed him very seriously on this subject, in the following letter.

“ I have nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnished me, but what you have already said to yourself.

“ When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best.”

To this Mr. POPE wrote the following well penned answer.

“ My Lord,

“ I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I shall improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish, both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi*——and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

“ *Nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*”

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“ A rigid divine may call it a carnal tye, but sure
 “ it is a virtuous one ; at least, I am more cer-
 “ tain, that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good
 “ parent’s life and happiness, than I am of any spe-
 “ culative point whatsoever.

“ *Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli*

“ *Hunc ego, nunc, linquam !*

“ For *she*, my Lord, *would think this separation more*
 “ *grievous than any other* ; and I, for my part, know
 “ as little as poor Euryalus did of the success of such
 “ an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small
 “ one, in spite of the most positive divinity.) Whe-
 “ ther the change would be to my spiritual advan-
 “ tage, God only knows : this I know, that I mean
 “ as well in the religion I now profess, as I can pos-
 “ sibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks
 “ so justify a change, even if he thought both equal-
 “ ly good ? To such an one, the part of joining
 “ with any one body of Christians might perhaps be
 “ easy, but I think it would not be so, to renounce
 “ the other

“ Your lordship has formerly advised me to read
 “ the best controversies between the churches. Shall
 “ I tell you a secret ? I did so at fourteen years old,
 “ (for I loved reading, and my father had no other
 “ books) there was a collection of all that had been
 “ written on both sides in the reign of King James
 “ the Second ; I warmed my head with them, and
 “ the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist
 “ and a Protestant by turns, according to the last
 “ book I read *. I am afraid most seekers are in
 “ the same case, and when they stop, they are not
 “ so properly converted as out-witted, You see how
 “ little glory you would gain by my conversion.

* This is an admirable description of every reader busied in religious controversy, without possessing the *Principles* on which a right judgment of the points in question is to be regulated. See the note on this Letter, vol. 8. edit. 8vo. of POPE’S Works, p. 87. London Edit.

“ And

“ And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I
 “ are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly
 “ understood by one another ; and that all honest
 “ and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did
 “ but talk enough together every day ; and had no-
 “ thing to do together, but to serve God, and live
 “ in peace with their neighbour.

“ As to the temporal side of the question, I can
 “ have no dispute with you ; it is certain, all the be-
 “ neficial circumstances of life, and all the shining
 “ ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But
 “ if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you
 “ do but fancy, that I have any talents for active
 “ life, I want health for it ; and besides it is a real
 “ truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than abi-
 “ lity. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but
 “ it is my habit too. I begun my life where most
 “ people end theirs, with a dis-relish of all that the
 “ world calls ambition: I do not know why it is
 “ called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather
 “ slooping than climbing. I’ll tell you my politic
 “ and religious sentiments in a few words. In my
 “ politics, I think no further than how to preserve
 “ the peace of my life, in any government under
 “ which I live ; nor in my religion, than to preserve
 “ the peace of my conscience in any church with
 “ which I communicate. I hope all churches and
 “ all governments are so far of God, as they are
 “ rightly understood, and rightly administered ; and
 “ where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to
 “ God alone to mend or reform them ; which when-
 “ ever he does, it must be by greater instruments
 “ than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the
 “ temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest
 “ their arrogated authority over princes and states.
 “ I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word.
 “ If I was born under an absolute prince, I would
 “ be a quiet subject ; but I thank God I was not.
 “ I have a due sense of the excellence of the British
 “ constitution. In a word, the things I have always
 “ wished to see, are not a Roman Catholic, or a
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“ French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but
 “ a true Catholic : and not a King of Whigs,
 “ or a King of Tories, but a King of Eng-
 “ land. Which God of his mercy grant his present
 “ Majesty may be, and all future Majesties : You
 “ see, my lord, I end like a preacher : this is *sermo*
 “ *ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with
 “ infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever
 “ your, &c.”

In this letter the discerning few will read a full confession of our author's faith. He was not a slave to bigotry or superstition. He was not, as he himself somewhere jocularly expresses it, an idol worshipper, though a Papist. In short, from the many free and bold strokes which are to be found not only in his public writings, but in his private correspondences, against the grosser absurdities of the Romish religion, it is evident that he was not a dupe to the tenets of it.

That he did not renounce this religion on the death of his mother, is, among other causes, to be imputed to his tender caution of not giving scandal to some of his intimates of that persuasion, whom he esteemed and loved.

His nice attention to avoid giving offence by a seeming neglect of religious decorum, was conspicuous in his latest moments.

When Mr. Hooke asked him whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should send for a priest, he answered——“ I do not suppose it to be essential ; but,” he added, “ it will look right, and I heartily thank
 “ you for putting me in mind of it *.”

These words alone, spoken on so solemn an occa-

* Mr. Hooke, on this occasion, told the present Bishop of Gloucester, that the priest, whom he had provided to do the last office to the dying man, came out from him, penetrated to the last degree with the state of mind in which he found his penitent ; resigned and wrapt up in the love of God and man.

sion, are sufficient, without any other circumstances, to point out to those of any penetration, what has been intimated above, that our author's understanding was too solid and acute to be perverted by the fallacy and foppery of a religion, which can only impose upon the vulgar.

To the reasons before assigned, why Mr. POPE did not, on the death of his mother, publicly renounce the Romish religion, it may be added, that the contempt with which CONVERTS are too often treated, and the suspicion which is generally entertained of their sincerity, more especially when their conversion inclines to that side to which temporal interest gives a bias, were motives which must have very powerfully co-operated on one of our author's extreme delicacy and sensibility, which made him abhor the thought of being suspected to sacrifice his religious principles, from any motive of worldly honour or interest.

Not many months before his death, in a serious and retired conversation with the present Bishop of Gloucester, speaking of persecution for religious opinions, he said he was convinced that the Church of Rome had all the marks of that anti-christian power, predicted of in the writings of the New Testament. On which his friend asking him why he would not publicly leave that corrupt church, which would be a great triumph to truth, and do public service to his country; he replied, he thought himself of too little consequence to do much good thereby, and he was very certain it would be exposing himself to much abuse.

Nevertheless, no man ever expressed a greater reverence and veneration of the Deity, or entertained a firmer persuasion of the truths of Christianity.

Witlings and Freethinkers are always forward to pervert the sentiments of eminent writers, so as to give countenance to their own ridiculous and licentious principles.

Whenever our author's writings were thus misapplied,

plied, it gave him unaffected concern; and he readily embraced the first occasion of entering his protest against all such misconstructions.

With this pious view, as has been intimated, he penned his *Universal Prayer*, on the idea of the Lord's prayer, to obviate all suspicions of his inclining toward fate and naturalism, by shewing his firm belief of revelation, his religious acquiescence in the supreme will, and his confidence full of hope and immortality.

He was wont to say, among his private friends, that "he was so certain of the soul's being immortal, that he seemed to feel it within him, as it were by intuition."

A day or two before his death, he was, as is common in the last stage of his disorder, at times, delirious. In one of these temporary absences of reason, or rather in one of its disorders, he rose by four in the morning, and a friend at that time with him and anxious for him, went and sought after him, and found him in his library very busy in writing. He persuaded him to desist, and took away the paper unperceived, to shew it to Mr. Warburton. But what does the reader conjecture was the subject of this great man's disordered thoughts? It was on the *Immortality of the Soul*: on a theory of his own just then excogitated; in which he speaks of those material things which tend to strengthen and support the soul's immortality, and of those which weaken and destroy it. Visions suggested to him, from former reflexions on his own case. This is only mentioned to shew, that the same momentous ideas possessed his mind both in sickness and in health, in the sane and insane state of his mind.

In short, he worshipped the Supreme Being with an ardent and pure devotion: he took all occasions to manifest his firm belief of Revelation, and, as the result of the whole, he steadily and uniformly practised all the essential duties of religion.

Our author, some months before his death, made

his Will, the contents of which have already been made public: but as this solemn instrument seems, with the utmost propriety, to claim a place in the history of his life, a copy of it is here subjoined.

“ In the name of God, Amen. I Alexander POPE
 “ of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make
 “ this my last will and testament. I resign my soul
 “ to its Creator in all humble hope of its future hap-
 “ piness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good.
 “ As to my body, my will is, that it be buried near
 “ the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham,
 “ with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of
 “ these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno 17—ætatis—*
 “ and that it be carried to the grave by six of the
 “ poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order
 “ a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I
 “ happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the
 “ same be done in any other parish, and the inscrip-
 “ tion be added on the monument at Twickenham.
 “ I hereby make and appoint my particular friends,
 “ Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont,
 “ the Honourable William Murray, his Majesty’s
 “ solicitor general, and George Arbuthnot, of the
 “ Court of Exchequer, Esq; the survivors or survi-
 “ vor of them, executors of this my last will and tes-
 “ tament.

“ But all the manuscript and unprinted papers,
 “ which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may
 “ be delivered to my noble friend, Henry St. John,
 “ Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judg-
 “ ment I commit them, either to be preserved or to
 “ be destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me,
 “ to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. These,
 “ who in the course of my life have done me all o-
 “ ther good offices, will not refuse me this last after
 “ my death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as
 “ a mark of my trust and friendship; only desiring
 “ them each to accept of some small memorial of me:
 “ That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library
 “ all the volumes of my works and translations of
 “ Homer,

“ Homer, bound in red Morocco, and the eleven
 “ volumes of those of Erasmus : That my Lord
 “ Marchmont will take the larger paper edition of
 “ Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord
 “ Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall pre-
 “ fer : That my Lord Bathurst will find a place for
 “ the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the
 “ Venus of Medici, and the Apollo in *chiaro oscuro*,
 “ done by Kneller : That Mr. Murray will accept
 “ of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini ; and of
 “ Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi : and that Mr. Ar-
 “ buthnot will take the Watch I commonly wore,
 “ which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl
 “ of Peterborough, and he to me on his death-bed ;
 “ together with one of the pictures of Lord Bol-
 “ lingbroke.

“ Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the
 “ busts of Spencer, Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden,
 “ in marble, which his royal master the Prince was
 “ pleased to give me. I give and devise my library
 “ of printed books to Ralph Allen of Widcombe,
 “ Esq; and to the Reverend Mr. William Warbur-
 “ ton, or to the survivor of them (when those be-
 “ longing to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and
 “ when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen threescore
 “ out of the number.) I also give and bequeath to
 “ the said Mr. Warburton, the property of all such
 “ of my works already printed, as he hath written,
 “ or shall write commentaries or notes upon, and
 “ which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alie-
 “ nated ; and all the profits which shall arise after
 “ my death from such editions as he shall publish
 “ without future alterations.

“ Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq; abovesaid shall
 “ survive me, I order my executors to pay him the
 “ sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to
 “ the best of my calculation, the account of what I
 “ have received from him partly for my own, and
 “ partly for charitable uses. If he refuse to take
 “ this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I

" am persuaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of
 " the Bath hospital *.

" I give

* The reader cannot fail to be smitten with the apparent coolness which Mr POPE, by this extraordinary bequest, betrays towards his truly amiable and generous friend Mr. Allen : and the impartiality of history will not allow me to conceal the cause.

Mr. POPE's extravagant attachment to Mrs. Blount is well known, and strongly displayed in this Will itself. About a year before Mr. POPE's death, this Lady, at the desire of Mr. POPE and Mr. Allen, paid a visit to the latter at Prior Park, where she behaved herself in so arrogant and unbecoming a manner, that it occasioned an irreconcilable breach between her and some part of Mr. Allen's family. As Mr. POPE's extreme friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount, made him consult her in all her concerns, so when he was about making his last will, he advised with her on the occasion ; and she declared to him she would not accept the large provision made by it for herself, unless he returned back, by way of legacy, all that he had received of Mr. Allen, on any account : and Mr. POPE, with the greatest reluctance, complied with the infirmity of such a vindictive spirit.

Mr. Allen, on reading this clause, and observing the sum mentioned, smiled and said—" Poor Mr. POPE was always a " bad accountant ; however," says he, " I will receive the " legacy (as Mrs. Blount is the residuary legatee) and give it to " the Bath hospital:" which he accordingly did. And to shew that his affection to Mr. POPE was still the same (laying all that was blameable in this affair to the charge of Mrs. Blount) he doubled the legacy Mr. POPE left to his faithful and favourite servant John Searl, and took him and his family into his protection.

One of Mr. POPE's intimate friends, who was obliged to him for all he had, being disappointed by his will, had the insolence to observe on this occasion, that " *the public said* (hiding his own rancour under a name which will bear every thing) " *that* " *Mr. Pope had divided his fortune without any other regard than* " *to his fame and his mistress.*" So early were these returns for the purest friendship paid to his memory.

It is certain, however, that Mr. POPE in this, as in the case of Lord Bolingbroke, deserved pity instead of blame. For though he had the strongest friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount, yet it was of a kind the most innocent and pure, notwithstanding what malignant or mirthful people might suggest to the contrary, either in jest or earnest. But no excuse can be made for Mrs. Blount's abuse of the influence she had over him ; or for
 the

“ I give and devise to my sister-in law, Mrs. Mag-
 dalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds ;
 “ and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, one
 “ hundred pounds each. I also release and give to
 “ her all my right and interest in and upon a bond
 “ of five hundred pounds, due to me from her son
 “ Michael. I also give her the family pictures of
 “ my father, mother, and aunts, and the diamond
 “ ring my mother wore, and her golden watch. I
 “ give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Cle-
 “ ment Cotterell, William Rollinson, Nathaniel
 “ Hook, Esquires, and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to
 “ each the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in a
 “ ring, or any memorial of me ; and to my servant,
 “ John Searl, who has faithfully and ably served
 “ me many years, I give and devise the sum of one
 “ hundred pounds, over and above a year’s wages
 “ to himself and his wife ; and to the poor of the
 “ parish of Twickenham, twenty pounds, to be di-
 “ vided among them by the said John Searl : And
 “ it is my will, if the said John Searl die before me,
 “ that the said sum of one hundred pounds go to his
 “ wife or children.

“ Item, I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount,
 “ younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of
 “ Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, the sum of one
 “ thousand pounds immediately on my decease : and
 “ all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden,
 “ house-hold-goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is
 “ not otherwise disposed of in this my will, I give
 “ and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of
 “ a sincere regard, and long friendship for her. And
 “ it is my will, that my abovesaid Executors, the

the indifference and neglect she shewed to him throughout his whole last illness.

In short it was his fortune, like Manley’s in the *PLAIN DEALER*, to be egregiously duped by his friend, and his mis-
 tress. The mask of rigid, savage virtue, which the former
 assumed when he turned philosopher, and the tenderness of
 friendship which he thought he saw in the other, made a sport
 of one of the best heads and hearts that ever was.

“ survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account
 “ of all my estate, money or bonds, &c. and, after
 “ paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all
 “ the residue upon government, or other securities,
 “ according to their best judgment; and pay the
 “ produce thereof, half yearly, to the said Mrs.
 “ Martha Blount, during her natural life: and after
 “ her decease, I give the sum of one thousand pounds
 “ to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons, Robert,
 “ Henry, and John, to be divided equally among
 “ them, or to the survivors or survivor of them;
 “ and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha
 “ Blount, I give the sum of two hundred pounds to
 “ the abovesaid Gilbert West; two hundred to Mr.
 “ George Arbuthnot; two hundred to his sister,
 “ Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and one hundred to my
 “ servant, John Searl; to which soever of these shall
 “ be then living: And all the residue and remainder
 “ to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my
 “ next of kin.
 “ This is my last will and testament, written with
 “ my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this
 “ twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord,
 “ one thousand seven hundred and forty three.

“ ALEX. POPE.

“ Signed, sealed, and declared
 “ by the Testator, as his last
 “ will and testament, in
 “ presence of us,

“ Radnor.

“ Stephen Hales, minister at
 “ Teddington.

“ Joseph Spence, professor of
 “ history in the Universi-
 “ ty of Oxford.”

Soon

Soon after he had made his will, he wrote a letter to the learned commentator on his works, wherein is the following pathetic passage. "I own," says he, "the late encroachments upon my constitution, make me willing to see the end of all farther care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader: And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well can turn their best side to the day, as your own."

In the year 1751, was published a compleat edition of Mr. POPE's works. In what manner it was executed, and how far Mr. POPE has been justified in the choice he made both of a friend, and a critic, the approbation of the impartial public has long since determined.

To that impartial tribunal, I submit the foregoing sheets in which I have endeavoured to do justice to Mr. POPE's character, whether he is considered as an author, or as a man. If I have been mistaken in my judgment of his *literary* capacity, his writings are in every body's hands, and the reader's better taste will correct me. In the delineation of his *moral* character, I have been more attentive to preserve a faithful likeness, than to draw a graceful picture.

The work, such as it is, will not, I trust, be altogether without its use: One of the most instructive gifts to posterity, being the Life of a Man of GENIUS and VIRTUE.

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L E T T E R S

F R O M

Mr. P O P E,

T O

A A R O N H I L L, Esq;

L E T T E R I.

From Mr. POPE, to AARON HILL, Esq;

S I R,

Jan. 26, 1730-31.

I AM obliged to you for your compliment, and can truly say, I never gave you just cause of complaint. You once mistook on a bookseller's idle report *, and publickly expressed your mistake; yet you mistook a second time, that two initial letters,

* Of what was Mr. Pope's opinion of Mr. Hill's poem called the *Northern Star*.

only *, were meant of you, though every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner: and, in truth (except some few) those letters were set at random to occasion what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know.

Upon this mistake you were too ready to attack me, in a paper of very pretty verses, in some public journal.—I should imagine the Dunciad meant you a real compliment, and so it has been thought by many, who have asked, to whom that passage made that oblique Panegyric? As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not the author of them; though I love truth so well, as fairly to tell you, Sir, I think even that note a commendation, and should think myself not ill used *to have the same words said of me* †: therefore, believe me, I never was other than friendly to you, in my own mind.

Have I not much more reason to complain of *the Caveat* ‡. Where give me leave, Sir, to tell you, with the same love of truth, and with the frankness it inspired (which, I hope, you will see, through this whole letter,) I am falsely abused, in being represented “*sneakingly to approve, and want the worth to cherish, or befriend men of merit.*” It is, indeed, Sir, a very great error: I am sorry the author of that reflection knew me no better, and happened to be unknown to those who could have better informed him: for I have the charity to think, he was misled only by his ignorance of me, and the benevolence to forgive the worst thing that ever, (in my opinion) was said of me, on that supposition.

* The initial letters to the characters of the several kinds of genius in the Profund, in the 6th chap. of the *Art of sinking in Poetry*.

† That Mr. H. *had published pieces in his youth, bordering upon the bombast.* Mr. P. used to laugh at what he had done himself, of that sort, and would quote verses for the diversion of his friends, from an epic poem he wrote when a boy.

‡ A thing which Mr. H. says was his.

I do faithfully assure you, I never was angry at any criticism, made on my poetry, by whomsoever: if I could do Mr. Dennis any humane office, I would, though I were sure he would abuse me personally to-morrow; therefore it is no great merit in me, to find, at my heart, I am your servant. I am very sorry you ever was of another opinion—I see, by many marks, you distinguished me from my contemporary writers: had we known one another, you had distinguished me from others, as a *man*, and no ill, or ill-natured one. I only wish you knew, as well as I do, how much I prefer qualities of the heart to those of the head: I vow to God, I never thought any great matters of my poetical capacity; I only thought it a little better, comparatively, than that of some very mean writers, who are too proud.—But, I do know, *certainly*, my moral life is *superior* to that of most of the *wits* of these days. This is a silly letter, but it will shew you my mind honestly, and, I hope, convince you, I can be, and am,

Sir,

Your very affectionate

and humble Servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER II.

From Mr. POPE, to AARON HILL, Esq;

Parsons Green, Feb 5, 1730-1.

SINCE I am fully satisfied we are each of us sincerely and affectionately servants to the other, I desire we may be no further misled by the warmth of writing on this subject. If you think I have shewn too much *weakness*, or if I think you have shewn too much

much *warmth*, let us forgive one another's temper. I told you I thought my letter a silly one; but the more I thought so, the more in sending it I shewed my trust in your good disposition toward me. I am sorry you took it to have an air of *neglect*, or *superiority*: because I know in my heart, I had not the least thought of my being any way superior to Mr. Hill; and, far from the least design to shew neglect to a gentleman who was shewing me civility, I meant in return to shew him a better thing, sincerity; which I am sorry should be so ill expressed as to seem rudeness. I meant but to complain as frankly as you, that all complaints on both sides might be out, and at a period for ever: I meant by this to have laid a surer foundation for your opinion of me for the future, that it might no more be shaken by mistakes or whispers.

I am sure, Sir, you have a higher opinion of my poetry than I myself. But I am so desirous you should have a just one of me every way, that I wish you understood both my temper in general, and my justice to you in particular, better than I find my letter represented them. I wish it the more, since you tell me how ill a picture my enemies take upon them to give, of the mind of a man they are utter strangers to. However, you will observe, that much *spleen* and *emotion* are a little inconsistent with *neglect*, and an opinion of *superiority*. Towards them, God knows, I never felt any emotions, but what bad writers raise in all men, those gentle ones of laughter or pity: that I was so open, concerned, and serious, with respect to you only, is sure a proof of regard, not neglect. For in truth, nothing ever vexed me, till I saw your epigram against Dr. Swift and me come out in your papers: and this, indeed, did vex me, to see *one swan among the geese*.

That the letters A. H. were applied to you in the papers, I did not know, (for I seldom read them); I heard it only from Mr. S. as from yourself, and sent my assurances to the contrary. But I do not

see

see how the annotator on the Dunciad could have rectified that mistake, *publickly*, without particularizing *your name*, in a book where I thought it too good to be inserted. No doubt he has applied that passage in the D. to you, by the story he tells; but his mention of *bombast*, *only* in some of your *juvenile pieces*, I think, was meant to shew, that passage hinted only at that *allegorical* muddiness, and not at any *worse sort of dirt*, with which some other writers were charged. I hate to say what will not be believed: yet when I told you, "Many asked me to *whom* that oblique praise was meant?" I did not tell you I answered, it was *you*. Has it escaped your observation, that the name is a syllable too long? Or (if you will have it a christian name) is there any other in the whole book? Is there no author of two syllables whom it will better fit, not only as getting out of the allegorical muddiness, but as having been *dipt in the dirt of party-writing*, and recovering from it betimes? I know such a man, who would take it for a compliment, and so would his patrons too—But I ask you not to believe this, except you are vastly inclined to it. I will come closer to the point: would you have the note *left out*? It shall. Would you have it expressly said, *you were not meant*? It shall, if I have any influence on the editors

I believe the note was meant only as a gentle rebuke, and friendly: I understood very well the *caveat* on your part to be the same; and complained (you see) of nothing but two or three lines reflecting on my *behaviour* and *temper to other writers*; because I knew they were not true, and you could not know they were.

You cannot in your cool judgment think it fair to fix a man's character on a point, of which you do not give one instance? Name but the man, or men, to whom I have unjustly omitted approbation or encouragement, and I will be ready to do them justice. I think I have *publickly* praised all the best writers of my time, except yourself, and such as I have had no
fair

fair opportunity to praise. As to the *great* and *popular*, I have praised but few, and those at the times when they were *least popular*. Many of those writers have done nothing else but flattered the Great and Popular, or been worse employed by them in party-stuff. I do indeed think it *no great pride* in me, to speak about *them* with some air of superiority; and this, Sir, must be the cause (and no other) that made me address *that declaration* of my temper towards *them*, to *you*, who had accused me of the contrary; not, I assure you, from the least imagination of any resemblance between you and them, either in merit or circumstances.

I named Mr. Dennis, because you distinguish him from the rest: so do I. But, moreover, he was uppermost in my thoughts, from having endeavoured (*before* your admonition) to promote his affair, with Lord Wilmington, Lord Lansdown, Lord Blandford, and Mr. Pulteney, &c. who promised me to favour it. But it would be unjust to measure my good-will by the effects of it on the Great, many of whom are the last men in the world who will pay tributes of this sort, from their own un-giving nature; and many of whom laugh at me when I seriously petition for Mr. Dennis. After this, I must not name the many whom I have fruitlessly solicited: I hope yet to be more successful. But, Sir, you seem too iniquitous in your conceptions of me, when you fancy I called such things *services*. I called them but *humane offices*: services I said I *would* render him, *if I could*. I *would* ask a place for life for him; and I *have*; but that is not in my power: if it was, it would be a *service*, and I wish it.

I mentioned the *possibility* of Mr. D's abusing me for forgiving him, because he actually did, in print, lately represent my poor, undesigning, subscriptions to him, to be the effect of fear, and desire to stop his critiques upon me. I wish Mr. Hill would (for once) think so candidly of me, as to believe me sincere in one declaration, that "I desire no man to belye his own judgment in my favour." Therefore, though

I ac-

I acknowledge your generous offer * to give *examples of imperfections* rather out of your own works than mine, in your intended book; I consent, with all my heart, to your confining them to *mine*; for two reasons: the one, that I fear your sensibility that way is greater than my own (by observing you seem too concerned at that hint given by the notes on the *Dunciad* of a little fault in the works of your *youth* only): the other is a better, namely, that I intend to amend by your remarks, and correct the faults you find, if they are such as I expect from Mr. Hill's cool judgment.

I am very sensible, that my *poetical* talent is all that may (I say not, will) make me *remembered*: but it is my *morality* only that must make me *beloved* or *happy*: and if it be any deviation from *greatness of mind*, to prefer friendships to fame, or the honest enjoyments of life to noisy praises; I fairly confess that meanness. Therefore, it is, Sir, that I much more resent any attempt against my moral character (which I know to be unjust) than any to lessen my poetical one, (which, for all I know, may be very just)

Pray then, Sir, excuse my weak letter, as I do your warm one. I end as I begun. You guessed right, that I was sick when I wrote it: Yours are very well written, but I have neither health nor time to make mine so. I have writ a whole book of re-tractions of my writings (which would greatly improve your criticisms on my errors) but of my life and manners I do not yet repent one jot, especially when I find in my heart I continue to be, without the least acrimony (even as little as I desire you should bear to myself) sincerely, Sir,

Yours affectionately.

* Mr. H. had told him that he had almost finished *An Essay on propriety and impropriety in design, thought and expression, illustrated by examples in both kinds, from the writings of Mr. Pope*; which, if it would create the least pain in Mr. POPE, he was willing with all his heart to have it run thus. *An Essay on propriety and impropriety, &c. illustrated by examples of the first from the writings of Mr. Pope, and of the last from those of the author.*

LETTER III.

From Mr. POPE, to AARON HILL, Esq;

Sept. 1, 1731.

I COULD not persuade myself to write to you since your great loss, till I hoped you had received some alleviation to it, from the only hand which can give any, that of Time. Not to have mentioned it, however fashionable it may be, I think unnatural, and in some sense inhuman; and I fear the contrary custom is too much an excuse, in reality, for that indifference we too usually have for the concern of another: in truth, that was not my case: I know the reason of one man is of little effect toward the resignation of another; and when I compared the forces of yours and mine, I doubted not which had the advantage, even though in your own concern. 'Tis hard, that in these tender afflictions the greatness of the mind and the goodness are opposite to each other; and that while reason, and the consideration upon what conditions we receive all the goods of this life, operate towards our quiet; even the best of our passions (which are the same things with the softest of our virtues) refuse us that comfort. But I will say no more on this melancholy subject. The whole intent of this letter is to tell you how much I wish you capable of consolation, and how much I wish to know when you find yourself so. I would hope you begin to seek it, to amuse your mind with those studies of which Tully says, *Adversus perfugium & solatium præbent*, and to transcribe (if I may so express it) your own softnesses and generous passions into the hearts of others who more want them. I do not flatter you in saying, I think your tragedy will do this effectually (to which I had occasion, the other day, to do justice to Mr. Wilks) or whatever else you chuse to divert your own passion with, and to raise that of your readers.—I wish the change of place, or the views of nature in the country, made a part of your scheme.

scheme.—You once thought of Richmond—I wish you were there, or nearer. I have thrice missed of you in town, the only times I have been there: my last month was passed at my Lord Cobham's, and in a journey through Oxfordshire: I wish you as susceptible, at this time, of these pleasures as I am. I have been truly concerned for you, and for your daughter, who I believe is a *true part* of you. I will trouble you no farther, but with the assurance that I am not unmindfully,

Sir, *Yours, &c.*

LETTER IV.

From Mr. POPE, to AARON HILL, Esq;

Sept. 3, 1731.

I HAVE been, and yet am, totally confined by my mother's relapse, if that can be called so, which is rather a constant and regular decay. She is now on her last bed, in all probability, from whence she has not risen in some weeks, yet in no direct pain, but a perpetual languor. I suffer for her, for myself, and for you, in the reflection of what you have felt at the side of a sick bed which I now feel, and of what I probably soon shall suffer which you now suffer, in the loss of one's best friend. I have wished (ever since I saw your letter) to ask you, since you find your own house a scene of sorrows, to pass some days in mine; which I begin to think I shall soon have the same melancholy reason to shun. In the mean time I make a sort of amusement of this melancholy situation itself, and try to derive a comfort in imagining I give some to her. I am seldom prompted to poetry in these circumstances; yet I will send you a few lines I sent t'other day from her bed-side to a particular friend. Indeed I want spirits and matter, to send you any thing else, or on any other subject. These too are spiritless, and incorrect.

While

While ev'ry joy, successful youth ! is thine,
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.
 Me long, ah long ! may these soft cares engage ;
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Me, when the cares my better years have shown
 Another's age shall hasten on my own ;
 Shall some kind hand, like B***'s or thine,
 Lead gently down, and favour the decline ?
 In wants, in sickness, shall a *Friend* be nigh,
 Explore my *thought*, and watch my asking *eye* ?
 Whether that blessing be deny'd, or giv'n,
 Thus far, is right ; the rest belongs to heav'n.

Excuse this, in a man who is weak and wounded, but not by his enemies, but for his friends. I wish you the continuance of all that is yet dear to you in life, and am truly, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. POPE, to AARON HILL, Esq;

Twickenham, Dec. 22, 1731.

I Thank you for your tragedy, which I have now read over a sixth time, and of which I not only preserve, but increase my esteem. You have been kind to this age, in not telling the next, in your preface, the ill taste of the town, of which the reception you describe it to have given of your play (worse, indeed, than I had heard, or could have imagined) is a more flagrant instance than any of those trifles mentioned in my epistle ; which yet, I hear, the fore vanity of our pretenders to taste flinches at extremely.—The title you mention had been a properer to that epistle—I have heard no criticisms about it, nor do I listen after them ; *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil* (I mean, I think

I think the verses to be so): but as you are a man of tender sentiments of honour, I know it will grieve you to hear another undeservedly charged with a crime his heart is free from: for if there be truth in the world, I declare to you, I never imagined the least application of what I said of Timon could be made to the D. of Ch——s, than whom there is scarce a more blameless, worthy and generous, beneficent character, among all our nobility: and if I have not lost my senses, the town has lost them, by what I heard to late, as but two days ago, of the uproar on this head. I am certain, if you calmly read every particular of that description, you'll find almost all of them point-blank the reverse of that person's Villa. It is an awkward thing for a man to print, in defence of his own work, against a chimæra: you know not who, or what, you fight against: the objections start up in a new shape, like the armies and phantoms of magicians, and no weapon can cut a mist, or a shadow. *Yet it would have been a pleasure to me, to have found some friend saying a word in my justification,* against a most malicious falshood. I speak of such, as have known by their own experience, these twenty years, that I always took up their defence, when any stream of calumny ran upon them. If it gives the duke one moment's uneasiness, I should think myself ill paid, if the whole earth admired the poetry; and believe me, would rather never have written a verse in my life, than that any one of them should trouble a truly good man. It was once my case before but happily reconciled; and among generous minds nothing so endears friends, as the having offended one another.

I lament the malice of the age, that studies to see its own likeness in every thing; I lament the dulness of it, that cannot see an excellence: the first is my unhappiness, the second yours. I look upon the fate of your piece, like that of a great treasure, which is buried as soon as brought to light; but it is sure to be dug up the next age, and enrich posterity.

I have

I have been very sensible, on these two occasions, to feel them (as I have done) at a time, when I daily feared the loss of (what is, and ought to be dearer to me than any reputation, *but that of a friend*, or than any thing of my own, *except my morals*) the loss of a most tender parent—She is alive, and that is all! I have perceived my heart in this, and you may believe me sincerely, &c.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. POPE, to AARON HILL, Esq;

I MADE a strong essay to have told you in person how very kindly I took your two last letters. The only hours I had in my power from a necessary care that brought me back immediately, I would have imposed on you. It will please you to know the poor woman * is rather better, though it may be but like the improvement of a light on the end of a dying taper, which brightens a little before it expires—Your hint about my title of *false taste*, you will see, is made use of in the second edition. Your opinion also of my giving some public dissent or protest against the silly malicious misconstruction of the town, I agree to; but I think no one step should be taken in it, but *in concert* with the Duke whom they injure. It will be a pleasure felt by you, to tell you, his Grace has written to me the strongest assurance imaginable of the rectitude of his opinion, and of his resentment of that report, which to *him* is an *impertinence*, to *me* a *villainy*.

I am afraid of tiring you, and (what is your best security) I have not time to do it. I'll only just tell you, that many circumstances you have heard, as resemblances to the picture of Timon, are utterly inventions of lyars; the number of servants never was an hundred, the paintings not of Verrio or La Guerre,

* His Mother.

but Bellucci and Zaman; no such buffet, manner of reception at the study, terras, &c. all which, and many more, they have not scrupled to forge, to gain some credit to the application: and (which is worse) belied testimonies of noblemen, and of my particular friends, to condemn me. In a word, the malice is as great as the dulness, of my calumniators: the one I forgive, the other I pity, and I despise both. Adieu; the first day I am near you, I will find you out, and shew you something you will like. My best good wishes are yours, and Miss Urania's.

LETTER VII.

From Mr. POPE, to AARON HILL, Esq;

June 2, 1738.

I SENT you as honest an answer as I could, to the letter you favoured me with, and am sorry you imagine any *civil reproach*, or *latent meaning*, where I meant to express myself with the utmost openness. I would assure you, if you please, by my oath, as well as my word, that I am in no degree displeased at any freedom you can take with me in a private letter, or with my writings in public. I again insist that you alter or soften no one criticism of yours in my favour; nor deprive yourself of the liberty, nor the world of the profit, of your freest remarks on my errors.

In what I said, I gave you a true picture of my own heart, as far as I know it myself. It is true, I have shewn a *scorn* of some *writers*; but it proceeded from an experience that they were bad men, or bad friends, or vile hirelings; in which case, their being authors did not make them, to me, either more respectable, or more formidable. As for any other pique, my mind is not so susceptible of it as you have seemed, on each occasion, too much inclined (I think) to believe. What may have sometimes seemed a

neglect

neglect of others, was rather a *laziness* to cultivate or contract new friends, when I was satisfied with those I had; or when I apprehended their demands were too high for me to answer.

I thank you for the confidence you shew you have in me, in telling me what you judge amiss in my *nature*. If it be (as you too partially say) my only fault, I might soon be a perfect character: for I would endeavour to correct this fault in myself, and intreat you to correct all those in my writings; I see, by the specimen you generously gave me in your late letter, you are able to do it; and I would rather owe (and *own* I owe) that correction to your friendship, than to my own industry.

For the last paragraph of yours, I shall be extremely ready to convey what you promise to send me, to my Lord B. I am in hopes very speedily to see him myself, and will, in that case, be the bearer; if not, I shall send it, by the first safe hand, to him. I am truly glad of any occasion of proving myself, with all the respect that is consistent with sincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. POPE, to AARON HILL, Esq;

June 9, 1738.

THE favour of yours of May the 11th, had not been unacknowledged so long, but it reached me not till my return from a journey, which had carried me from scene to scene, *where Gods might wander with delight*. I am sorry yours was attended with any thoughts less pleasing, either from the conduct towards you of the world in general, or of any one else in particular. As to the subject-matter of the letter, I found what I have often done in receiving letters

letters from those I most esteemed, and most wished to be esteemed by; a great pleasure in reading it, and a great inability to answer it. I can only say, you oblige me, in seeming so well to know me again; as one extremely willing that the free exercise of criticism should extend over my own writings, as well as those of others, whenever the public may receive the least benefit from it; as I question not they will a great deal, when exerted by you. I am sensible of the honour you do me, in proposing to send me your work before it appears: if you do, I must insist, that no use in my favour be made of that distinction, by the alteration or softening of any censure of yours on any line of mine.

What you have observed in your letter I think just; only I would acquit myself in one point: I could not have the least *pique* to Mr. Th. in what is cited in the treatise of the *Bathos* from the play which I never supposed to be his: he gave it as Shakespear's, and I take it to be of that age: and indeed the collection of those, and many more of the thoughts censured there, was not made by me, but Dr. Arbuthnot.—I have had two or three occasions to lament, that you seem to know me much better as a *poet*, than as a *man*. You can hardly conceive how little either *pique* or contempt I bear to any creature, unless for immoral or dirty actions: any mortal is at full liberty, unanswered, to write and print of me as a poet, to praise me one year, and blame me another; only I desire him to spare my character as an honest man, over which he can have no private, much less any public right, without some personal knowledge of my heart, or the motives of my conduct: nor is it a sufficient excuse, to alledge he was *so* or *so informed*, which was the case with those men.

I am sincere in all I say to you, and have no vanity in saying it. You really over-value me greatly in my poetical capacity; and I am sure your work would do me infinitely too much honour, even if it blamed me oftener than it commended: for the first you will

do with lenity, the last with excess. But I could be glad to part with some share of any good man's admiration, for some of his affection, and his belief that I am not wholly undeserving to be thought what I am to you.



APPENDIX, No. II.

A
L E T T E R

TO THE
EDITOR of the LETTERS
ON

The Spirit of PATRIOTISM,
The Idea of a PATRIOT-KING,
AND

The State of PARTIES, &c.

Occasioned by the
EDITOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Is this my Guide, Philosopher and Friend?

POPE to L. B.

Printed in the Year MDCC XLIX.

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A P P E N D I X, No. II.

A
L E T T E R
T O T H E

E D I T O R of the L E T T E R S
O N

The Spirit of P A T R I O T I S M,
The Idea of a P A T R I O T - K I N G,
A N D

The State of P A R T I E S, &c.

Occasioned by the
E D I T O R ' S A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Is this my Guide, Philosopher and Friend?

POPE to L. B.

Printed in the Year M D C C X L I X.

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TO THE
EDITOR
OF THE
LETTERS, &c.

SIR,

I Address this to you, as to a person different from the *Author* of these *Letters*. My respect for L. B's character will not suffer me to think you the same. Your *Advertisement* is the crudest and most unmanaged attack on the honour of his deceased friend; and he certainly was under all the ties of that sacred relation, to defend and protect it.

Your charge, against Mr. POPE, runs in these words,—“ The original draughts [*of these letters*] “ were intrusted to a man, on whom the author “ thought he might entirely depend, after he had ex- “ acted from him, and taken his promise, that they “ should never go into any hands, except those of “ five or six persons who were then named to him. In “ this confidence, the author rested securely for some “ years; and though he was not without suspicion “ that they had been communicated to more persons “ than he intended they should be, yet he was kept, “ by repeated assurances, even from suspecting that “ any copies had gone into hands unknown to him. “ But this man was no sooner dead, than he received “ information that an entire edition of 1500 copies of “ these

“ these papers had been printed ; that this very man
 “ had corrected the press, and that he had left them
 “ in the hands of the printer, to keep with great se-
 “ crecy till further orders. The honest printer kept
 “ his word with him better than he kept his with his
 “ friend : so that the whole edition came, at last,
 “ into the hands of the author, except some few co-
 “ pies, which this person had taken out of the heap,
 “ and carried away. These are doubtless the copies
 “ which have been handed about, not very privately,
 “ since his death. The rest were all destroyed in one
 “ common fire.—By these copies it appeared, that
 “ the man who had been guilty of this breach of
 “ trust, had taken upon him further to divide the
 “ subject, and to alter and omit passages according to
 “ the suggestions of his own fancy. What aggravates
 “ this proceeding extremely is, that the author had
 “ told him, on several occasions, amongst other rea-
 “ sons, why he could not consent to the publication
 “ of these papers, that they had been written in too
 “ much heat and hurry for the public eye.—He
 “ chanced to know that scraps and fragments of these
 “ papers had been employed to swell a monthly ma-
 “ gazine, and that the same honourable employment
 “ of them was to be continued — The Editor,
 “ therefore, who has in his hands the genuine co-
 “ py—resolved to publish it.”

This is the charge. And with regard to the fact,
 that Mr. P. *did print an entire edition of Lord B's letters*
without his consent, it must, as far as I can see, be
 left uncontroverted. For the *man* accused is *dead*.
 He cannot speak for himself ; and his papers, which
 might have spoken for him, were all devised by the
 dying *man*, to the trust and absolute disposal of his
noble friend.

My complaint (and I persuade myself all impartial
 men will join in it) is, that the charge is enforced with
 so unfriendly, nay so vindictive a severity, that the
 public is even invited to think the worst of the accu-
 sed's *intention* ; there being nothing so base, or so
 mean,

mean, which the terms of the accusation will not justify them to infer from it.

Since, therefore, you have so far forgot the office of a fair accuser, as not only to avoid assisting the judgment of the tribunal, you appeal to, in the *nature* of the FACT; but to prefer your accusation in such terms as must necessarily mislead it, let me be allowed to remind the public of what you have so disingenuously omitted or disguised. Which I shall do no otherwise, than by considering all the possible motives Mr. P. could have for this action, supposing it to have been committed in the manner charged upon him. For though the *motive* cannot so alter the nature of actions, as to make that right, which is, in itself, wrong; yet it may alleviate the weight of the very worst; it may make those pardonable, which are confessedly bad; and give even a splendour to the obliquities of others which a truly generous mind would honour. Whether the fact in question, admitting it to be faulty, be not of this last class, must be submitted to the tribunal to which we now make our joint appeal.

In an offence of this kind, committed by *authors* against one another, the motive, that most readily occurs, is *plagiarism*: so that one might suspect this *breach of trust* was accompanied with an intended violation of property; and that the offender proposed assuming to himself the glory of his friend's performance; especially as he took the liberties here complained of, *'to divide the subject, and to alter and omit passages according to the suggestions of his own fancy.* But if, in criminal proceedings, it be held a satisfactory answer to the charge of a poultry theft, that the accused was immensely rich, we shall need no other plea to acquit Mr. P. of his suspicion. Besides, the author of the *letters* was well known to all L. B.'s friends; the title-page of this surreptitious edition tells us, they were written by a *person of quality*; and the honest Printer himself knew the true author, as appears by his applying to L. B. with information of the 1500 copies.

As to any *lucrative* views ; if Mr. P's beneficent temper, his generous contempt of money, which made him at several periods of his life refuse an honourable pension from ministers of more than one denomination, and decline every other way of establishing his fortune than by a noble appeal to the public taste : if this, I say, will not acquit him of so mean a suspicion, I might appeal to the very *circumstances* of the fact itself. He prints, at a considerable expence, 1500 copies of an eighteen penny pamphlet to lye in the Printer's warehouse ; and which, according to your own account, did actually lye there till his death. And what book ? one, which of all the author's writings, was least calculated to catch the public attention, (however this extraordinary *advertisement* may now raise their curiosity) as the subject of it had been so often hacknied over, in the papers of the CRAFTSMAN. Had profit been his point, who can doubt but he had rather chosen some of L. B's HISTORICAL tracts, which he had equally in his possession.

Least of all will it be suspected to have been done to injure L. B. in his fame or fortune ; the book itself being manifestly calculated to support both, by putting him in that light wherein he most affects to be seen, *a dispassionate and disinterested lover of his country*. Had Mr. P. designed to hurt his ease or reputation, he would probably have enriched us with his PHILOSOPHICAL or THEOLOGICAL works, where his noble friend gives less quarter to religious prejudices, than, here, to political corruptions ; and which, by their being kept unpublished, deprive religion of one considerable advantage.

In a word, had Mr. P. been conscious to himself of any low, oblique, or unfriendly motive, how happened it that, at his death, he chose it should come to the knowledge of his friend ? That he did *chuse* it, is most certain. *His honest Printer*, you tell us, *faithfully kept his word with him*. His last illness was long and tedious, and known by him, as well as by his physicians, to be fatal. He might therefore have burnt these 1500 copies with a secrecy equal to the
often.

ostentation with which they *were all destroyed in one common fire* by this DEPOSITARY of the writings and reputation of a man, whose last vows to heaven were for the prosperity of his surviving FRIEND.

But, if we allow the fact, some reason, after all, must be given for his committing it. We have shewn the high absurdity of supposing it to be done on any of the motives already mentioned: which, indeed, only envy and malignity could suggest. One, only, remains: and happily, that one is what every man, at first sight, must acknowledge to be the true; *An excessive and superstitious zeal for L. B's glory*. He paid, as all the world knows, a kind of idolatrous homage to the *divine Attributes* of his friend. And should this be thought a folly by sober admirers, (a strange one it must appear to L. B. himself) yet, sure his L—p, though the last in justice, should be the first in piety, to forgive it.

He was not only the warmest advocate for his L—p's *private* and *public* virtues against his adversaries, but even against himself. It was his common subject of complaint, amongst his other friends, that L. B. was faultily negligent of his glory, even though the good of his country, and the happiness of the world depended on its being seen in its full splendour. That, although he seemed to be sent down hither by Providence, from some higher sphere, to be the conservator of the *rights* and the *reason of* mankind, yet he suffered his actions to be misrepresented, and his character to be blackened, when only shining out, and shewing himself as he was, would be fully sufficient to dispell all those dark mists of ignorance and envy. And this being of so important concern, was the reason, I suppose, why his friend chose to prevent the loss of these *letters*: This too, well accounts for his tempering the extreme brightness of them, so offensive to mere mortals, with that terrestrial mixture of his own. The very circumstance, which you, Sir, well express, where you say, *he had taken upon him, further to divide the subject, and to alter and omit passages, according to the suggestions of his own fancy*. And

who knows but he might think himself something more than a *Porte-feuille* of his friend's papers, for he frequently told his acquaintance, (to whom I appeal on this occasion) that L. B. would, at his death, leave his writings to his own disposal. A mutual confidence ! which they placed in one another. But the execution of it on Mr. P's part, at the same time that it makes the story probable, prevents our having any written evidence of it. But concerning the particulars of those changes and interpolations, as the matter appears by the difference between the two editions, I shall say no more at present.

Having seen Mr. P's motive for *printing*, the reader may be curious to know when he thought of *publishing*. It could not be till he had the author's leave : that, the long detention of the pamphlet in the Printer's warehouse sufficiently evinces. It could not be in expectation of the author's death : that, the great disparity in the chance of survivorship will not allow us to suppose. Besides, (and let this, as it is sufficient, decide the matter) To what purpose was the expence of printing, and the hazard of secreting an edition projected *now*, when he would have had it equally in his power, if that event happened, to do it then ? We have nothing left, even on your own state of the case, but to believe that he expected (as he used to tell his friends) very speedily to obtain L. B's concurrence. What grounds he had for such expectation, the *prudent* disposition of his MS. papers will not permit us to say.

The too eager pursuit then of his friend's glory being his only motive for this presumptuous liberty (a truth so evident, that I am persuaded Mr. P. has not a single friend or acquaintance remaining who does not as firmly believe it as that L. B. wrote the *letters*, and that Mr. P. committed them to the press) since this, I say, is the case, his L—p's known *virtue* will never suffer me to suppose that you, Sir, and the author of these *letters* can be the same person. His known *wisdom* would less endure such an imputation. Whatever you, Sir, may think, his L—p's glory will
never

never stand brighter with posterity than in the lines of this immortal poet. So that to defile the mirror, which holds his L—p up, by a kind of *magic* virtue, to the admiration of all times and places, would indeed shew him more *detached from the world, and indifferent to censure*, than even you, his apologist, think fit to represent him. It must surely be some *strong necessity* that could induce his Lordship to be thus accessory to his own undoing, that is, undoing the charin which his poetical friend had worked so high. And yet your *advertisement* supplies neither him nor your reader with any excuse of this nature. You thought fit, I will suppose, that some reason should be given for your publication of the *letters*. But had not your Bookseller done this for you already, when he so often told the public, that it was *to prevent their being imposed on by a spurious and mangled edition, of which one or two scraps had appeared in a MAGAZINE*? Possibly you will say, the reader might expect to know how they came there. If it was really your intention to satisfy him at any one's expence besides Mr. P.'s, why did not you seek out and detect the man engaged in that *honourable employment*, as by a proper irony you called it? Sure it was no difficult matter: for you tell us, again, that some of the copies *had been handed about not very privately* since Mr. P.'s death. Besides, the law would have obliged the proprietor of the *Magazine* to discover from whom he had received his stolen-goods. Why then so much tenderness for him, who manifested his design by *publishing*, and so little for him, who only gave suspicion of it, by *printing*? Or did the ORDER OF THINGS, which, indeed, (in Mr. P.'s language of his L—p) was here violated, require, that vengeance should pursue, and trace up the crime, to the original offender; who had so audaciously stretched his hand to the forbidden tree, and gathered, without leave, of the knowledge of political good and evil. Or if the severity of justice required even this; was it not enough to say, that the mischief came first from Mr. P. by his giving abroad too many
copies;

copies; without telling their COMMON ENEMIES, that he had printed *fifteen hundred?* For it came not from these 1500, (which, you own, *were all destroyed in one common fire*) but from a straggling copy which escaped that destruction. As this brand therefore on Mr. POPE's memory was needless, it could not come from the hand of his *noble friend*.

But whatever high notions I myself may have of L. B. I am not so vain to think my readers must needs subscribe to them. They may, for aught I know, believe you and him to be one and the same. And then, I am half afraid even his character, great as it is, will not secure him from their censure. Are the laws of friendship then so weak, may some of them be apt to say, are its bounds so slight, that *one* imprudent action committed against the *humour* of a friend, in a mistaken fondness for his glory which came near to adoration, that *one* such shall obliterate the whole merit of a life of service, flowing from the warmest heart that the passion of friendship ever took passion of? Obliterate, will they say, nay pursue, with inexorable vengeance, the poor delinquent to the foot of the most merciless tribunal; *that* PUBLIC, *one* part of which he had much offended by a vigorous war upon the general profligacy of manners; *another*, much more offended by the insufferable splendor of his talents; and a third, and that no small nor inconsiderable part, by his over zealous attachment to his very ACCUSER. Unhappy Poet! will they say, who has received the only wound to his honour from the hand of that friend, whose reputation he had, for many years, singly supported against an almost universal prejudice. But more unhappy ill-starred FRIENDSHIP, if these be thy iniquitous conditions! Who after this shall seek, in thee, a solace for the cares of private life; or believe thee to be, what thy Partisans have so often boasted in thy favour, the purest and largest source of *public virtue*? Never, after this, wilt thou be thought deserving of honest or better followers than MODERN PATRIOTS. For where true love of our country is, there, friend-
ship

ship wears a different face. At such time it has been known, that when real and repeated injuries had torn in sunder a well united friendship, the *death* of one of the parties has buried every past resentment, and revived, in the bosom of the other, all his ancient tenderness: as if the refined and defecated passions of him, who had shaken off mortality, had, by that divine sympathy of affections which lives between friends, communicated of its virtue to the survivor. Nay I have heard, some where or other, of a MAN *, who, when his dying friend, at the instigation, and to quiet the impotent passions, of another; (for what generous mind has not been deceived by ill-placed friendships) had inserted an unkind clause concerning him in his last will, took no other revenge for a folly so unprovoked, than by doubling the legacy which his deceased friend had left to an old faithful servant, because he the survivor deemed it to be too little.

But the greatest have their weaknesses. A French author, I have some time read, who has given us a history of the *Hermetic philosophy*, brings almost every great name into the number of his Alchemists. He gives them all their due, but concludes every various eulogium alike——“ now his folly was in hoping “ to *extract gold from baser metals.*” And may we not, after all the good that may be said of our illustrious poet, (and there are few of whom so much can be *justly* said) lament, that the folly which ran through his whole life was, in trying to *extract friendship out of politics?*

However, Sir, let the world talk as it may: I must still persist in thinking, that that noble person had no hand in your *Advertisement*. On this firm assurance, it will be said, perhaps, I might have left it to its own fortune, as not at all likely to mislead posterity; while it represents Mr. P. as mean, low, interested and perfidious, whose nature, if I were to define it, should be done by the single word FRIENDSHIP;

so pure and so warm was the ray of that sacred passion which animated, and governed all his faculties. But when I consider how light a matter very often subjects the best established characters to the suspicions of posterity, posterity, often as malignant to virtue, as the age that saw it in its insufferable glory; and how ready such posterity is to catch at a low revived slander, which the times that brought it forth saw despised and forgotten in its birth, I cannot but think it deserving a remark. These *letters*, Sir, of your publishing, afford us an indignant instance. The chastity of the *first* Scipio Africanus, in the case of the Spanish captive, was as celebrated, and as notorious as Mr. P's friendship for L. B. But one Valerius Antias (for calumny and history, the Oldmixon of Rome) made no scruple to assert, that far from restoring the fair Spaniard to her family, he debauched and kept her. One would have hoped so mean a slander might have slept forgotten in the dirty corner of a poor pedant's * common-place. And yet we see it quoted as a fact †, by an instructor of Kings. Who knows,

* Agellius,

† "Now the reputation of the first Scipio was not so clear and uncontroverted in *private* as in public life; nor was he allowed by all to be a man of such severe virtue as he affected, and as that age required. Nævius was thought to mean him in some verses Gellius has preserved. And Valerius Antias made no scruple to assert, that far from restoring the fair Spaniard to her family, he debauched and kept her. Notwithstanding this, what authority did he not maintain? in what esteem and veneration did he not live and die?" p. 204. of *the idea of a patriot-king*.

The Words of Nævius are these,

*Etiam qui res magnas manu sæpe gessit gloriose,
Cujus facta viva nunc vigent; qui apud gentes solus
Præstat: eum suus pater cum pallio uno ab amica abduxit.*

These obscure verses were, in Gellius's opinion, the sole foundation of Antias's calumny, against the universal concurrence of historians. *His ego versibus credo adductum Valerium Antiatem adversum ceteros omnes scriptores de Scipionis moribus sensisse,*

knows, but that at some happy time or other, when a writer wants to prove, that real friendship becomes a great man as little as real chastity ‡, this *Advertisement* of yours may be advanced to the same dignity of credit with the calumny of Valerius Antias ? If it should, I would not undertake to dispute the fact itself, on which such an inference might be made ; for I remember Tully, a great statesman himself, long ago observed, *Veræ amicitiae difficillime reperiuntur in iis qui in republica versantur.*

In conclusion, what we may learn from the moral of the tale is this, that excess, though in the social passions, lays us more open to *popular censure* than even the total want of them ; because such excesses often produce effects that low minds cannot understand ; or if they could they would still want hearts warm enough to confess the value of them.

I am,

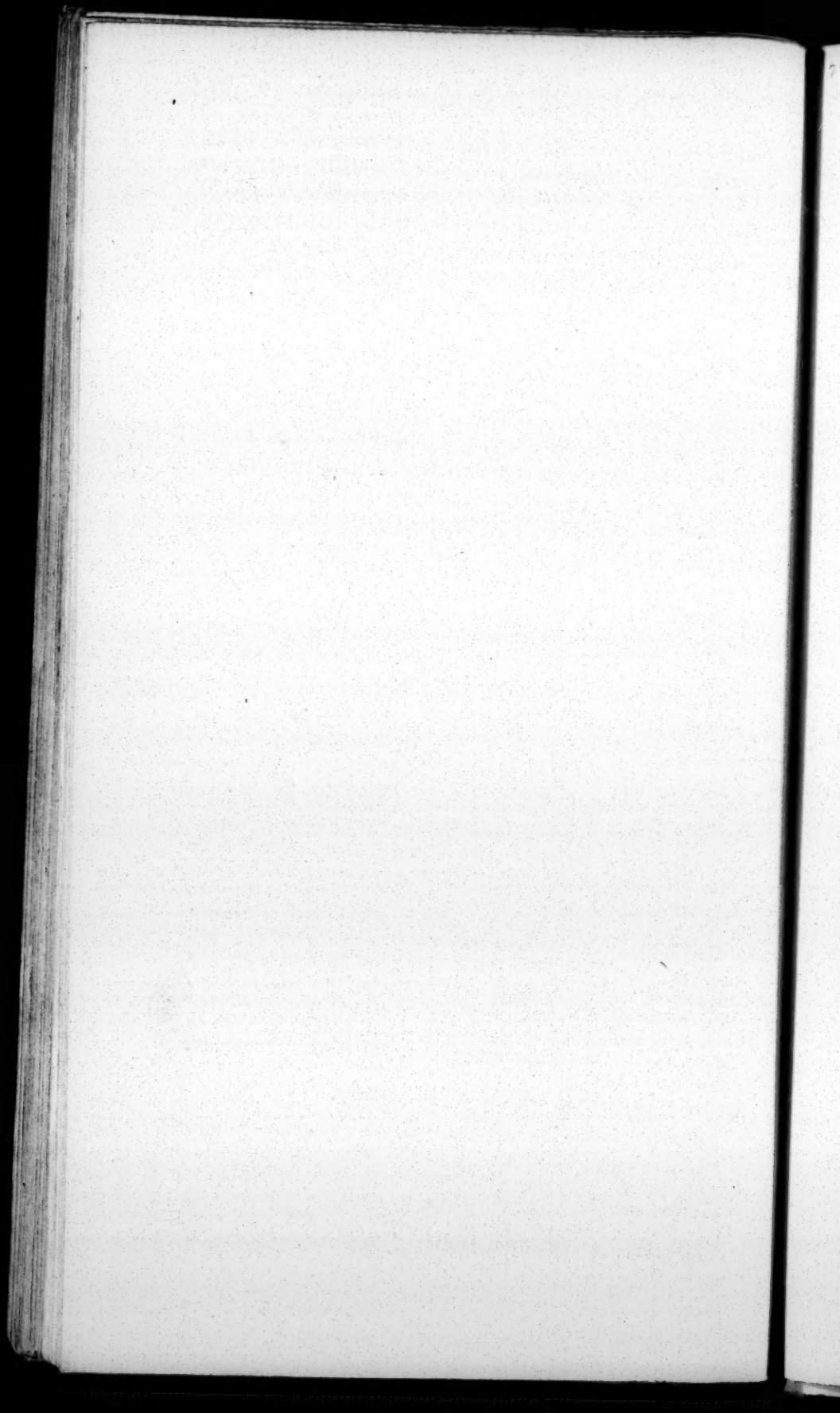
S I R,

&c.

l. 6. c. 8. And what he thought of this historian's modesty and truth, we may collect from what he tells us of him in another place, where, having quoted two tribunitial decrees, which he says he transcribed from *Records*, [*ex annalium monumentis*] he adds, that Valerius Antias made no scruple to give the lye to them in public. *Valerius autem Antias, contra banc decretorum memoriam contraque auctoritates veterum annalium—dixit, &c.* l. 7. c. 19. And Livy in his 36 B. quoting this Antias for the particulars of a victory, subjoins, concerning the number slain, *scriptori parum fidei sit, quia in eo augendo non alius intemperantior est.* And he that will amplify on one occasion, will diminish on another ; for it is the same intemperate passion that carries him indifferently to either.

‡ See p. 201. of the Idea of a Patriot-King.

F I N I S.



239
L E T T E R S

OF THE LATE

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

T O

A L A D Y.

Never before published.



Printed in the Year M DCC LXIX.

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

TO

ADAM

Never before published.



Printed in the Year MDCCLXIX

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Letters, besides the *naïveté* of the style, the quick sallies of an ingenious mind, and the graver observations of reflection and judgment, discover the Writer's Heart to have had a more amiable sensibility, and to be tinged with more goodness, than his other Writings of this sort do.

It may be proper just to mention, that the Originals of these Letters are in Mr. Doddsley's Possession.

MR.

AM

MR. P O P E ' s
L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R I.

M A D A M,

Twitenham, Oct. 18.

WE are indebted to Heaven for all things, and above all for our sense and genius (in whatever degree we have it); but to fancy yourself indebted to any thing else, moves my anger at your modesty. The regard I must bear you, seriously proceeds from myself alone; and I will not suffer even one I like so much as Mrs. H. to have a share in causing it. I challenge a kind of relation to you on the *soul's* side, which I take to be better than either on a father's or mother's; and if you can overlook an ugly *body* (that stands much in the way of any friendship, when it is between different sexes) I shall hope to find you a true and constant kinswoman in Apollo. Not that I would place all my pretensions upon that poetical foot, much less confine them to it; I am far more desirous to be admitted as yours, on the more meritorious title of friendship. I have ever believed this as a sacred maxim, that the
most

most ingenuous natures were the most sincere ; and the most knowing and sensible minds made the best friends. Of all those that I have thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have ever found the most distinguished in capacity, the most distinguished in morality : and those the most to be depended on, whom one esteemed so much as to desire they should be so. I beg you to make me no more compliments. I could make you a great many, but I know you neither need them, nor can like them : be so good as to think I do not. In one word, your writings are very good, and very entertaining ; but not so good, nor so entertaining, as your life and conversation. One is but the effect and emanation of the other. It will always be a greater pleasure to me, to know you are well, than that you write well, though every time you tell me the one, I must know the other. I am willing to spare your modesty ; and therefore, as to your writing, may perhaps never say more (directly to yourself) than the few verses I send here ; which (as a proof of my own modesty too) I made so long ago as the day you sat for your picture, and yet never till now durst confess to you.

Tho' sprightly Sappho force our love and praise, }
 A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys, }
 The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays. }
 So while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
 All mild appears the moon's more sober light,
 Serene, in virgin majesty, she shines ;
 And, unobserv'd, the glaring sun declines.

The brightest wit in the world, without the better qualities of the heart, must meet with this fate ; and tends only to endear such a character as I take yours to be. In the better discovery, and fuller conviction of which, I have a strong opinion, I shall grow more and more happy, the longer I live your
 ac-

acquaintance, and (if you will indulge me in so much pleasure)

Your faithful friend, and most

obliged servant,

A. P O P E.

L E T T E R II.

M A D A M,

Twitenham, Nov. 5,

THOUGH I am extremely obliged by your agreeable letter, I will avoid all mention of the pleasure you give me, that we may have no more words about compliments; which I have often observed people talk themselves into, while they endeavour to talk themselves out of. It is no more the diet of friendship and esteem, than a few thin wafers and marmalade were of so hearty a stomach as Sancho's. In a word, I am very proud of my new relation, and like Parnassus much the better, since I found I had so good a neighbour there. Mrs. H——, who lives at court, shall teach two country folks sincerity; and when I am so happy as to meet you, she shall settle the proportions of that regard, or good-nature, which she can allow you to spare me, from a heart, which is so much her own as yours is.

That lady is the most trusty of friends, if the imitation of Shakespear be yours; for she made me give my opinion of it with assurance it was none of Mrs. ——. I honestly liked and praised it, whose-soever it was; there is in it a sensible melancholy, and too true a picture of human life; so true an one, that I can scarce wish the verses yours at the expence of your thinking that way, so early. I rather wish you may love the town (which the author of those
lines

lines cannot *immoderately* do) these many years. It is time enough to like, or affect to like, the country, when one is out of love with all but one's-self, and therefore studies to become agreeable or easy to one's-self. Retiring into one's-self is generally the *pis-aller* of mankind. Would you have me describe my solitude and grotto to you? what if, after a long and painted description of them in verse (which the writer I have just been speaking of could better make, if I can guess by that line,

No noise but water, ever friend to thought)

what if it ended thus?

What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bow'rs, the evening colonnades;
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
Lo! the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

If these lines want poetry, they do not want sense. God almighty long preserve you from a feeling of them! The book you mention, Bruyere's Characters, will make any one know the world; and I believe at the same time despise it (which is a sign it will make one know it thoroughly). It is certainly the proof of a master-hand, that can give such striking likenesses, in such slight sketches, and in so few strokes on each subject. In answer to your question about Shakespear, the book is about a quarter printed, and the number of emendations very great. I have never indulged my own conjectures, but kept merely to such amendments as are authorized by old editions, in the author's life-time: but I think it will be a year at least before the whole work can be finished. In reply to your very handsome (I wish it were a very true) compliment upon this head, I only desire you to ob-
serve,

serve, by what natural, gentle degrees I have sunk to the humble thing I now am : first from a pretending poet to a critick, then to a low translator, lastly to a mere publisher. I am apprehensive I shall be nothing that's of any value, long, except,

Madam,

Your most obliged, and

Most faithful humble servant,

A. P O P E.

I long for your return to town ; a place I am unfit for, but shall not be long out of, as soon as I know I may be permitted to wait on you there.

L E T T E R III.

MADAM,

Thursday night.

IT was an agreeable surprize to me, to hear of your settlement in town. I lye at my Lord Peterborow's in Bolton-street, where any commands of yours will reach me to-morrow, only on Saturday evening I am pre-engaged. If Mrs. H—— be to be engaged (and if she is by any creature, it is by you) I hope she will join us. I am, with great truth,

Madam,

Your most faithful friend,

and obliged servant,

A. P O P E.

LETTER IV.

MADAM,

I COULD not play the impertinent so far as to write to you, till I was encouraged to it by a piece of news Mrs. H—— tells me, which ought to be the most agreeable in the world to any author, That you are determin'd to write no more—It is now the time then, not for me only, but for every body, to write without fear, or wit: and I shall give you the first example here. But for this assurance, it would be every way too dangerous to correspond with a lady, whose very first sight and very first writings had such an effect, upon a man us'd to what they call fine sights, and what they call fine writings. Yet he has been dull enough to sleep quietly, after all he has seen, and all he has read; till yours broke in upon his stupidity and indolence, and totally destroyed it. But, God be thanked, you will write no more; so I am in no danger of increasing my admiration of you one way; and as to the other, you will never (I have too much reason to fear) open these eyes again with one glimpse of you.

I am told, you named lately in a letter a place called Twitenham, with particular distinction. That you may not be miscontrued and have your meaning mistaken for the future, I must acquaint you, Madam, that the name of the place where Mrs. H—— is, not Twitenham, but Richmond; which your ignorance in the geography of these parts has made you confound together. You will unthinkingly do honour to a paltry hermitage (while you speak of Twitenham) where lives a creature altogether unworthy your memory or notice, because he really wishes he had never beheld you, nor yours. You have spoiled him for a solitaire, and a book, all the days of his life; and put him into such a condition, that he thinks of nothing, and enquires of nothing but after a person who has nothing to say to him, and has left him for
ever

ever without hope of ever again regarding, or pleasing, or entertaining him, much less of seeing him. He has been so mad with the idea of her, as to steal her picture, and passes whole days in sitting before it, talking to himself, and (as some people imagine) making verses; but it is no such matter, for as long as he can get any of hers, he can never turn his head to his own, it is so much better entertained.

L E T T E R V.

MADAM,

I AM touched with shame when I look on the date of your letter. I have answered it a hundred times in my own mind, which I assure you has few thoughts, either so frequent or so lively, as those relating to you. I am sensibly obliged by you, in the comfort you endeavour to give me upon the loss of a friend. It is like the shower we have had this morning, that just makes the drooping trees hold up their heads, but they remain checked and withered at the root: the benediction is but a short relief, though it comes from Heaven itself. The loss of a friend is the loss of life; after that is gone from us, it is all but a gentler decay, and wasting and lingering a little longer. I was the other day forming a wish for a lady's happiness, upon her birth-day: and thinking of the greatest climax of felicity I could raise, step by step, to end in this — a Friend. I fancy I have succeeded in the gradation, and send you the whole copy to ask your opinion, or (which is much the better reason) to desire you to alter it to your own wish: for I believe you are a woman that can wish for yourself more reasonably, than I can for you. Mrs. H—— made me promise her a copy; and to the end she may value it, I beg it may be transcribed, and sent her by you.

To a Lady, on her Birth-day, 1723.

Oh! be thou blest with all that heaven can send:
Long life, long youth, long pleasure — and a
friend!

Not with those toys the woman-world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire:

Let joy, or ease; let affluence, or content;

And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,

Calm every thought, inspirit every grace;

Glow in thy heart; and smile upon thy face!

Let day improve on day, and year on year;

Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear!

And ah! (since death must that dear frame de-
stroy),

Dye by some sudden extacy of joy:

In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,

And be thy latest gasp, a sigh of love!

Pray, Madam, let me see this mended in your copy
to Mrs. H——; and let it be an exact scheme of
happiness drawn, and I hope enjoyed, by yourself.
To whom I assure you I wish it all, as much as you
wish it her.

I am always, with true respect,

Madam,

Your most faithful friend,

and most humble servant,

A. P O P E.

LET.

L E T T E R VI.

M A D A M,

Twitenham, Aug. 29.

YOUR last letter tells me, that if I do not write in less than a month, you will fancy the length of yours frightened me. A consciousness that I had upon me of omitting too long to answer it, made me look (not without some fear and trembling) for the date of it: but there happened to be none; and I hope, either that you have forgot how long it is, or at least that you cannot think it so long as I do, since I writ to you. Indeed a multitude of things (which singly seem trifles, and yet altogether make a vast deal of business, and wholly take up that time which we ought to value above all such things) have from day to day made me wanting, as well to my own greatest pleasure in this as to my own greatest concerns in other points. If I seem to neglect any friend I have, I do more than seem to neglect myself, as I find daily by the increasing ill constitution of my body and mind. I still resolve this course shall not, nay I see it cannot, be long; and I determine to retreat within myself to the only business I was born for, and which I am only good for (if I am entitled to use that phrase for any thing). It is great folly to sacrifice one's self, one's time, one's quiet (the very life of life itself), to forms, complaisances, and amusements, which do not inwardly please me, and only please a sort of people who regard me no farther than a meer instrument of their present idleness, or vanity. To say truth, the lives of those we call great and happy are divided between those two states; and in each of them, we poetical fidlers make but part of their pleasure, or of their equipage. And the misery is, we, in our turns, are so vain (at least I have been so) as to chuse to pipe without being paid, and so silly to be pleased with

pipng to those who understand musick less than ourselves. They have put me of late upon a task before I was aware, which I am *sick* and *fore* of: and yet engaged in honour to some persons whom I must neither disobey nor disappoint (I mean two or three in the world only) to go on with it. They make me do as mean a thing as the greatest man of them could do; seem to depend, and to solicit, when I do not want; and make a kind of court to those above my rank, just as they do to those above theirs, when we might much more wisely and agreeably live of ourselves, and to ourselves. You will easily find I am talking of my translating the *Odyssy* by subscription: which looks, it must needs look, to all the world as a design of mine both upon fame and money, when in truth I believe I shall get neither; for one I go about without any stomach, and the other I shall not go about at all.

This freedom of opening my mind upon my own situation will be a proof of trust, and of an opinion your goodness of nature has made me entertain, that you never profess any degree of good-will without being pretty warm in it. So I tell you my grievances; I hope in God you have none, wherewith to make me any return of this kind. I hope that was the only one which you communicated in your last, about Mrs. H ——— silence; for which she wanted not reproaches from me; and has since, she says, amply atoned for. I saw a few lines of yours to her, which are more obliging to me than I could have imagined: if you put *my welfare* into the small number of things which you heartily wish (for a sensible person, of either sex, will never wish for many), I ought to be a happier man than I ever yet deserved to be.

Upon a review of your papers, I have repented of some of the trivial alterations I had thought of, which were very few. I would rather keep them till I have the satisfaction to meet you in the winter, which I must beg earnestly to do; for hitherto methinks you are to me like a spirit of another world, a being I admire,

nire, but have no commerce with : I cannot tell but I am writing to a Fairy, who has left me some favours, which I secretly enjoy, and shall think it unlucky, if not fatal, to part with. So pray do not expect your verses till farther acquaintance.

L E T T E R VII.

M A D A M,

Twitenham, Sept. 30, 1722.

NO confidence is so great, as that one receives from persons one knows *may be* believed, and in things one is *willing* to believe. I have (at last) acquired this; by Mrs. H — repeated assurances of a thing I am unfeignedly so desirous of, as your allowing me to correspond with you. In good earnest, there is sometimes in men as well as in women, a great deal of unaffected modesty : and I was sincere all along, when I told her personally, and told you by my silence, that I feared only to seem impertinent, while perhaps I seemed negligent to you. To tell Mrs. — any thing like what I really thought of her, would have looked so like the common traffick of compliment, that pays only to receive ; and to have told it her in distant or bashful terms, would have appeared so like coldness in my sense of good qualities (which I cannot find out in any one, without feeling, from my nature, at the same time a great warmth for them) that I was quite at a loss what to write, or in what stile, to you. But I am resolved, plainly to get over all objections, and faithfully to assure you, if you will help a bashful man to be past all preliminaries, and forms, I am ready to treat with you for your friendship. I know (without more ado) you have a valuable soul ; and wit, sense, and worth enough, to make me reckon it (provided you

will permit it) one of the happineſſes of my life to have been made acquainted with you.

I do not know, on the other hand, what you can think of me; but this, for a beginning, I will venture to engage, that whoever takes me for a poet, or a wit (as they call it), takes me for a creature of leſs value than I am: and that where-ever I profeſs it, you ſhall find me a much better man, that is, a much better friend, or at leaſt a much leſs faulty one, than I am a poet. That whatever zeal I may have, or whatever regard I may ſhew, for things I truly am ſo pleaſed with as your entertaining writings; yet I ſhall ſtill have more for your perſon, and for your health, and for your happineſs. I would, with as much readineſs, play the apothecary or the nurſe, to mend your head-aches, as I would play the critick to improve your verſes. I have ſeriously looked over and over thoſe you intruſted me with; and aſſure you, Madam, I would as ſoon cheat in any other truſt, as in this. I ſincerely tell you, I can mend them very little, and only in trifles, not worth writing about; but will tell you every tittle when I have the happineſs to ſee you.

I am more concerned than you can reaſonably believe, for the ill ſtate of health you are at preſent under: but I will appeal to time, to ſhew you how ſincerely I am (if I live long enough to prove myſelf what I truly am)

Madam,

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

A. P O P E.

I am very ſick all the while I write this letter, which I hope will be an excuſe for its being ſo ſcribbled.

L E T-

L E T T E R VIII.

M A D A M,

Twitenham, Nov. 9.

IT happened that when I determined to answer yours, by the post that followed my receipt of it, I was prevented from the first proof I have had the happiness to give you of my warmth and readiness, in returning the epitaph, with my sincere condolences with you on that melancholy subject. But nevertheless I resolved to send you the one, though unattended by the other: I begged Mrs. H— to inclose it, that you might at least see I had not the power to delay a moment the doing what you bid me; especially when the occasion of obeying your commands was such, as must affect every admirer and well-wisher of honour and virtue in the nation.

You had it in the very blots, the better to compare the places; and I can only say it was done to the best of my judgment, and to the extent of my sincerity.

I do not wonder that you decline the poetical amusement I proposed to you, at this time. I know (from what little I know of your heart) enough at least to convince me, it must be too deeply concerned at the loss, not only of so great, and so near a relation; but of a good man (a loss this age can hardly ever afford to bear, and not often can sustain). Yet perhaps it is one of the best things that can be said of poetry, that it helps us to pass over the toils and troubles of this tiresome journey, our life; as horses are encouraged and spirited up, the better to bear their labour, by the jingling of bells about their heads. Indeed, as to myself, I have been used to this odd cordial, so long, that it has no effect upon me: but you, Madam, are in your honey-moon of poetry; you have seen only the smiles, and enjoyed the caresses, of Apollo. Nothing is so pleasant to a Muse as
the

the first children of the imagination; but when once she comes to find it meer conjugal duty, and the care of her numerous progeny daily grows upon her, it is all a four tax for past pleasure. As the Psalmist says on another occasion, the age of a Muse is scarce above five and twenty: all the rest is labour and sorrow. I find by experience that his own fiddle is no great pleasure to a common fidler, after once the first good conceit of himself is lost.

I long at last to be acquainted with you; and Mrs. H ——— tells me you shall soon be in town, and I blest with the vision I have so long desired. Pray believe I worship you as much, and send my addresses to you as often, as to any female Saint in heaven: it is certain I see you as little, unless it be in my sleep; and that way too, holy hermits are visited by the Saints themselves.

I am, without figures and metaphors, yours: and hope you will think, I have spent all my fiction in my poetry; so that I have nothing but plain truth left for my prose; with which I am ever,

Madam,

Your faithful

humble servant.

L. E. T.

L E T T E R IX.

M A D A M,

Five o'clock.

I THINK it a full proof of that unlucky star, which upon too many occasions I have experienced; that this first, this only day that I should have owned happy beyond expectation (for I did not till yesterday hope to have seen you so soon) I must be forced not to do it. I am too sick (indeed very ill) to go out so far, and lie on a bed at my doctor's house, as a kind of force upon him to get me better with all haste.

I am scarce able to see these few lines I write; to wish you health and pleasure enough not to miss me to-day, and myself patience to bear being absent from you as well as I can being ill.

I am truly,

Your faithful servant,

A. P O P E.

L E T T E R X.

M A D A M,

Jan. 17, 172 $\frac{2}{3}$.

AFTER a very long expectation and daily hopes of the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with you, I am still deprived of it in a manner that is the most afflicting, because it is occasioned by your illness
and

and your misfortune. I can bear my own, I assure you, much better : and thus to find you lost to me, at the time that I hoped to have regained you, doubles the concern I should naturally feel in being deprived of any pleasure whatever.

Mrs. H — can best express to you the concern of a friend, who esteems and pities : for she has the liberty to express it in her actions, and the satisfaction of attending on you in your indisposition.

I wish sincerely your condition were not such as to debar me from telling you in person how truly I am yours. I wish I could do you any little offices of friendship, or give you any amusements, or help you to what people in your present state most want, better spirits. If reading to you, or writing to you, could contribute to entertain your hours, or to raise you to a livelier relish of life, how well should I think my time employed ! indeed I should, and think it a much better end of my poor studies, than all the vanities of fame, or views of a character that way, which engage most men of my fraternity.

If you thoroughly knew the zeal with which I am your servant, you would take some notice of the advice I would give you, and suffer it to have a weight with you proportionable to the sincerity with which it is given.

I beg you to do your utmost to call to you all the succours, which your own good sense and natural reflection can suggest, to avoid a melancholy way of thinking, and to throw up your spirits by intervals of moderate company ; not to let your distemper fix itself upon your mind at least, though it will not entirely quit your body. Do not indulge too much solitariness. Though most company be not proper or supportable during your illness, force yourself to enter into such as is good and reasonable, where you may have your liberty, and be under no restraint.

Why will you not come to your friend Mrs. —, since you are able to go out, and since motion is certainly good for your health ? why will you not make
any

any little sets of such as you are easiest with, to fit with you sometimes?

Do not think I have any interested aim in this advice: though I long to see you, and to try to amuse you, I would not for the world be considered as one that would ever require for my own gratification, any thing that might either be improper or hurtful to you.

Pray let me know, by our friend Mrs. H——, if there can be any thing in my power to serve, or to amuse you. But use me so kindly, as not to think ever of writing to me till you are so well as that I may see you, and then it will be needless. Do not even read this, if it be the least trouble to your eyes or head.

Believe me, with great respect, and the warmest good wishes for your speedy recovery,

Madam,

Your most faithful,

and most humble servant,

A. P O P E.

L E T T E R XI.

MADAM,

Twitrenham, June 2, 1723.

IT was an inexpressible pleasure to me to see your letter, as I assure you it had long been a great trouble, to reflect on the melancholy reason of your silence and absence. It was that only which hindered my writing, not only again, but often, to you; for fear your good-nature should have been prompted to oblige me too much at your own expence, by answering. Indeed I never expressed (and never shall be able to

ex-

expres) more concern and good wishes for you, than I shall ever feel for one of your merit.

I am sorry, the moment you grow better, to have you snatched from those, who I may say deserve the pleasure of seeing you in health, for having so long lamented and felt your illness.

Mrs H —, I hope, will find it not impossible to draw you to Richmond: and if not, I dare say will not be long out of Hertfordshire. I want nothing but the same happy pretence she has, of a title through your friendship, and the privilege of her sex, to be there immediately. I cannot but wonder you have not heard from her, though I should wonder if any body else had; for I am told by her family she has had much of the head-ach at Bath, besides the excuse of a great giddiness occasioned naturally by the waters. I writ to her at the first going, and have not heard a word from her; and now you tell me the same thing, I conclude she has been worse than I imagined. I hear she returns on Wednesday, when I shall have the satisfaction (I doubt not) to talk and hear a great deal of Mrs. —.

I wish I could say any thing, either to comfort you when ill, or entertain you when well. Though nothing could, in the proper proportion of friendship, more affect me than your condition; I have not wanted other occasions of great melancholy, of which the least is the loss of part of my fortune by a late act of parliament.

I am at present in the afflicting circumstance of taking my last leave of one of the * truest friends I ever had, and one of the greatest men in all polite learning, as well as the most agreeable companion, this nation ever had.

I really do not love life so dearly, or so weakly, as to value it on any other score, than for that portion of happiness which a friend only can bestow upon it: or, if I must want that myself, for the pleasure which is next it, of seeing deserving and

* Bishop Atterbury.

virtuous people happy. So that indeed I want comfort ; and the greatest I can receive from you (at least unless I were so happy as to deserve what I never can) will be to hear you grow better till you grow perfectly well, perfectly easy, and perfectly happy, which no one more sincerely wishes than,

Madam,

Your faithful and obliged

friend and servant,

A. P O P E.

LETTER XII.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Sept. 26, 1723.

IT would be a vanity in me to tell you why I trouble you so soon again : I cannot imagine myself of the number of those correspondents whom you call favourite ones ; yet I know it is thought, that industry may make a man what merit cannot : and if an old maxim of my Lord Oxford's be true, That in England if a man resolve to be any thing, and constantly stick to it, he may (even a Lord Treasurer) : if so, I say it shall not be want of resolution that shall hinder me from being a favourite. In good earnest, I am more ambitious of being so to you, Madam, than I ever was, or ever shall be, of being one to any Prince, or (which is more) any Prince's Minister, in Christendom.

I wish I could tell you any agreeable news of what your heart is concerned in ; but I have a sort of quarrel to Mrs. H — for not loving herself so well as she does her friends : for those she makes happy, but not herself.

There

There is an air of sadness about her which grieves me, and which, I have learnt by experience, will increase upon an indolent (I will not say an affected) resignation to it. It will do so in men, and much more in women, who have a natural softness that sinks them even when reason does not. This I tell you in confidence; and pray give our friend such hints as may put her out of humour with melancholy: your censure, or even your raillery, may have more weight with her than mine: a man cannot either so decently, or so delicately, take upon him to be a physician in these concealed distempers.

You see, Madam, I proceed in trusting you with things that nearly concern me. In my last letter I spoke but of a trifle, myself: in this I advance farther, and speak of what touches me more, a friend.

This beautiful season will raise up so many rural images and descriptions in a poetical mind, that I expect, you, and all such as you (if there be any such), at least all who are not downright dull translators, like your servant, must necessarily be productive of verses.

I lately saw a sketch this way on the bower of
 • Bedington: I could wish you tried something in the descriptive way on any subject you please, mixed with vision and moral; like pieces of the old provençal poets, which abound with fancy, and are the most amusing scenes in nature. There are three or four of this kind in Chaucer admirable: "the

• The lines here alluded to are as follows:

In Tempe's shades the living lyre was strung,
 And the first Pope (immortal Phœbus) sung,
 These happy shades, where equal beauty reigns,
 Bold rising hills, slant vales, and far-stretch'd plains,
 The grateful verdure of the waving woods,
 The soothing murmur of the falling floods,
 A nobler boast, a higher glory yield,
 Than that which Phœbus stamp'd on Tempe's field:
 All that can charm the eye, or please the ear,
 Says, Harmony itself inhabits here.

Flower

Flower and the Leaf" every body has been delighted with.

I have long had an inclination to tell a Fairy tale, the more wild and exotic the better ; therefore a *vision*, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriancy of description you will ; provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think, one or two of the Persian tales would give one hints for such an invention : and perhaps if the scenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine taste (as I believe several of Chaucer's descriptions do, though it is what nobody has observed), it would add great beauty to the whole.

I wish you found such an amusement pleasing to you : if you did but, at leisure, form descriptions from objects in nature itself, which struck you most livelily, I would undertake to find a tale that should bring them all together : which you will think an odd undertaking, but in a piece of this fanciful and imaginary nature, I am sure is practicable. Excuse this long letter ; and think no man is more

Your faithful

and obliged servant,

A. P O P E.

C O N -

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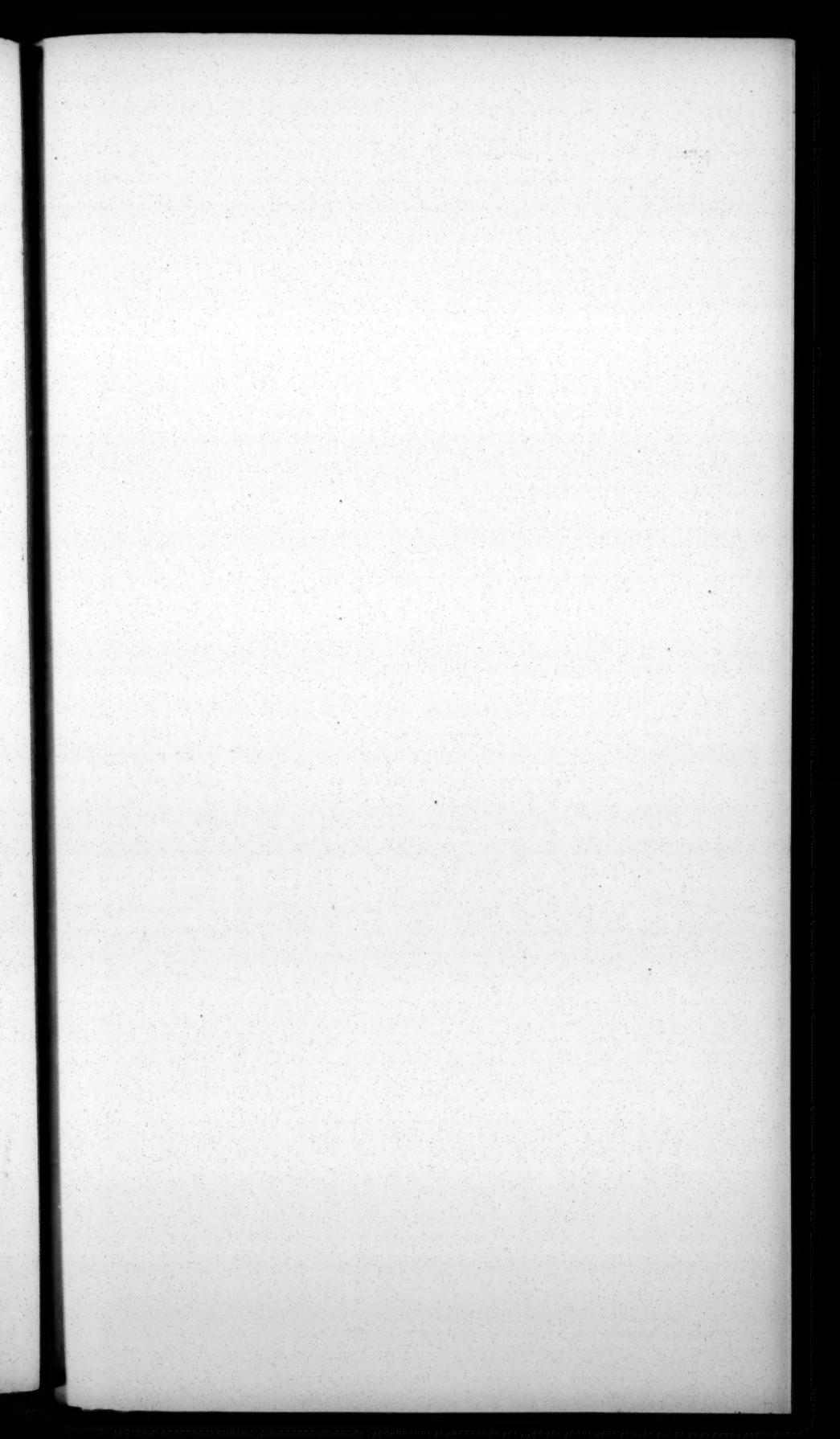
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